THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 199, Number 27

JA[illegible]1, 1927

5cts the Copy

Luscious ripe Peaches –all the year round

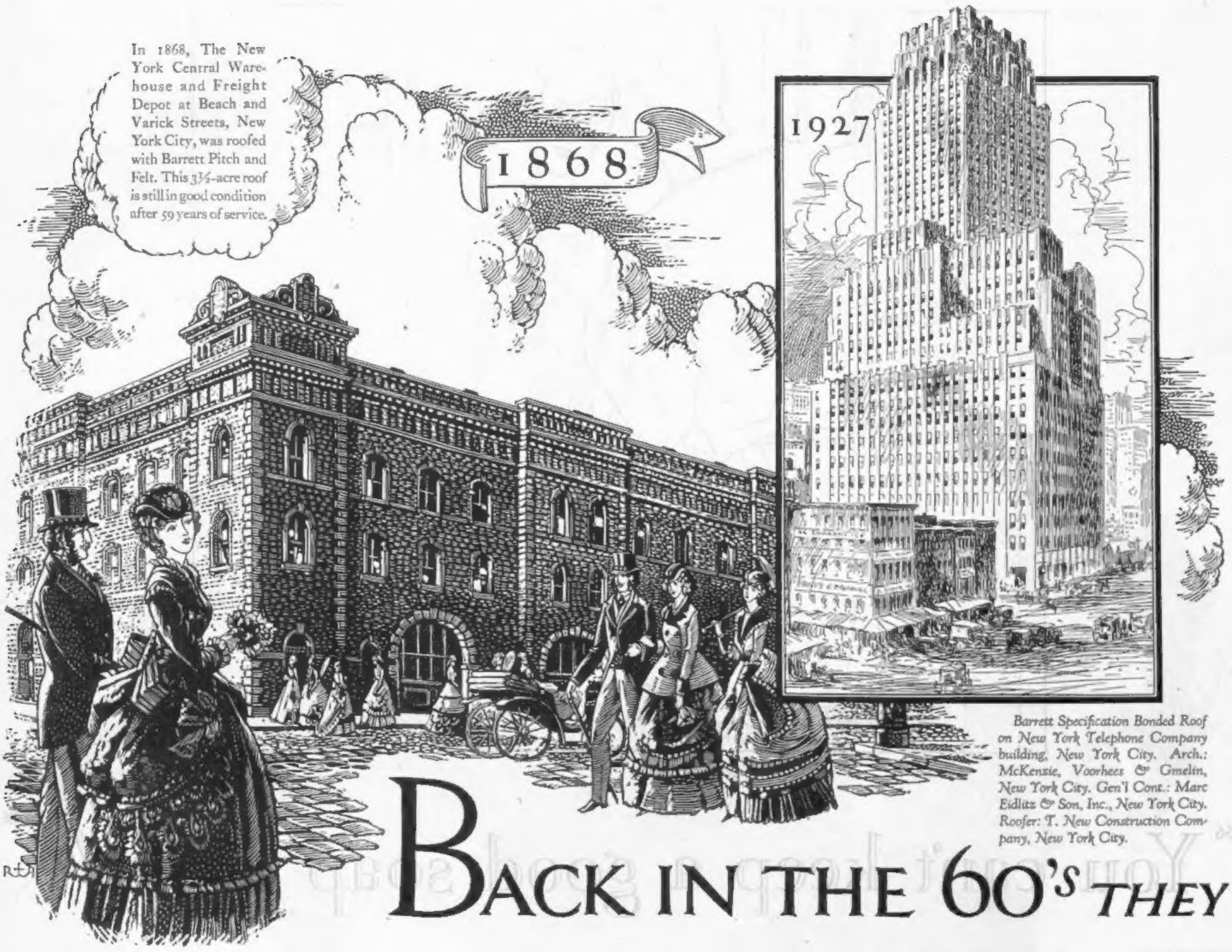
You may have them under the DEL MONTE label—whenever you want them. Choicest fruit from the world's finest orchards—with every bit of their delicate summer flavor caught and preserved — just as if you picked them yourself right from the tree.

For your convenience DEL MONTE Peaches are packed both Halved and Sliced. Also, Melba Halves—if you want extra large fruit. In each, however, is that same delicacy and fine flavor you naturally expect under the DEL MONTE Brand.

And remember, this same summer freshness that you always find in DEL MONTE Peaches you may have in more than a hundred other delicious DEL MONTE varieties — each one the finest of its kind — each one ready to lend its appetizing appeal to everyday meals, at less expense than if you had canned it yourself.

For many tempting ways to serve peaches send for our new recipe folder on DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches. It will be sent free upon request, together with "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book," which contains the favorite recipes of America's foremost cooking authorities for serving all kinds of DEL MONTE Fruits. Address Dept. 30, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

Just be sure you say **DEL MONTE**


In 1868, The New York Central Warehouse and Freight Depot at Beach and Varick Streets, New York City, was roofed with Barrett Pitch and Felt. This 3½-acre roof is still in good condition after 59 years of service.
1868
1927

Barrett Specification Bonded Roof on New York Telephone Company building, New York City. Arch.: McKenzie, Voorhees & Gmelin, New York City. Gen'l Cont.: Marc Eidlitz & Son, Inc., New York City. Roofer: T. New Construction Company, New York City.

BACK IN THE 60's THEY SOLVED ONE BUILDING PROBLEM FOR KEEPS

"....but it was not until the 60's that building contractors and engineers really solved their roofing troubles.... Roofs of coal-tar pitch and felt with a wearing surface of slag or gravel soon became part of sound building practice. They were good roofs—and they are still good. For many of those oldtimers can still be seen—still giving staunch, weather-tight protection on factories, warehouses, office buildings."

* * *

The superiority of pitch and felt built-up roofs has been established—proved by the years. Today we find a majority of all our great modern structures roofed with The Barrett Specification Roof—the pitch and felt roof which is accepted as the last word in permanent roof protection.

When a building is covered with a Barrett Specification Roof, the owner receives a Surety Bond. This bond guarantees against any expense for repairs or maintenance for 20 years—till 1947.

Limited space cuts short this story. If the idea of trouble-free roofs interests you, dictate a brief note to The Built-up Roof Department of The Barrett Company, 40 Rector Street, New York City. Full information regarding The Barrett Specification Roof will be mailed to you.

Depend on
The Barrett Approved Roofer

Throughout the United States a limited number of roofing contractors have been approved by Barrett to lay The Barrett Specification Bonded Roof. These roofers, working closely with Barrett technical men, can be depended on for efficient roofing practice.

Barrett
SPECIFICATION ROOFS

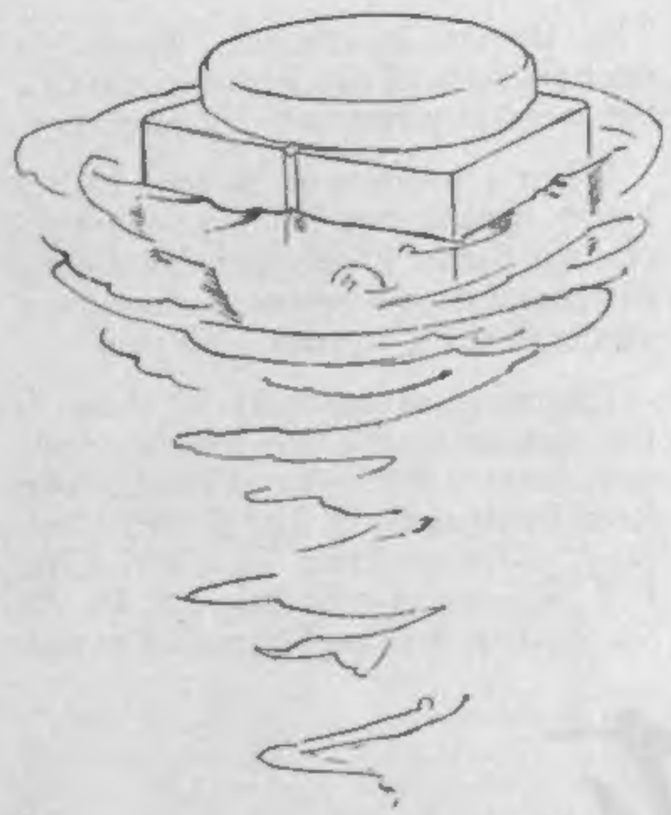
THE BARRETT COMPANY
40 Rector Street New York City
IN CANADA:
The Barrett Company, Limited
5551 St. Hubert St., Montreal, Quebec, Canada

"You can't keep a good soap down!" *

THIS is a libelous portrait of a man of our acquaintance whose wife (gentle economist) tantalized him by the promise of Ivory for his bath—*as soon as he had used up his cake of sinker-soap!*

Unwilling to do further submarine searching for his leaden but elusive soap globule, yet loath to cross his smiling wife's wishes, our friend proceeded as follows:

1. Borrowed a cake of Ivory from his daughter.
2. Cemented sinker-soap to Ivory cake.
3. Placed the ill-mated pair in bath water, and proved Ivory a life-saver, as shown.



At the present writing, the wedded soaps are wafer-thin—the sinker-soap from dissolution, the Ivory from lather-giving generosity; and thus one man has demonstrated the falsity of the adage that "you cannot eat your cake and have it, too."

PROCTER & GAMBLE

*In using this headline, we bow acknowledgment to hundreds of correspondents from coast to coast.

"It floats"

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% Pure

Luxury and economy are wedded in Guest Ivory—for wives who treasure their complexions. Guest Ivory costs only 5 cents because so many women won't use anything else.

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., and Richmond, Va.

Volume 199 | 5c. THE COPY | PHILADELPHIA, PA., JANUARY 1, 1927 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 27

BACK OF BEYOND

There Were Various Types, From the Fresh-Faced, Keen-Looking, Rather Natty Young English Youth to Heavily Bearded, Roughly Dressed Old-Timers

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

IT WAS the hour of sundowners. In the barroom of the old Norfolk Hotel at Nairobi the clans were slowly gathering. Out of the swift swoop of the tropical nightfall they came, rattling up in rusty and dusty old cars, darting noisily into the illumination from the windows on spitting motorcycles, jingling in the bobbing rhythm of rickshaws drawn and pushed by small slim Kavirondos with bangles on their arms and wrists and split feathers in their topknots.

Each, as he drew alongside the low stone veranda, turned about as though in haste to the lighted room within. The motorists shut off their switches, abandoning their cars almost before the engines had died; the motorcyclists kicked down the support racks impatiently, leaving their steeds leaning at the angle of their last turn; the occupants of the rickshaws stepped to the ground even before the boy had laid low the shafts for their accommodation. Their steps toward the door were quick and eager, and they gave no pause or backward glance.

Yet once within the light their haste fell from them. They slackened their gait, released their tensions, looked about them, breathed deeply. It was almost as though they had, in this illumination, reached a place of sanctuary where an accustomed vigilance of spirit was no longer necessary; a sanctuary safe though small wherein certain habitual irksome guards of the spirit could be laid aside; a tiny spot on this earth's surface on which an ever-present and ever-vigilant antagonist could not enter.

It was not that in the streets of this rapidly modernizing little town of Central Africa there could be the slightest physical apprehension. Its naked and picturesque savage visitors, trailing slowly by, were of peaceful tribes; wild beasts no longer—as a dozen years ago—prowled within the city limits; the government was justly proud of its police arrangements. A visitor from foreign parts would undoubtedly have stopped outside to enjoy the swift silent coming of night, and the sudden lighting of unwinking stars, and the mystery of the dusky forms padding down the eucalyptus-bordered street, and the soft sweet accompanying breeze. If that breeze chanced to carry with it from the Athi Plains the faint distant rumble of a lion's roar, as occasionally still happened, the sound would have borne no other significance than the picturesque.

But at this season there had as yet arrived no visitors from foreign parts. Many sporting *safaris* were in prospect, but none had taken the field. These men gathering at the bar of the Norfolk Hotel were the white hunters awaiting their clients, sons of Africa, owing her their unswerving allegiance as the price of existence. They had seen her daily face to face, and she had unveiled her spirit to them and claimed her own. She had bred them in her image, molding them to fierceness and caution, to circumspection and hardihood, to self-sacrifice and ruthlessness, to fiery boldness and the slow endurance of days. And since her spirit was always armed, they too walked in armor even in the ways of peace.

Thus into the very streets of Nairobi the spirit of Africa had stridden with them, enveloping them as an atmosphere of the soul, so that when darkness took the world, the immense portent of night on the veldt came with it. And in her train came the veldt's dreads and uneasiness and brooding awes born of fierceness, and suspense and watchfulness, and a girded tight soul. These dogged the footsteps of these hunters, gliding with them in the shadow of night. By their waking eyes and minds, they knew themselves easy and safe in the policed streets of Nairobi; but through the subconscious of the soul that Africa had bred in them the immense portent of night swept like a wind. Civilization had turned back a few miles the physical dangers by which Africa had tempered them. It could not keep out the spirit of Africa herself. Only the lighted, companioned room could do that, and only for a little while.

The two small tables in the bar were by now filled. Back and forth padded the barefooted native boy in his long white gown and red tarboosh, bearing the orders from the smiling, handsome, mustached East Indian behind the counter. The order was almost invariably whisky-and-soda in long glasses. Rarely did the boy make a second

"A Lake," Said He, "But Maji Chumvi—Salt Water"

trip to the same man. These white hunters were abstemious by both nature and habit; Africa demanded that of them. The one daily sundowner was to them more an excuse for gathering, a symbol of an ended day, than a real desire for stimulant. They knew better than to take it while the sun was in the sky.

There were various types, from the fresh-faced, keen-looking, rather natty young English youth to heavily bearded, roughly dressed old-timers; like Culbertson, yonder, with his twenty-five years' survival of the jungles, or his contemporary, Breck, the other great elephant hunter. Only Culbertson—or Kingozi, as his native name went—had some years since ceased hunting ivory for profit; while Breck, alias Kali Sana, still pursued that occupation in the Congo Basin. These two were talking together, while the three other men at their table listened.

"Better luck next time," Kingozi commented, as Breck ended a hair-raising but laconic recountal of a disastrous season. "We're lucky to be alive, say I."

"Alive is about all," grumbled Breck. He was a powerful, slow-moving man, black of beard, black of hair and with a black mood smoldering behind his eyes.

"If it's really bad—I have a few pounds laid by. You know where to find it," Kingozi stated rather than offered.

"Thanks. No need," returned the other curtly.

"What next?"

"Don't know."

"Why not take out a *safari*? There's a very good screw."

"Herding fools! Dry-nursing grown babies! Leading a nit-wit in London clothes out to where he can pot a Tommy! I see myself! I like a man's job."

Kingozi chuckled good-naturedly. "If you think it is not a man's job you ought to try it once. Why, man, you don't know what real trouble is like! I spent twenty years on the Kalahari and in the Congo after old *tembo*, as you know; but I never knew what trouble is. If you want a man's job just try our game for a change. That is, unless you have the luck to be assigned someone who knows something about it—like Jordan here. His last man was a good 'un."

"One of the best," agreed Jordan, a powerful, square-built blond giant, dressed in khaki and shorts. "He'd shot in Alaska a good bit. Never enjoyed a *safari* more than I did that one."

"My people weren't too bad, either," added a quiet young chap across the table. "New to it all; but very useful shots, and keen. Jolly too. Never groused. I liked them."

"Mine too," contributed the fifth member, a round-faced, jolly man, like an overgrown Cupid, except for his steely and arresting eye. "The trouble with old Kingozi here is that he is too confounded celebrated. He gets all the bigwigs. If a king or an emperor or a president or a big scientific show comes along, Kingozi is the only man they'll trust to see that some lion or other doesn't claw things up, or the *safari* go thirsty or some other calamity. These highnesses and such things must be returned right side up with care, and they must never be allowed to get hot and uncomfortable in any way, nor tired, and they must get the best heads early and often. Kingozi is the only man they'll trust. So he gets all the rotten jobs. He's prejudiced. Consider his last show!"

Breck looked his inquiry; but Kingozi merely filled his pipe. It was against his principles to talk over his clients, at least in public. "Not fair to judge a man in strange circumstances," he used to say.

But Talbot, the round-faced man, was willing to oblige. "You ought to have seen that show," he went on with great relish; "second son of a king. Also a court physician, a valet and a couple of miscellaneous lords. Kingozi had three hundred porters and six trek wagons to get the outfit about. His Highness, I remember, besides eight rifles, ten tin boxes of personal equipment and four loads of ammunition, had two lap dogs in baskets."

Breck snorted incredulously and looked toward Kingozi for corroboration. The latter nodded with a reluctant grin.

"Twenty tons!" Breck calculated rapidly. "How long were you out?"

"Six weeks."

"Where?"

"We got as far as the Thika River."

"That's about forty miles, isn't it?"

"Just about. But that was far enough with that lot. It was pretty cumbersome."

"Cumbersome! How did you feed that army?"

"I had to make arrangements in advance."

Breck contemplated the picture in aghast silence. "Trouble?" he inquired at last.

"Not the sort you mean. Just hard work. But things went smoothly enough to suit His Highness, and he got what he wanted."

"Haven't you seen his book?" asked Talbot.

"No. How should I?"

"'Course not. Still, you should. It's called Penetrating the African Wilderness. I believe he mentioned Kingozi in one or two places."

"So that's the thing you want me to do," Breck accused.

"It's not always so bad as that," disclaimed Kingozi. "I find the job interesting; otherwise I shouldn't do it. I can live at home part of the year, and generally my people are scientific. The pay is good, and I have my own trained men and know just where I am going and all about it."

"Well, I think you've degenerated," stated Breck bluntly.

"Possibly," agreed Kingozi equably. "But I'm married now, you see, and I'm getting older. And in spite of the annoyances I like it. One gets a rotter occasionally, but one makes friends."

"Who's your lot this year?" inquired Jordan interestedly. "I saw Simba today and he told me you were getting together a good-sized show."

"Bird man. A Swede," said Kingozi. "Two assistants. Going to be interesting, I think."

"Sounds so," agreed Talbot enviously. "I'd like to see something of that. Sick of the usual thing. Where you taking him?"

"Well, that's it; I can't really tell until I see what he wants. If he wants to go into it thoroughly we'll probably be more or less all over the shop. Six months' job, so it looks that way."

"My people are English," volunteered Talbot. "Mixed bag. Barton is sending us on the Archer's Post route. They'll get their lions up there all right, though they'll probably be maneless."

The word was overheard at the next table. "Lucky to be sure of any kind of lions," someone called across. "Look at me! I'm assigned down the Suswa route, and how I'm to get my people their lions down that way, I'm blessed if I know. Unless I go in for potting them from a *boma* at night," he added reflectively.

This speech brought on a general discussion in which the whole room joined. It was stated variously that lions along the established *safari* routes were getting scarce; that they were as abundant as ever, but were learning wisdom and were merely more difficult to come at; that in the circumstances, shooting them from the safety of a baited *boma* at night was beginning to be justified. But the latter proposition obtained few supporters.

"In my view it is plain murder, and is about as exciting as shooting a cow," said one man with decision. "I won't permit it with my people."

"That's all right," persisted Jordan doggedly; "but if they don't get a lion somehow the whole show is a failure."

Breck looked mildly bewildered at all this sudden vehemence. The young man next him explained rapidly in a low voice. The hunters had sharply divided on the lion question. Every man who took out clients realized that nine times in ten no visitor considered his hunt wholly successful unless he bagged at least one lion, and this preference was always a source of anxiety. Latterly, along the established *safari* routes, the beasts were becoming more and more nocturnal, adopting a policy of avoidance; and more and more inclined to keep to cover. A sight of them in the open was increasingly a matter of good luck.

Rickshaws, Motor Cars, Bicycles, Motorcycles and Pedestrians Filled the Wide Roadway

The dangers of going after them in the brush, especially with a green man at the business, were appalling.

"Naturally, your man wants to kill his lion by himself as far as possible," explained the young chap. "We must hold back to give him his chance. That makes it dangerous. When you have a wounded beast on your hands, and an excited sportsman, it's pretty jumpy. Macy won't permit his client to stay afield when it's a question of a wounded lion in cover. He sends his man to camp and tackles the job himself. They don't like it sometimes, but he won't have it any other way."

There was one method, however, that was safe and brought results. Either a platform was built in a tree or a strong pen, or *boma*, was constructed on the ground in which or on which the hunter and his man took their stand at dusk. The carcass of a zebra or kongoni was chained firmly to a tree ten yards or so distant. When sounds indicated that a lion had come to this bait, the hunter snapped on a flash light and the sportsman emptied his big double gun.

"It's sure, and it's perfectly safe," ended Breck's informant; "and unless you tell him, your man thinks it is all right. But it's about as sporting as shooting a cow. Most of us can't see it and won't permit it. But some, as you see, argue that what your people want is lion, and that this is one way to satisfy them. But one thing I can tell you—we, any of us, feel mighty relieved once our people have got their lions, and we don't try overly hard to see any more for them!"

During this side talk the discussion had become general. The occupants of the other table had hitched their chairs nearer. It was all shop talk, but the most interesting shop talk in the world. Each man had, apparently, some little specialty of his own; some secret information which he was known to possess, but which he guarded carefully against chaffing assaults.

"I'd like to know where Jordan gets those impalla heads up in that northern country," complained Talbot. "His last three *safaris* have brought in some that might have been shot ten years ago. Some looked to be twenty six or seven inches."

"Twenty-seven and a quarter—the best," stated Jordan.

"Well, I don't know where you get them. I've been on that round four times lately, and I've had boys out looking, but I can't find anything above the ordinary."

"You might ask Maolo," suggested Jordan, with a grin that advertised his confidence that such inquiry from his headman would result in just nothing at all.

Or it might be a bit of knowledge as to the habits of certain herds known to every man present. For instance, the buffalo herd around the big *tinga-tinga*, which everyone but Macy found exceedingly difficult to handle with warrantable safety. He always brought out his buffalo head from that vicinity, and nobody knew how he did it.

The talk veered to other matters than the game—known camp sites, the best methods of supplying *potio*, the foodstuffs for the porters, the state of water holes, the whereabouts and availability of certain well-known gun bearers, tent boys, headmen, cooks. And at last, inevitably, there came a mention of the good old days.

They sipped their whisky-and-soda and reminisced. They recalled when the lions stood in the open on the Athi Plains, only just outside of town; when one could be sure of his elephant at Fort Hall, only just over the way; when the Kedong swarmed with a mixed bag of twenty varieties; when as near as the Thika you could pick a buffalo with a four-foot spread; when there were black-maned lions on the Uasin Gishu. That was a short fifteen years ago. Breck listened silently, puffing at his short pipe, but contempt grew in his eyes. At last he could stand it no longer.

"Why don't you go where the game is?" he demanded. "Why run back and forth over a shot-out country? Seems to me you are not even attending to your own foolish business."

There was no offense in the tone, and none was taken. Everybody present knew Breck. And Breck knew them all for seasoned men, true sons of the African wilderness, as their past records showed, however childish—in his estimation—their present occupation might be.

Kingozi, who had had little part in the discussion, took it on himself to enlighten him. "There's still plenty of game," said he; "perhaps as much as there used to be. But, of course, it has been picked over, and the heads are smaller. But there's plenty of ordinary shooting. To a new man it is very satisfactory. He has never seen so many wild animals; and curiously enough, he always seems to feel that he is out in a wild unknown country. He looks on himself as a sort of explorer."

Macrouki

"That's the way his home papers always refer to him after he's got back from a two months' *safari*," grinned Talbot—"'the celebrated African hunter and explorer!'"

"I suppose," reflected Kingozi, "that seeing so many wild beasts and natives makes him feel that way. Nowhere else in the world would he find them except in an unexplored country. He gets all he wants. Indeed, he'd hardly know the difference if you did take him into a new country. So why do it? Here we know the routes and the water, and where the best camps are, and exactly where to get him his shooting, and where we can get *potio*. It's hard work enough at best; why make it harder by asking for uncertainties?"

"No reason—except you're all going to seed, the whole lot of you," grumbled Breck.

"You look at it wrong," persisted Kingozi reasonably. "These people spend a lot of money getting out here and while they are in the field. Their time is always limited. It is our business to see that they get what they come for. If we try to push out into country we do not know all about, we might give them a successful *safari* and we might draw blank. You know that. We wouldn't be justified. It's only honest.

"And," he added, "there's none of us can afford to go off five or six months looking for new country on our own time—not when the old country is plenty good enough and quite satisfactory to all concerned. This is a profession, Breck, not a philanthropic enterprise. We are making a living. Except for an occasional show, like that of His Royal Highness, I find it interesting, because my work is mainly scientific, and I am interested in science."

"But some of these hand-raised pets must come back occasionally," objected Breck.

"A few do. To most it is their one big adventure. Some come back and merely want more shooting, and do the same thing over again. Those who really want to get out farther and explore, and have the time to do it, generally know enough by then to run their own show."

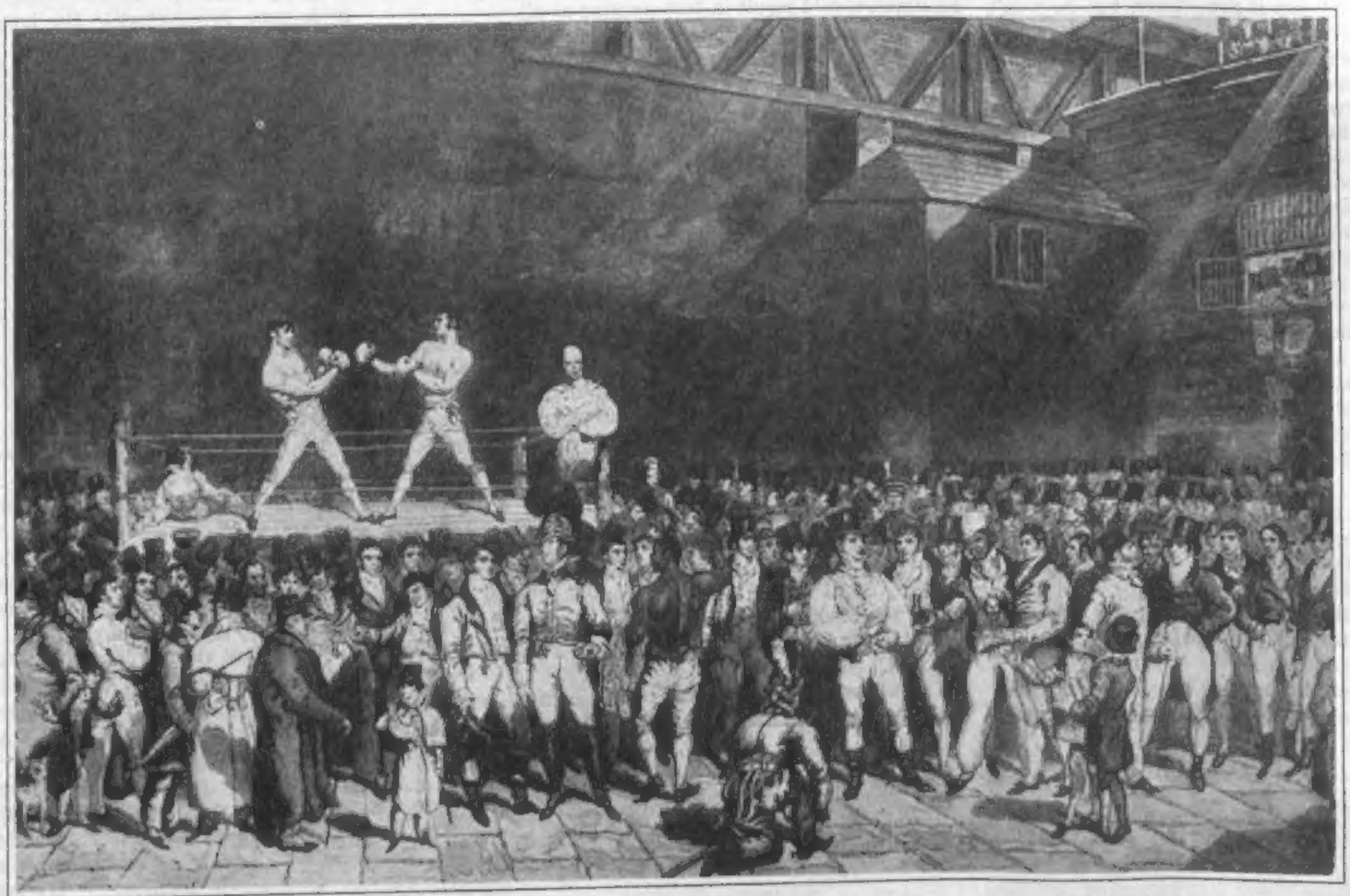
The discussion brought out that there existed in these men's dreams what might be called an ideal client. He would be a man willing to risk drawing blank for the possibility of something superlative; one who had at least eight or ten months at his disposal; one prepared to meet the expense and the uncertainty and the hardship and deprivation of a true thrust into the unknown; one who would face disappointment and possible failure on the chance of coming upon untouched, unknown game fields.

(Continued on Page 40)

the Equally Strange Mixture of Humanity, European, East Indian, Arab, Somali and Native, in All Stages of Gorgeousness

Classics of a Ring Recollection

As Told to Charles Francis Coe



Randall and Turner Sparring at the Fives Court, London, After an Old Print by T. Blake, Published in London, 1828

THE first real taste I ever had of soggy leather was what I am ready to call an emphatic affair. The leather was a boxing glove incasing the well-known right mauler of one Phil Schlossberg, the then heavyweight champion of the United States Navy and amateur heavyweight champion of America.

The affair took place on the forecastle of the U. S. S. New Hampshire, and, it seems to me—prejudiced, no doubt, by the foregoing emphasis—well worth the telling. It was the opening gun in a series involving many a sock, in any event. It started me on the road to a belt which had a purpose other than the support of trousers. Not much of a belt, perhaps, but one that called for fighting along the road to it and fighting to keep it adjusted.

I was a sailor at the time, regardless of how much real sailors who knew me then might now laugh at the remark. I had a uniform, a ditty-box and a bag. I became a sailor when I found my hammock missing and retrieved it at cost of skinned knuckles and a dawning realization that I had actually subdued a fellow human with right-hand busts on what the parlance calls the kisser.

There were many who witnessed this fracas between a boot and an old-timer. I was the boot, which means that I was a recruit, just aboard ship and very apt to be disgustingly seasick when we shoved off for the bounding main. You see, the story starts with me as the hero. Why not? It's my story.

A Bed at Stake

IN ANY event, I swatted and flayed this old-timer right merrily. With each swat my confidence swelled as rapidly as his noble brow. Finally they stepped in and stopped the brutality and awarded me my own hammock as a purse.

But there was something deeper that went with the award. I had fought my way into a sort of unspoken recognition. Sailors love a scrapper.

When our swollen hands met in friendly token at the close of the carnage, a smile twisted the battered lips of my opponent, and he said, "You're there, kid! More power to you. . . . Take the damned hammick."

He was my friend for the rest of the cruise; my most enthusiastic backer when the glaring light of ringdom played over my naked shoulders and I fought for glory and money. But that outruns the story. Be all other attainments beyond my reach, I want to be chronological.

That fight, to come back to taw, made me a sort of advance guard for the lads of the draft who went to the ship with me. I sensed a new friendliness among the older men; and once, in fear and trembling, I heard one of the new boys point out to a temporary enemy that he had been my shipmate back in Barracks A at Newport. The bluff worked. I was delighted.

I am sure there can be no objection to the mentioning of a few names, every name being—and this is not synthetic—engraved, as the poets have it, on my fond recollection. Also, I want someone to read this, and whoever I mention ought to be a prospect.

A Clean-Up

ABOARD the ship at that time was the aforementioned Schlossberg, heavyweight champion. Also Mike Pollman—of whom more later—a gentleman named Owens, but universally called Sharkey, and one Joe Saring.

All of them could fight. All of them did.

Sharkey and Pollman trained each day with Schlossberg on the forecastle. It was great to stand in the circle of happy gobs and watch their attack, their defense, their tricks, their courage. I was seventeen at the time; to me Schlossberg was a god.

There came to me one day a first-class boatswain's mate named Grant and generally called Bone-ho; I don't know why. I have spelled the name phonetically. Almost everything is "ho" aboard ship. Grant suggested that the boys in our section do a little boxing and he procured some well-worn gloves.

At risk of life, limb and happiness, I cleaned out the section in two weeks. Then, said Grant, I could fight. I had that queer thing in me which makes a fighter. What queer thing, I wondered. He suggested that I box with Schlossberg. I agreed—mutely, because words failed me. He suggested that I ask Phil to let me work with him. That I refused to do. Not fear—modesty. Who would deliberately ask for admission to the golden stairs? It ain't fitting!

So Grant spoke for me. That was a high spot in my life. The drone of a tropical sea filled the air, the waters were calm and blue and gentle, and over the ram of the ship flying fish were leaping in an ecstasy of life. Off the starboard bow porpoises rolled lazily. Underfoot the gentle throb of mighty engines was a lullaby.

Phil was leaning over the rail on the port bow and Grant led me to him. The scene is indelibly imprinted upon my mind. It never can fade—and for the moment itself too; not only what it presaged.

"This kid," Grant announced, "thinks he can fight, Phil. Would you be willing to find out?" Grant had a deliberate manner of speech, and it seemed to me that he repeated at least the twenty-third and perhaps the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth Psalms in those ponderous words.

PHOTOS. COPYRIGHT BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

The Seventh Round of the Battle Between Jake Kilrain and John L. Sullivan, July 8, 1889

"Put him in a ring," Phil growled. "How do I know if he can fight?"

"I thought you'd let him work out with you," Grant persisted.

"Sure!" Phil agreed. "I'll work at eight bells this afternoon. He can box if he's there. But he's gotta box! None of this startin' and not finishin'!"

He eyed me closely—I thought viciously. I eyed him back. Only the editors can smile when I say that I later learned I was considered what the Navy calls a good-lookin' kid. Good-looking kids don't generally mix with ring matters—it is bad for the looks.

There is this to be said, however: A smile of beauty never floated or sank a battleship.

We boxed that afternoon. I got that first emphatic taste of leather. Schlossberg weighed one hundred seventy in good shape, and he was in good shape. I weighed one-thirty-nine.

When he prodded that crunching fist against my chin I promptly sat down and caught fleeting glimpses of both ears and thirty thousand new daylight astral bodies. Phil stepped back and grinned. I don't know how long I was down, but ultimately I heard him ask, "Goin' to get up and box?"

Around me was a circle of grinning faces. I remember saying, "I'll fight as long as I can!" I am not sure I meant it; not certain I did not. But I got up and sailed in.

That was a hard school. Phil was a great fighter. Under proper handling and with full opportunity he might well have been a champion outside. The records now show that he beat some good men, and a battleship is not the best place on earth to train.

By the time we reached Cuba for winter drill I was regarded as a fighter. In Cuba, at Guantánamo Bay, there is a fight fan's paradise. The championships of the Atlantic Fleet are most often settled there. I got my first taste of real combat shortly after arriving.

FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY CHAS. BROWER. COPYRIGHT BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

The Battle for the Championship of England and £400 Between Tom King and Jem Mace at Thames Haven, November 25, 1862

Crossed

FOR some reason I was unpopular in the ring. I was a good gate because everyone wanted to see me licked. I presume I was a fresh youngster and just good enough to worry some of the boys.

At an informal smoker on our ship I was asked to box Mike Pollman an exhibition. I agreed. Half an hour before the match a good friend from Pollman's division came to me and whispered that I was due for a pasting. Mike was going to cross me and thus eliminate me from competitive standing.

I didn't believe it. I liked Mike. I do now. But in the very first round, while I was trying to make it look good for the boys, Mike delivered at my door a wallop that turned my head around at least three times before I lost count, and sat me in a neat if somewhat sprawled pile on the deck.

Joe Saring was in my corner. I got up and stalled the round out, and during the rest period Joe asked me to go and get Mike; by innuendo at least, suggested that my friend from Mike's division had been right.

I went and got Mike. A right hand, in one-two punch formation, caught his whiskers just below the eye. Waiting arms caught Mike and tradition had it that I could wallop.

Is there a thrill in boxing? It was a full half hour after I landed that blow that a dull ache in my hand asserted itself. I went to the sick bay and found two knuckles broken. Thrill? I never even felt the broken bones for that half hour!

The bandages and splints that shortly adorned my trusty right would not have been traded for a letter from the Secretary of the Navy inclosing the Distinguished Service Cross and a bonus of two cruisers for personal use.

Fighting Instinct

THAT was the start. I recalled Grant's statement that I was possessed of that peculiar thing which made a fighter. With my hand in a sling, I had time to ponder. I discovered that, when at work with Phil, I ducked many times without knowing why, and that each time I narrowly escaped decapitation.

The point is that there is an instinct. It does not lend itself to words, cannot be described. Perhaps it is a highly developed sense of contiguity which even the fighter himself does not suspect. Rest assured it is something. It passes the perfection of timing, blocking, hitting, weaving, side-stepping. It whips your physical being into motion in miraculous fashion.

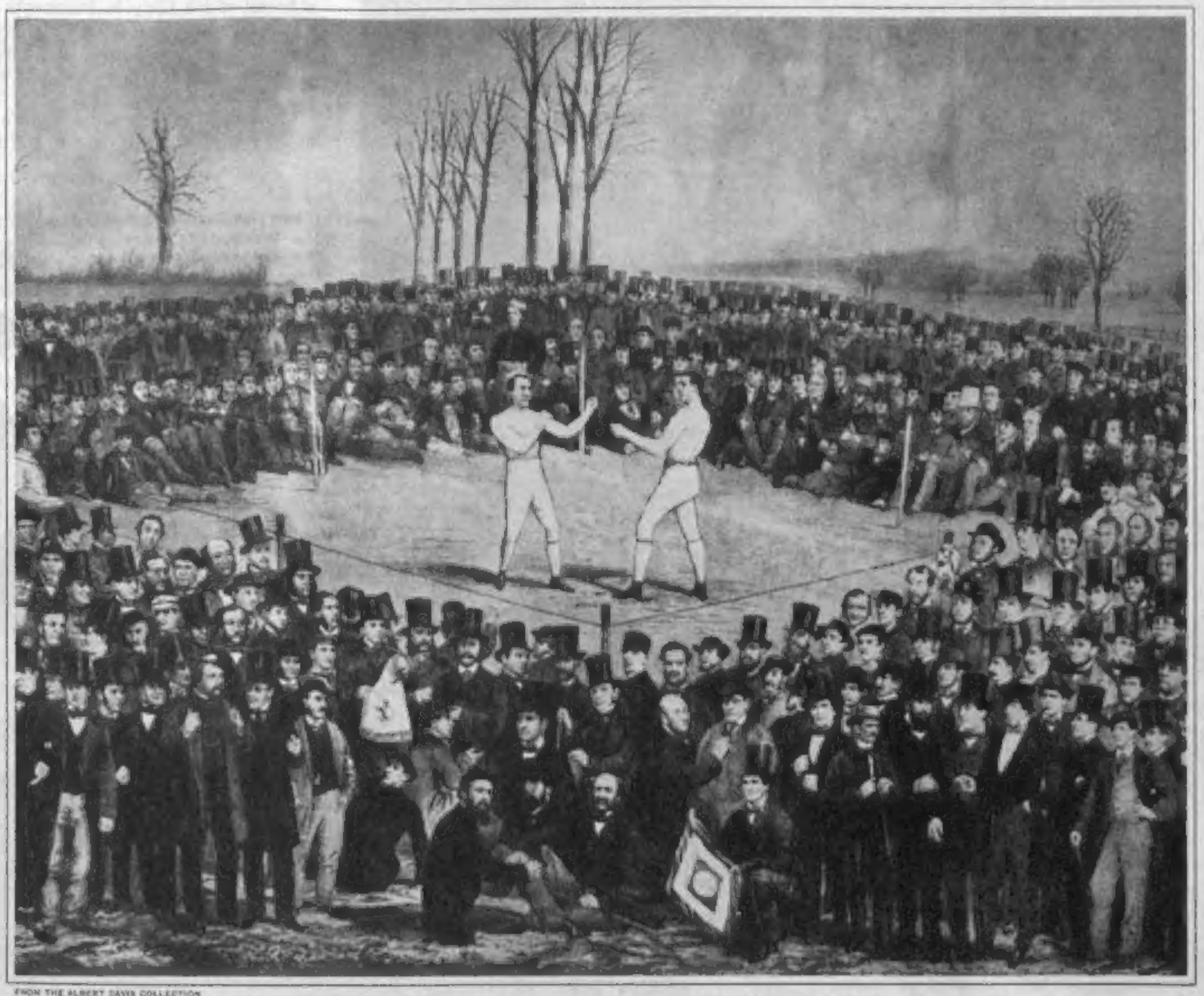
Again, I can honestly say that I have never really been hurt by a punch. I have been knocked out, but it never hurt. I got my nose broken, but it never hurt—never hurt until afterward, after the fight was done and I had let down.

That is the same instinct, I believe. Mind may control matter after all. I have been knocked down often enough; dazed into a rambling, staggering, hulking sort of mutt deliberately walking into punches. But I never really suffered pain in a ring and I don't believe that others do. It is either just a dull thump or it is unconsciousness. I am only I, of course. Others may feel actual pain. I never did.

With the foregoing as a premise, let me dash on with the tale. My purpose is to try to show the ring as the ring is. I want to show fighters as fighters are. I do it because I love the fight game and have finally seen it come into its own.

From the day I sold for publication my first short story I have been urged to articleize my experiences in

(Continued on Page 75)



FROM THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

The Great International Championship Contest Between J. C. Heenan and Tom Sayers at Farnborough, England, April 17, 1860

A SAGA OF THE SWORD

War Comes to the World—By F. Britten Austin

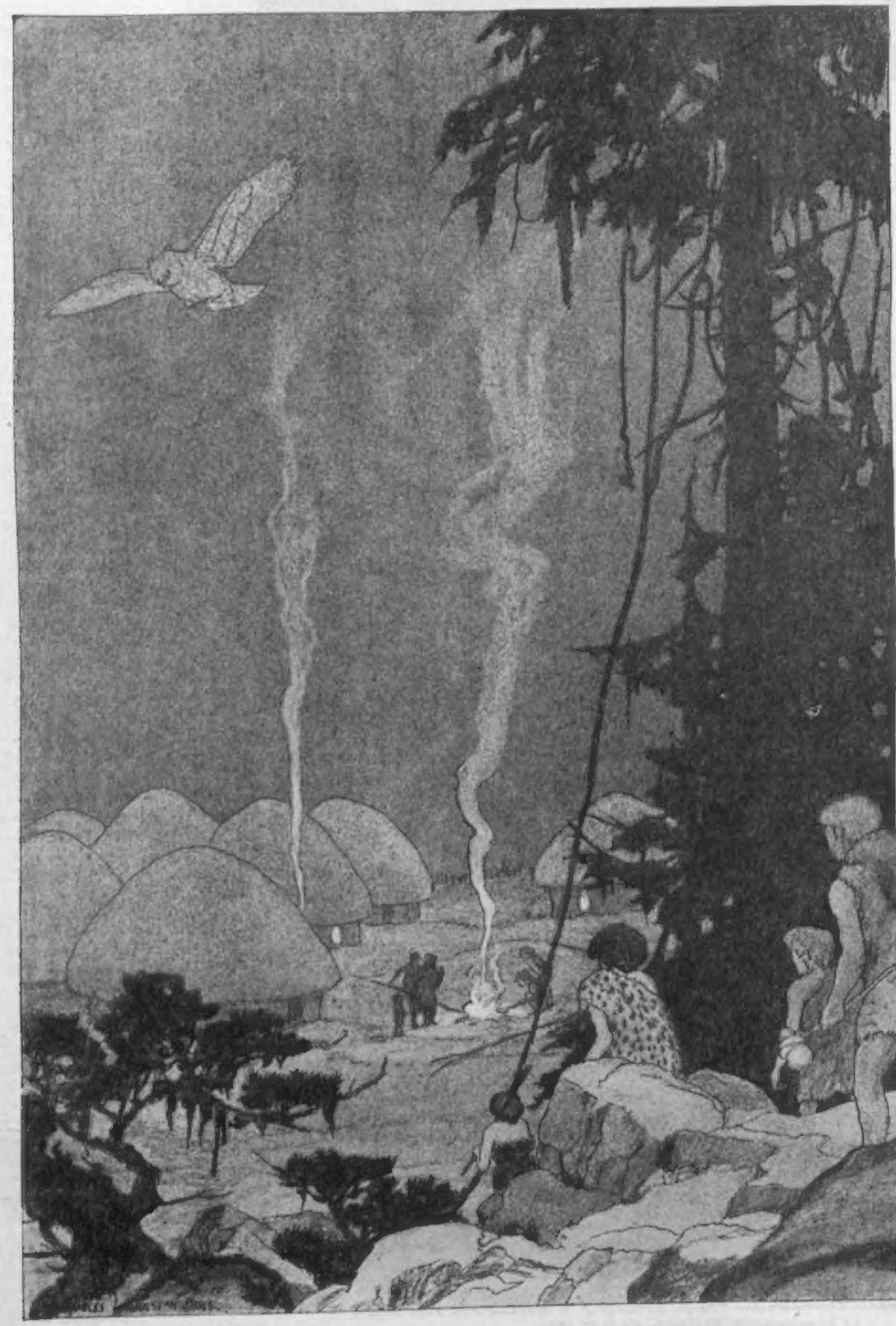
ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

THE village was not to be distinguished from any others in that age when, in the more favored portions of the world, for perhaps already some thousands of years, stone implements were no longer merely chipped, but patiently ground and polished, and nowhere had man attained to the first inkling of metals hidden in the rock. It was a numerous and irregular collection of thatched round huts partly occupying a clearing in the immensely ancient forest which had sprung up since the last glaciers had melted from the ribs and valleys of this mountainous country. The remainder of the clearing was filled with the communal patches of barley and millet tilled with digging stick and crude hoe by skin-clad women who chanted songs of magic incantation at their work. To it returned, when the sun sank behind the westward ridge and the smoke of the out-of-door cooking fires rose blue in the incipient dusk, the hunters, armed with flint-headed spears and bows whose arrows had been dipped in poison; a gradual gathering of seminude, long-haired, coarse-visaged men about whom naked children clustered to gaze in infantile admiration. It was such a village as a sentimentalist of the century of Rousseau would have beheld with ecstasy; a picturesque demonstration of his theory of the primitive idyl.

Closer acquaintance, however, would have brusquely dissipated that illusion. There was nothing of the idyllic in the existence led by those crafty hunters and earth-scratching agriculturists. Life for them was a severely practical business, pursued by methods grotesque, irrelevant and barbarously cruel to the civilized mind, but which their rudimentary logic, reasoning from false premises, held to be essential if that precarious food supply, which was their constant anxiety, was not utterly and disastrously to fail. Heirs already of an immemorial past, the fallacious but closely woven syllogisms of a complicated entanglement of superstition, the desperately sincere effort of earliest man to analyze and cope with the blind forces of nature around him, dictated every circumstance of their lives. To produce the recurrent mystery of the heavy-headed grain, not sufficient was it that the women should laboriously delve and weed the soil—though this was incontestably their specific function, for did not they themselves bring forth children, proving that the principle of fertility was in them as evidently it was not in men?

Long, long ago, perhaps, savage root-and-seed-gathering females had noticed the green shoots springing in unusual luxuriance from the fresh-turned, blood-soaked earth of some slain chieftain's grave. And thus, amid exclamations of awed wonder and delight, had been born the great god He-Who-Makes-to-Grow, to take his place as the male consort of that universal primitive Mother Goddess who was the most ancient of divinities. Clearly something of the god must survive in his son, and if he likewise were slain and the grain sown on his grave, adequately wet with that blood which was obviously the source of life, the phenomenon would be repeated. Experiment had shown the truth of the inference.

Thence had arisen the plainly necessary custom of choosing annually an embodiment of the god, who was likewise the chief, and slaying him at the sowing time, with a burial of his body in fragments over larger and larger spaces of ground to obtain the greatest possible efficacy from the sacrifice. Gradually, however, among the more advanced communities—and particularly where the chief was of energetic personality—this basic idea had changed into a belief that it was the vigor of the living incarnation of the god which gave vigor to the crops, since his physical



When the Sun Sank Behind the Westward Ridge and the Smoke of the Out-of-Door Cooking Fires Rose Blue in the Incipient Dusk, the Hunters Returned, Armed With Flint-Headed Spears and Bows Whose Arrows Had Been Dipped in Poison

condition must certainly react sympathetically upon the shadowy but permanently existing divinity who annually produced the miracle.

Nevertheless, since even a god could not live without blood, blood had to be provided for him, and so magically chosen victims were immolated for his invigoration at the appropriate seasons and their blood poured over the crude log in which the human need for the concrete had conveniently feigned the god to dwell. But his collateral living incarnation was not thereby relieved from his liability to die for the good of the community. Clearly he could not be permitted to live after his enfeeblement or senility endangered or diminished the vitality of the divinity upon whom so much depended. He must be slain and another chosen in his stead. This main affair of insuring the efficient functioning of Him-Who-Makes-to-Grow dominated tyrannically and often gruesomely the whole life of that picturesquely primitive commonwealth in the forest-clad valley—as it did that of a myriad other petty independent communities in that prehistoric world.

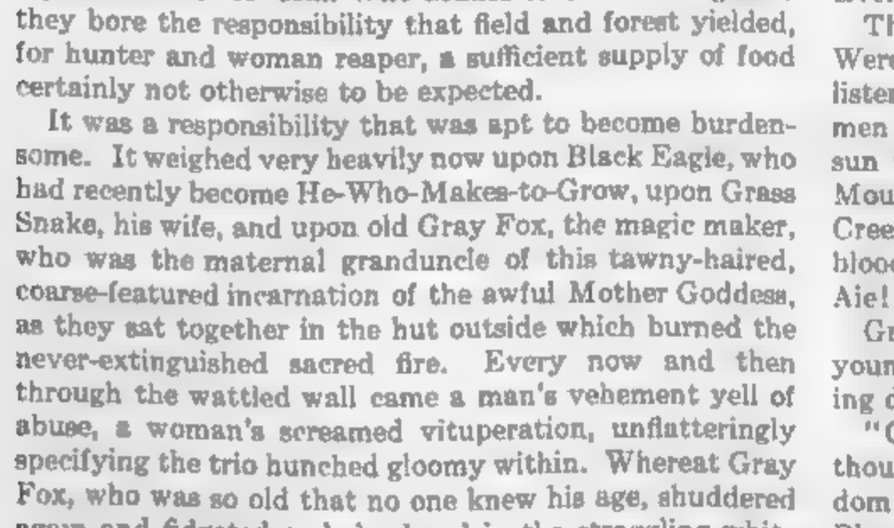
Intimately connected with it was the necessity for sustaining the vitality of that awesome Mother Goddess who derived from the very beginnings of humanity, an all-embracing sublimification of the first recognized relationship. For long, long ages women had made and kept up the marvel of fire, had alone performed the domestic services subsidiary to it, had built the huts in whose vicinity they and their children remained while the hunters wandered, had automatically become the stable nucleus around which society developed. Consequently, theirs were the huts, and through them alone, since most articles were of their fashioning, inheritance passed.

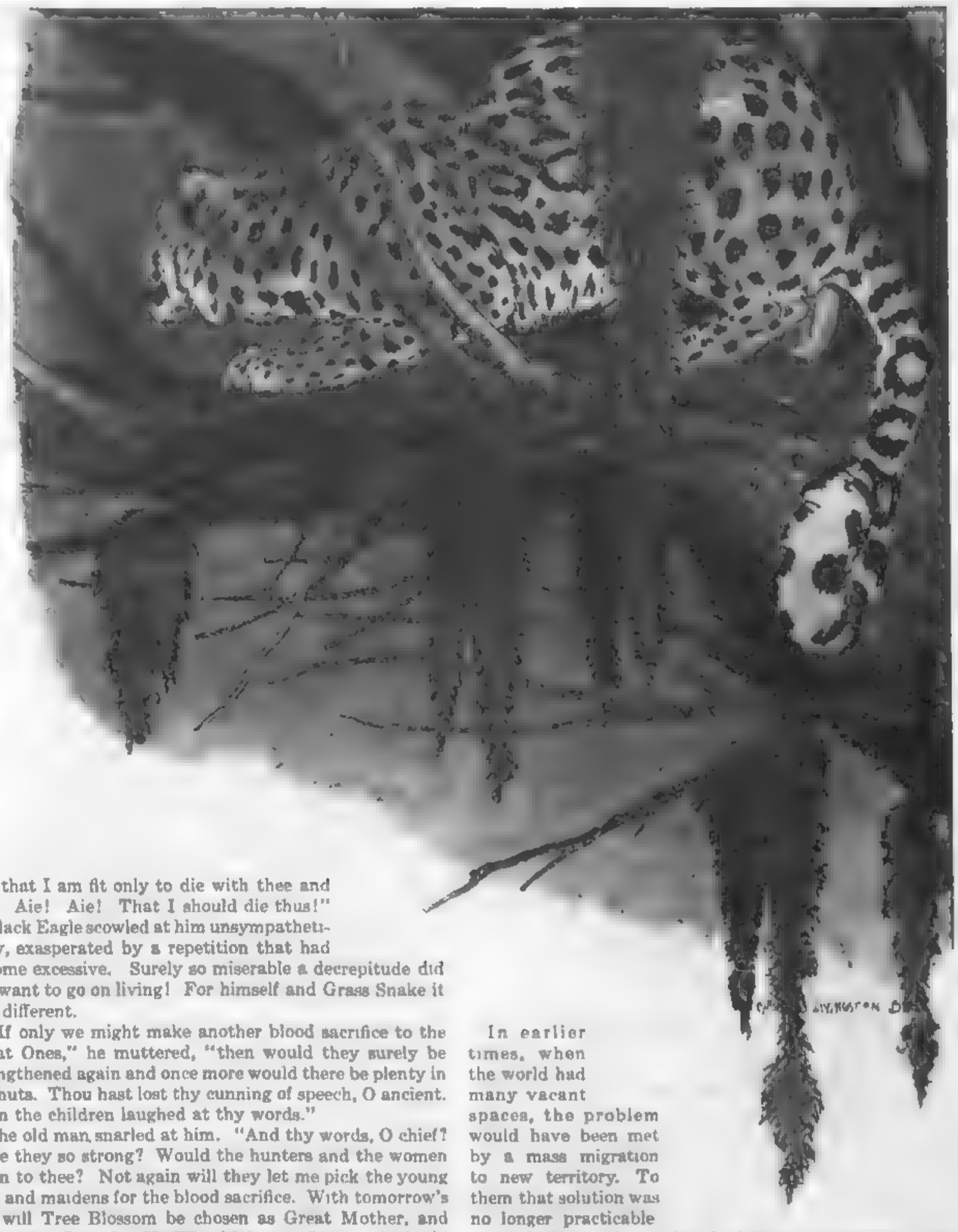
Perhaps even it was they who, in a remote past, had imposed the first laws upon the spasmodically energetic but frequently idle male, restraining his fierce egotisms for the common good.

Certainly, in that now scarcely discernible period when the most progressive peoples were passing definitely from the hunting to the agricultural phase, woman enjoyed a comparative status in the community which only very recently has she recovered. If then she was not more than the equal of the man, it was perhaps because an original social supremacy was gradually being eclipsed; but still the hut was hers and her brother was markedly more the guardian of her children than that father of them whom she might arbitrarily banish from her dwelling. Still, as for long ages after, the chieftaincy descended in the female line and was acquired only by marriage with a woman of the divine blood. For that Great Mother had still her representative upon earth, convenient—only the young and vigorous were chosen from those hereditarily eligible—for the nicely controlled maintenance of the general fertility of the world. And her consort was invariably the human representative of Him-Who-Makes-to-Grow. Together they bore the responsibility that field and forest yielded, for hunter and woman reaper, a sufficient supply of food certainly not otherwise to be expected.

It was a responsibility that was apt to become burdensome. It weighed very heavily now upon Black Eagle, who had recently become He-Who-Makes-to-Grow, upon Grass Snake, his wife, and upon old Gray Fox, the magic maker, who was the maternal granduncle of this tawny-haired, coarse-featured incarnation of the awful Mother Goddess, as they sat together in the hut outside which burned the never-extinguished sacred fire. Every now and then through the wattled wall came a man's vehement yell of abuse, a woman's screamed vituperation, unflatteringly specifying the trio hunched gloomy within. Whereat Gray Fox, who was so old that no one knew his age, shuddered again and fidgeted a shaky hand in the straggling white beard descending from his emaciated cheeks, glanced nervously over his shoulder with his red-rimmed cavernous eyes.

"Aie! Aie!" he wailed. "Hungry and angry are they, and with the next sun will they surely make the sacrifice, and if ye are slain, then am I slain also! No more will they listen to my words. Old Creeping Lizard—may he rot!—goes among them saying that my magic is gone from





me, that I am fit only to die with thee and her. Aie! Aie! That I should die thus!"

Black Eagle scowled at him unsympathetically, exasperated by a repetition that had become excessive. Surely so miserable a decrepitude did not want to go on living! For himself and Grass Snake it was different.

"If only we might make another blood sacrifice to the Great Ones," he muttered, "then would they surely be strengthened again and once more would there be plenty in the huts. Thou hast lost thy cunning of speech, O ancient. Even the children laughed at thy words."

The old man snarled at him. "And thy words, O chief? Were they so strong? Would the hunters and the women listen to thee? Not again will they let me pick the young men and maidens for the blood sacrifice. With tomorrow's sun will Tree Blossom be chosen as Great Mother, and Mountain Goat be He-Who-Makes-to-Grow. And old Creeping Lizard will make magic with them while my blood runs with thine and hers from the place of sacrifice. Aie! Aie!"

Grass Snake pushed back the loose tawny hair from her young but unbeautiful features. Silently had she sat, thinking desperately in this acute crisis.

"Cease croaking, old one!" she said impatiently. "And thou, Sharer-of-My-Hut, close thy mouth if words of wisdom thou hast not! Small is the time we have, and Tree Blossom and Mountain Goat laugh together with Creeping Lizard in their hut. Lo, I will make magic with the blood I set aside for the looking-into."

She rose, fetched a gourd from the side of the hut, sat down again, muttered an incantation of traditional words, not comprehensible even to her, over the bowl of faintly acrid, semicoagulated dark fluid, sat staring intently into it. The two men watched her in superstitiously awed silence. Cunning at magic was Grass Snake. Perhaps even now would she see a way to save them from this unpleasant imminence of death.

Confronted by a problem which has baffled many subsequent statesmen were these three harassed rulers of the tribe. It was a problem that humanity has not yet solved, though periodically it comes up harshly for solution—the tendency of population to outstrip the means of subsistence. Every year presented a new batch of young men and maidens for marriage and the beginning of a new household. Every year the food supply diminished. The game became more and more scarce in the tribal hunting grounds, and the communal cultivation patches—even though they cleared and broke new but thinner soil higher up the flanks of the valley—yielded less and less.

In earlier times, when the world had many vacant spaces, the problem would have been met by a mass migration to new territory. To them that solution was no longer practicable Around them other tribes had likewise multiplied and spread. Migration would have entailed passage through hunting grounds that were not theirs. And, with a well-understood and mutual avoidance, it had been from the most ancient times taboo—even as it is among many modern savages—to trespass upon alien hunting grounds. The idea did not even occur to them. It had never been done. Therefore it could not be done. Debarred from evading the effects of this calamitous exhaustion of their lands, they sought rather, with primitive logic, to rectify the cause.

Clearly the reason for the insufficiency of food within the settlement was the alarming enfeeblement of the Mother Goddess and her consort Him-Who-Makes-to-Grow. As an inevitable result the game in the forest no longer reproduced itself and the crops were annually worse. To remedy this the previous incarnations of those divinities—visibly past their best—had quite properly been slain and Grass Snake and Black Eagle chosen in their stead. Moreover, old Gray Fox had pointed out that very obviously the deities upon whom all depended were in urgent need of a transfusion of fresh life. Therefore, with many terrifying incantations, he had picked out a number of the most vigorous youths and maidens, and the two crude effigies had been thoroughly drenched with their blood amid a joyous orgy of happy anticipation. Somewhat of a primitive Malthusian philosopher was the shrewd-brained old sorcerer who of late had relentlessly seen to it that the anciently prescribed sacrifice of the first-born of every household was no longer evaded by make-believe substitutes. Was not every living thing—and in particular the first-born of living things—a manifestation of the god and goddess of fertility, and therefore properly to be returned to them lest they should be excessively weakened? All this,

(Continued on Page 66)

BE YOURSELF, BOY

By SAM HELLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

ACCORDING to this lad Cynic, who's always putting salt in your coffee and cracker crumbs in the bed sheets, love is just the tenth word in a telegram and the fiftieth in a night letter. You get that, don't you—"Feeling fine. Wish you were here. Wire two hundred. Love."

At that, he may be right. Joe Smiley, who helps me around Camp Comeback, tried to explain love to me once. A dog of mine had broken its leg, and I shot it to put it out of its suffering.

"That," says Joe to me, "is love."

I'm not so sure. There must be something to it besides shooting dogs and having the last word with the telegraph company. Anyway, neither of those stunts figured in the affairs of Archibald Hemmingway, and that boy was sure under the influence. Though I never found out even through him what love is, I did get a grand slant on what it does to you. Hemmingway walks in on us one spring morning like a thundershower at a picnic—without warning. Smiley and I are lounging on the porch when we pipes a slim youngster with a suitcase in each hand, dusting his ten toes toward the house.

A Slim Youngster With a Suitcase in Each Hand, Dusting His Ten Toes Toward the House

"Who's the little visitor?" asks Joe.

"Never saw him before in your life," I returns, "but he's built like a book peddler."

"He'll do well here," grunts Smiley. "Maybe we can sell him the one we have."

In the meantime the kid's come up the steps and is peering at us with a shy smile.

"I'm looking for Mr. Sweeney," he finally announces to the tune of timid coughs.

"No longer for," says I, "but at. What can I do for you?"

"Do?" blurts out Archibald. "You can do nothing for me, but you might undo a great deal."

"Huh?" I exclaims.

"I'm too well done now," goes on Hemmingway excitedly. "I'm so well done I'm burned to a crisp. I've come to Camp Comeback to be made raw again. I ——"

"Good gosh!" cuts in Smiley. "He thinks he's a steak."

"I see," says I, sizing up the boy's pale cheeks and flat chest; "you're run down and ——"

"Run down?" shrills Archibald. "Yes, I've been run down—run down by the Juggernaut of social convention, run down by the chariots of good breeding, run down by the steam roller of grooved education."

"You've sure been in a traffic jam," sympathizes Joe, winking at me and thumb-pointing toward Doc Bigger's Sanitarium over in the hills. I get Smiley. He figures the lad's bean is on the loose.

"Hemmingway Made a Crack About the Weather Mac Didn't Get"

"You're not Napoleon's wife, are you?" I asks. Hemmingway looks puzzled. "Nor a poached egg," I goes on, "looking for a piece of toast to park on?"

"I'm at a loss," begins Archibald.

"You're at least that," says I. "Tell me," I demands, "how'd you get here and why?"

For answer Hemmingway pulls a note from his pocket and passes it over. I reads it aloud:

> The bearer of this, a friend of mine, wants to get tough. Why, I don't know, but if he can't get that way hanging around with those gas-house alumni of yours, it can't be done. The kid's all right and has the price, and what else is your business?

It's signed by Pat Tracy, an old side kick of mine in the days when the Channel was a swim instead of a regular ferry service for middle-aged mammas. I hadn't seen the old crook for a long time, but he still had first call on my other shirt. A letter from Pat put a welcome on the mat.

"Where'd you meet Tracy?" I inquires kindly.

"At Coster College," returns Archibald.

"College!" gasps Smiley. "What are they doing now—turning professionals into amateurs?"

"He's a trainer for the track team," explains Hemmingway. "I've been teaching at Coster."

"Burning the midnight oil at both ends, eh?" I remarks. "You need building up, all right," I continues, "but this isn't the place for you."

"Why not?" comes back Archibald.

"To begin with," says I, "Camp Comeback's not a regular physical-culture dump. It's a farm for broken-down pugs, rosin sniffers and canvas kissers who figure ——"

"A farm for whom?" interrupts Hemmingway.

"Fighters," I tells him briefly.

"No, no," protests Archibald. "What were the words you used?"

"Rosin sniffers and canvas kissers," I returns. "Just slang for boxers."

"Rosin sniffers and canvas kissers—canvas kissers and rosin sniffers," repeats Hemmingway, rolling the expressions around his tongue slowly like a Scotch kid operating on an all-day sucker on June twenty-first. "What," he goes on, "are their derivations?"

That's a ball 'way on the outside, as far as I'm concerned; but Joe who graduated at the head of the class from a couple of reform schools, catches it on the end of his bat. "It's like this," he diagrams to Archibald: "The floor of the ring is covered with canvas, and to keep it from getting slippery they grind rosin over it. So when a bimbo gets a wallop on the button and takes a nose dive, he's kissing canvas and sniffing rosin."

"Beautiful!" exclaims Hemmingway. "Mind if I make a note of it?"

"Take off your beard," says I. "I know you. You're here to get stuff for a book."

"No," comes back Archibald. "I'm here for the reason Pat Tracy gave you."

"Well," I shrugs, "it can't be done. We're not equipped for cases like yours. I wouldn't know what kind of workouts to feed you. The sort of exercises you need ——"

"Exercises!" cuts in Hemmingway. "I don't need any exercises. Where'd you get the idea there was anything wrong with me physically?"

"When a guy comes into a butcher shop," I remarks, sarcastic, "they can't arrest you for thinking he's after meat."

"Perhaps not," agrees Archibald; "but it's also possible that he likes the smell of raw beef and wishes to strike up an acquaintance with the butcher and his customers."

"He means," suggests Joe, "that he wants to loaf around the camp and mix with the boys."

"Him mix with the gang we got here?" I yelps. "He'd fit in with them like white spats in a coal yard. Did Pat give you the notion that I was running a swell summer resort or something?"

"Hardly," smiles Hemmingway. "He told me just the sort of place it is."

"Did he tell you," I barks, "that this is a reduction works and drying-out plant for a lot of booch hounds and hop heads that are trying to beat back into the fight game? Did he tell you I had the toughest collection of eggs and yeggs ever corralled in a five-acre lot? Why, you couldn't even understand their language!"

"Fine!" beams Archibald. "That'll just make me learn theirs. May I suggest," he goes on, "that you gentlemen again read Tracy's letter? You don't seem to understand my purpose in coming here."

"Pat," I remarks, after another glance at the note, "says to get you tough—to get your muscles hardened, I suppose, and ——"

"Not my muscles," interrupts Hemmingway gently—"myself."

"How do you mean?" I inquires.

"I mean," replies the rah-rah teacher, "I want to learn to talk and act and think like you and the people you have around here; not to imitate them, but to be of them."

"But why?" I puzzles.

"That," says Archibald, "is a personal matter. Your rates are what?"

"A hundred a week," I snaps—they're fifty.

"Two months in advance," comes back Hemmingway, stripping eight centuries off a cow choker. "All I want is food, a place to sleep and liberty to wander around and mingle."

"'Do Me a Favor. Hit Me Every Time I Use a Word You Don't Comprehend'"

"All right," says I; "but if you get a biff on the beezer while mingling, don't expect me to kiss the hurt."

"If I get what?" inquires Archibald.

"A punch in the nose," translates Smiley.

"If that's part of the social life here," smiles Hemmingway, "I crave it."

II

I'M CALLED into town on business the next day, and it's a week before I gets back to camp. Smiley drives down to the station to fetch me. In the bus with him is a lad with a three-day growth of face fuzz, a torn sweater and a cap over his left ear. Right off I don't give him a tumble.

"Hello, old-timer," greets the youngster, holding open the door of the car. "Hop into the oil can and take a weight off your feet."

"Archibald!" I exclaims.

"Baldy, to my friends," returns Hemmingway, "and poison to my enemies."

"My, my, my!" says I. "It didn't take long to boil you hard! Who threw you that line of gab?"

"Well," grins Archibald, "Smiley and I—I mean, me and Smiley and some of the boys have been trading thoughts."

"Trading thoughts, eh?" I remarks. "That must have been a pretty mean thought that caught you over the right eye."

"Oh, that!" says Hemmingway, carelessly brushing a finger over a two-inch gash. "Just a bit of repartee from

"Get Up, You Big Cheese," Yelps Hemmingway, "and I'll Knock Your Block Off!"

Slaughterhouse McGinley with—er—appropriate gestures. How would you say that, Joe?"

"Just a snappy comeback from McGinley," obliges Smiley, "with a punch to it."

"What are you doing, Joe?" I inquires. "Revising the boy's education downward?"

"So's your aged parent," says Baldy. "He's only helping me shed a lot of sausage ——"

"—— Bologny," suggests Smiley.

"A lot of Bologny," bows Hemmingway, grateful, "that ——"

I busts in with a loud laugh. "I was just thinking," I explains, "what a wow you'd be, walking into your class at Coster with that rig-out and your new pack of palaver."

"I guess," smiles Baldy, "I would decimate the undergraduates for a row of garbage containers." And he looks questioningly at Smiley.

"For a row of ash cans," corrects Joe.

"What'd you teach at Coster anyways?" I asks, curious.

"Pragmatic philosophy," returns Hemmingway.

"After all," I shrugs, "why not? If McGinley should ask me what it is, though, what shall I tell him?"

"Tell him," advises Archibald, "that it's a platter of high-hat hooey—er—er ——"

"That's right," nods Smiley encouragingly.

"—— smothered with blah," finishes Hemmingway.

"Perfect," applauds Joe.

"What do you know about philosophy?" I demands of Smiley.

"Less than that," admits Joe cheerfully; "but we know McGinley, don't we, Baldy?"

"I should shave a duck," says Hemmingway.

By this time we're at the camp and Baldy jumps out quickly. "I got a date with Slaughterhouse," he announces.

"To trade some more thoughts?" I inquires.

"He promised to tell me," replied Hemmingway, "how he licked Cast-Iron Donovan."

"With appropriate gestures?" I asks, pointing to the cut over Baldy's eye.

"Probably," he grins.

"There's a catcher's mask somewhere around the house," says I. "It's a good thing to have on when you have anything on with McGinley."

"What's the idea," I growls, after the youngster departs, "letting Slaughterhouse beat up my cash customers?"

"Baldy insulted him," explains Smiley.

"Impossible!" I exclaims.

"That's where you're wrong," says Joe. "McGinley's very touchy. Every word he can't understand goes down as an insult with him. The day you left, Hemmingway made a crack about the weather Mac didn't get, so he naturally figured it was a slur on his grandmother's table manners or his sister-in-law's bridge playing. What was there for a refined gent to do? He ups and pokes Baldy one in the glimmer."

"And Baldy?" I inquires. "What did he do?"

"Nothing," answers Smiley, "until I tipped him off to the feud going on between Slaughterhouse and the Webster family. He was delighted. He shook McGinley by the hand and thanked him. 'Do me a favor,' says Baldy to the pug. 'Hit me every time I use a word you don't comprehend.'"

"Slaughterhouse jerks back his right on that 'comprehend,'" goes on Joe, "but I steps in between them. They're good pals now."

"From that line of lingo he pulled coming up on the car," I remarks, "he must be learning to talk Gutterese fast with that punch-and-poke system."

"I've been helping some too," says Smiley modestly.

"I noticed," I comes back. "What you been doing since I left—wet-nursing Hemmingway's vocabulary?"

"That's what he's paying for," shrugs Joe. "He's got to learn to chew the fat and wisecrack like the eggs you got around here. He's on my neck from morning till night, getting me to translate his college English into Hell's Kitchen gabble. He makes notes and studies the hop."

"That all he does?" I asks.

"I got him to go in for boxing," returns Smiley. "He didn't want to at first, but I told him he ought to learn to handle his mauleys if he expected to mix with the kind of guys that matched the slanguage he was picking up. He's sparring every day now with Slaughterhouse, but I can't make his game out."

"That's easy," says I. "Baldy's going in for settlement work or something like that in a tough neighborhood, and he figures it'll help him if he can split wise cracks with the boys around the denaturing plant. Or he might be getting up a dictionary, or stuff for lectures on how the lower classes get by when they're on their uppers."

"Why," demands Joe, "would he be making a secret of it? I've tried to smoke him out, but he won't smoke. I wonder if the goop's planning to go cave man. The movies are full of those strong, silent men who ——"

"He Ups and Pokes Baldy One in the Glimmer"

"A bird," I cuts in, "that wants to be strong don't have to be talked into training, and a guy with a silent slant don't go out and take punches in the jaw in trade for new words. Go roll your hoop down another street for a change," I tells him.

"Remember when he first came here," says Smiley, "how he spoke about being burned out and run over by the big six of civilization, or words to a couple of other effects. Don't that put the cave-man hunch in the money? Don't that ——"

"I got a bright idea," I announces suddenly to Joe.

"Beginners' luck," grunts Joe.

"I'll drop a line to Pat Tracy," I goes on. "He must know all about Hemmingway."

"Too late," grins Smiley. "I already have his answer. I wrote him Tuesday."

"Well?" I asks.

"Nothing much," replies Joe. "Baldy used to teach at Coster right enough, though he's only twenty-four. Sort of a wonder boy in the belfry. A few months back he inherited a jag of jack, gave his college job the run around and beat it from Coster. Two weeks ago he came back and hunted up Tracy. He didn't tell Pat where he'd been and what he'd done—only that he was fed up on the sort of life he'd been leading and wanted to go somewhere where he could get rough and tough. Tracy told him there were enough tough and rough spots in the big town, but that didn't click with Archibald. He wanted to develop from a pansy into a cactus privately, so here he is and there you are."

"Pat," I growls, "must think this place is Camp Come-Down and our business is turning high domes into low-brows."

"There's an idea in that," grins Smiley. "The country's full of overeducated folks. Why don't you run a school in reverse and uneducate them?"

"What good would that do?" I comes back. "There are too many motion-picture directors now. But getting back to Baldy: Does he figure that just spouting prize-ring and barrel-house wise cracks is going to make him tough and rough? It takes more than a black mustache to turn a Y. M. C. A. secretary into a villain."

"The way Hemmingway explains it," returns Joe, "the gab is just the frame of the house. The inside decorations'll come later, and slower. He tells me he's going to stick with the boys until he acts like them natural and thinks like them automatic."

"How," I inquires curiously, "does he get along with the mob here?"

"Aces," says Smiley. "He's loose with his money in the crap games, tells 'em all how good they are after listening by the hour to them telling the same thing, and laughs and kids with them all the time. It's wonderful, Mike," goes on Joe, "how that kid has changed in a week. Remember how shy and dopey he was when he first crashed this deadfall? Now look at him!"

"He's sure been hopped up with happy dust or something," I admits.

"Maybe," remarks Smiley, thoughtful, "there's no mystery at all about his being here. He probably didn't find it so cushy at Coster, and after pounding the pavements of New York for a while, he decided he liked 'em better than ——"

"Then why," I cuts in, "didn't he stay there?"

"Because," guesses Joe, "wandering about the big town he'd pick up the stuff he wants in dibs and dabs. Here he's got the docks, the winegar woiks, the stuss mob and the gas house all fenced in for him. Baldy's so fast in the bean that in a couple of months you won't be able to tell his lingo apart from McGinley's. Then he'll be all dressed and set to mix social with the dese-dose-and-dem boys in the wide-open places."

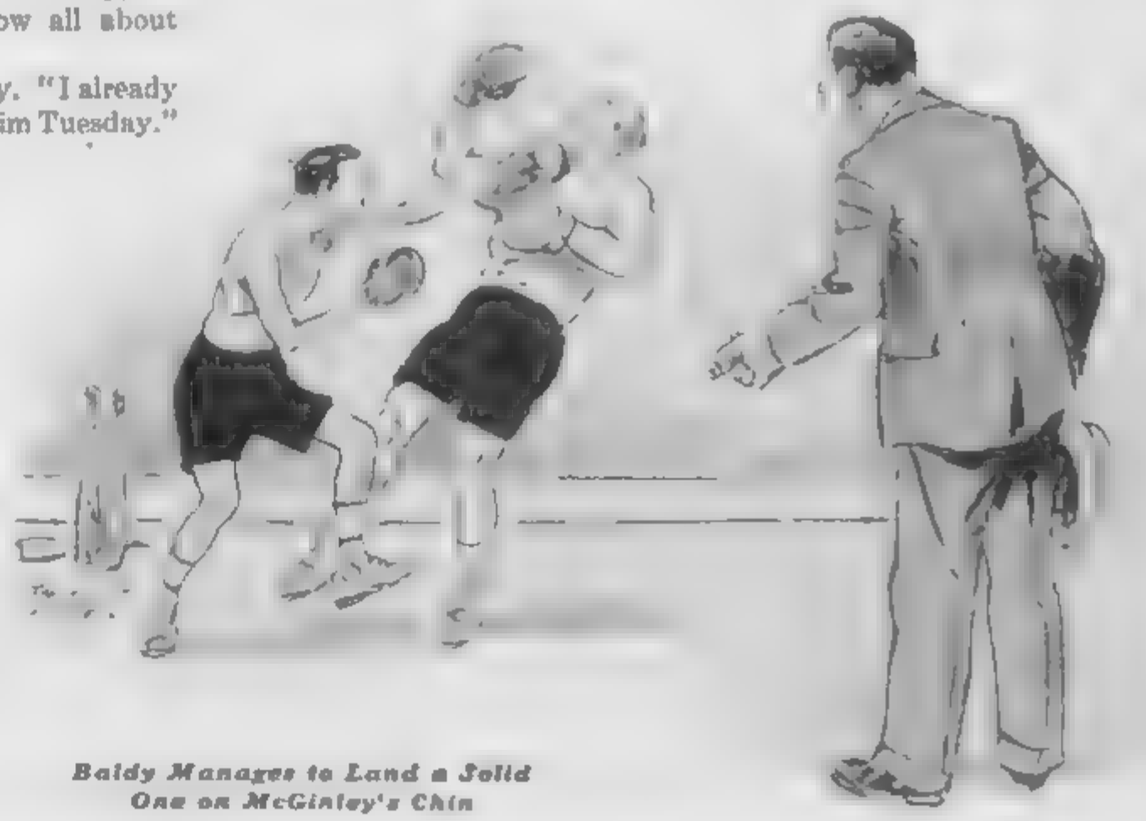
"Some drop, that," I comments, "from teaching pneumatic philosophy at Coster."

"You know how it is," shrugs Smiley, "when a minister's son does go wrong. He goes wrong all over."

An hour or so later, wandering around the camp, I finds Baldy in the gym, sparring with Slaughterhouse. The kid stacks up against McGinley like a squab feather against a barrel of rusty nails, but he stands up and takes it. Of course the pug's pulling his blows, but even at that, Hemmingway's face and chest are a checkerboard of pink splotches painted by gloves.

I watches 'em for a few moments. Baldy knows nothing at all of boxing, but in a flurry he manages to land a solid one on McGinley's chin. The wallop isn't hard enough to bust a pane of glass, but Slaughterhouse happens to be off his balance at the time and he takes a spill for himself. When he gets up he's in a rage, chiefly, I suppose, because I'm present for the tumble. He shoots a mean right at Hemmingway which the boy backs away from, but a short

(Continued on Page 38)



Baldy Manages to Land a Solid One on McGinley's Chin

GUINEVERE

By Marjory Stoneman Douglas

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT E. JOHNSTON

Hope Was Not Meant for Her. There Was Nothing That Was Here Except Fear and Shame

QUEEN GUINEVERE moved softly from the dais among the shining of her veils, having risen from her place by King Arthur before all the Table Round. The court hushed, multicolored and murmurous, bowing like a wide garden in the wind to see her pass, splendid and remote and dreaming, into full sun beyond the open doors. Her feet, soundless in white samite, paused on the doorstone, where the sun was hot.

The sense of eyes following her, of Arthur's and of Lancelot's, slipped away. Behind her the brilliance of the court dimmed and was silent. She saw beyond the elms the bright grass slope gently to the glossy curve of river, and she breathed the fragrance of new hay from the meadow lot and of near-by pine trees warm with sun. For a moment more she stood there, Guinevere the Queen.

Then young Mrs. Jason Burke, who had been Gwenny Fisher, gasped as if waked abruptly by a shocking pain, shifted to her other hip the big pan of peas to be shelled, and walked, stumbling a little, to the old bench under the syringas. The broad July morning wrapped her with its sense of living fire. Now at last outside the grim house which would have paralyzed her with terror if it had not been for Guinevere, she was forced to face what had happened. Jason was lying drunk in that upstairs corner room. It was the first time in this house. It meant—the end.

Just before morning she had heard his footsteps stumbling up the long sandy drive from the main road—footsteps she had slept fitfully all night to listen for, because he had not come back from Edgebury for supper. In the early light, with despair tearing at her heart, she had seen the tossed untidy crest of his black hair over his white locked face, where the eyes burned withdrawn and unseeing. He had come clumsily through the door she had opened for him, a man walking in a dreadful sleep. Biting hard down on the chattering of her teeth she had followed the thrust and stumble of his feet up the creaking stairs. She had pushed him over on the bed so that the black locks lay disordered on the pillow, and she could tuck the quilt about his shoulders with her small icy hands. She had crept back to her own room, across the ghostly rustle of the ancient straw matting, too frightened to think. She had huddled and shivered under the bedclothes, even dozing a little, numbly. Until suddenly the old fantasy had come flooding back as it had since her childhood. In it Gwenny Fisher, who had married that queer Jason Burke, lost herself and slept smiling because she was really Guinevere, Arthur's queen and the Round Table's, in that far bright country, lifting her head under a coronet of queen's gold, changeless, imperial and serene.

Waking, she clutched the dream about her fiercely still. All morning she wrapped herself in queenliness and in beauty to shut out the fear of what lay upstairs, in the grimness of that house. Her broom echoed in the creaking passageways, but it was really the rustling of her brocaded skirts over the floor rushes. Her feet scurried from sink to stove, from stove to pantry, of the barren, stone-gray kitchen which no amount of fire could make cheery, safe because Arthur was throned there, kind and kingly upon his dais. Lancelot watched her with smoldering eyes, and all around the walls the knights stood serried and the banners swung, dim to the smoky ceiling, in noble blazonry of crimson and bronze and gold.

With them there she could even venture into the bleak parlor, where at the narrow windows lilac twigs tapped and tapped, to change the water in the great pitchers of daisies she had set there yesterday, which made a starry festival among the black horsehair chairs and against the streaked walls where crayon-colored ancestors who were none of hers or Jason's stared glassily over her timid head. Never in all her life, since the day when she had first peeped into the fat green Idylls of the King on her father's desk and found the deep-eyed queen whose name was something like her own, had courage failed before loneliness or glamour before fear. But never in her solitary childhood, or in her father's death, or in the lonely days of teaching school after that, of Jason and the war and this strange man who had come back to her from it, had her need been so desperate. The dream did not fail her now. For an hour or two in the still house, while her hands did what needed to be done, she was Guinevere, moving in the timeless radiance of Camelot, smiling to herself a little.

But beyond the white-hot doorstone, out-of-doors where the real sun lay hot upon the grass, and upon the polished surface of the river and the broad backs of the hens crooning in the dust, Camelot burned away like thin mist. Out here she could not be Guinevere any longer. Only a commonplace small person in faded blue print and stubby shoes, with hair a glinting softness about eyes that stung, whose stained fingers moved dully among the cool pearly texture of the peas. A chill weight of terror dragged at her young body, heedless of summer and the sun.

Dream could go no further. Hope could go no further. This was the end. Jason was drunk on his bed upstairs. He had lost his job. She had spent all their savings for this old farmhouse in the country by the river, to get him away from town and noise and narrow rooms, and it was no earthly use. Everything had failed. Her hands felt inertly among the pea pods, and she stared into blankness.

She had felt sure that the country was what he needed. She had imagined so vividly how the quiet under the elm boughs would steal into his eyes, how the peace of summer meadows, of the river flowing, of deep nights thick with stars, would cool that strange burning in him whose only oblivion had been drunkenness. Old Judge North, the owner of the Edgebury Journal, where Jason worked fitfully, if at all, had agreed to give him this one more chance. He had thought the country was a good idea. Jason had thought so too, washed clean and listless after a week of lying blind drunk upstairs in Manuel Silva's shed.

It had been easy to hope at first. Jason had worked hard, if a little feverishly, to move their odds and ends of furniture from the three rooms in town. He had fussed a whole day settling them just so among the queer old pieces in the echoing rooms. He had puttered about pleasantly with nails and hammer and a paintbrush, fixing things up. He had hung the screen doors and put new washers in the faucets and spaded up the flower beds and cut the grass around the wide doorstone. He had seemed really pleased with his own great square corner room upstairs, where all morning the sun splashed the scrubbed floor through the hanging green of elm leaves, and the light on the river danced and rippled along the wall. He had whistled there for hours, nailing up shelves for his books and mending a table so that it would bear his old rackety typewriter. When he came down to dinner, which Gwenny set under the grape arbor at the back door, she saw that his eyes were gentle, with a kind of forgotten youthfulness. She had looked up at him, standing with the shadows of the vine leaves moving on his face, looking at her more directly than he had for months.

"We're going to like it here, Gwen," he had said. "That room—I think I can work up there." And all that afternoon his typewriter had clacked and rattled and the little bell had pinged, while Gwenny listened gravely from her work downstairs. It had seemed then that it was all right to hope.

Every day or so, after that, among the staid columns of the Journal leaped Jason's vehement, living prose, paragraphs and half columns that he pounded out up there on his own typewriter in the evenings and left on Judge North's desk on his way to the eye shield and ticking apron of his work in the composing room. If he could last a second week he would be reading proof. The third he would be handling the telegraph stuff, clipping fillers, writing heads. Once he had stayed sober long enough to write half the editorials and a whole column of current comment so crackling with the bite and accuracy of his observation that papers all over New England were always quoting them and passing them about. Now this extra stuff he was bringing in was head and shoulders over anything else he had ever done, Judge North told Gwenny at the post office, his broad leathery face all puckered up with pleasure. The judge had played chess with her father three times a week for years, while he had lived. He was Gwenny's oldest friend. But when Jason was at his best Judge North was proud of him for his own sake, and showed it. That had lasted all through June.

And now—this. She must remember never to let herself hope again, she thought, staring at the old square house whose brick ends shabbily gave back the sun. Hope was not meant for her. There was nothing that was hers except fear and shame—shame. Yet her mind, like a timid animal that knows itself trapped, darted blindly this way and that, thinking, thinking. How was it possible that she was really married to a—a drunkard? How was it possible that this thing had come upon her, from no will of her own, from no act of her own? And why had she married him—why? She could not remember. There had been no reason at all. Her mind shuffled vaguely among a drift of memories, asking that question.

She saw herself lost in the Idylls, across the evening lamp from the thinning gray hair of her father, correcting the exercises of his high-school Latin class, with a sharp breath now and then over some sophomore's wild liberties with the ablative absolute. She saw herself sobbing in her

room that rainy afternoon when she first came to the Idylls' end, the broken country and the broken king which then and there she refused to admit, snatching Guinevere to her own changeless heart, where there could be no dimming of a glory which was also to be her own. She heard ladies after church murmur over her head, "That little motherless Fisher girl has such nice manners," as if one wouldn't acquire dignity, daily serving a queen! She thought of her white voile dress at high-school commencement and her father's yellow roses in her arms.

She remembered the delicious grown-up feeling that she had had the first time she had been asked to the Manwarings' lawn party, that summer when they first came to Edgebury and sent the rumor of orange awnings, butlers and saddle horses thrilling down the calm gray streets. She remembered the hurt of shabby dresses and being a wallflower at dances, and the solace she took in a court costume of green velvet and seed pearls, collared with real ermine, in her own dreaming bed in the cold nights. She felt the moon-drenched summer evening, talking to her father on the porch about all the fine things she was going to be. Remembered wondering more and more why Guinevere loved Lancelot more than Arthur, who was also the king; wondering why she must choose between them, when her heart was so full of both; wondering about love and what it felt like in your heart, and glancing swiftly at boys coming along the walk and thinking, "Would he be the one? Would he be the one?"

She remembered dull hot summers when she was Marie Antoinette and Rosalind as well as Guinevere, and being dully jealous of Lottie Parsons' red curls on the porch opposite, which was filled with singing young men. She remembered saying fiercely to the minister that people could make beauty endure if they only tried hard enough. She saw how time accomplished the same thing suddenly, sealing her father's eyelids with that exquisite remoteness which is also the end of kings. She smelled suddenly the fusty acid of mourning dye and heard the squeak and shuffle of her first primary class, and the feet of neighbors crunching up her cottage walk on frosty nights with a plate of hot biscuits to see how she was getting on alone. Faces, words, bits of feeling, remembered words—her mind shuffled among them like dusty leaves which left only this bitter taste in the mouth of a dreadful weight of destiny that had no reason. Could such years as this which had followed actually happen, by the chance turn of a word from no to yes, and not be the work of a lowering and malignant fate?

Because where was any glimpse of Jason in all this? Only one, although she must always have known Old Tom Burke's boy from the untidy house beyond the tracks. There was that time the dark, sullen, unresponsive boy broke into sudden recitation in the ancient-history class, under the round, surprised glasses of old Miss Harrison. There was a fierce unexpectedness about it, as if he had suddenly heard her droning words and knew better He spoke abruptly, vividly, so that Gwenny saw clear sunshine on Greek marble and men who spoke bold clean truths on a high hill.

Yet it was only Jason Burke, with his narrow eyes glittering darkly in his hawk's face and his crazy way of getting mad and talking back at teacher, as if anybody cared. But Gwenny remembered caring. She remembered that flash of insight that she had had, that Athens must be where Jason Burke lived, as she lived in Guinevere's Camelot.

It had set him a little apart for her. She had wondered about the thoughts that must be going on behind that high, angry forehead. Yet that was all. She did not remember anything more about him, except passing him suddenly on the street and feeling his dark glance flicked carelessly away before her eyes. She only remembered teaching school and living alone in the cottage and growing used to it—and being Guinevere.

Then war came in the spring, and she had married Jason Burke. It was as sudden as that. And she could not remember why. It had not seemed to matter much, since she went on living alone in the little cottage, teaching her squirming primary-grade children. She put the allotment from his soldier pay in the bank and read casualty lists with a consciousness of her own heroism, braced to be a widow, more concerned with Arthur's wars out of Camelot and the flare of Lancelot's spear point in the lists than of mud and trenches; not yet imagining what could follow, not yet guessing what life could be like—not once. Even when that stranger in the crumpled suit and the narrowed brooding eyes came back to be her husband, Jason Burke, she had not guessed. Judge North had taken him on the Journal immediately, to give him a chance to work into a partnership, and everyone said how much the war had done for Old Tom Burke's boy. But she did not guess—she did not guess.

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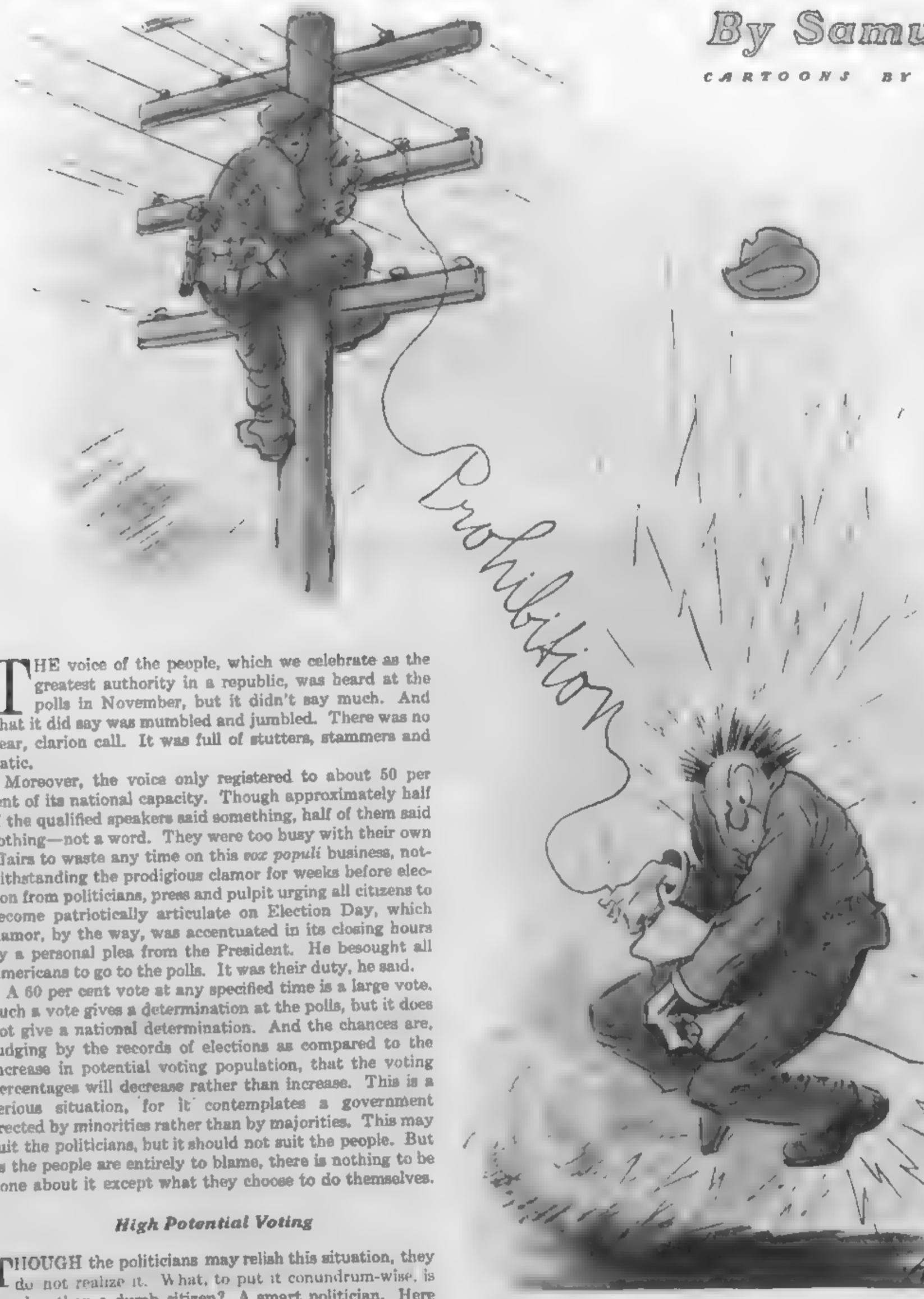
Arthur Was Throned There, Kind and Kingly Upon His Dais. Lancelot Watched Her With Smoldering Eyes, and All Around the Walls the Knights Stood Serried and the Banners Swung, Dim to the Smoky Ceiling, in Noble Blazonry of Crimson and Bronze and Gold

THEY DIDN'T SAY MUCH

By Samuel G. Blythe

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON



Prohibition Is Not the Great, Overshadowing Issue of This Country. It Is an Issue Because the Wets Have Made It So

THE voice of the people, which we celebrate as the greatest authority in a republic, was heard at the polls in November, but it didn't say much. And what it did say was mumbled and jumbled. There was no clear, clarion call. It was full of stutters, stammers and static.

Moreover, the voice only registered to about 50 per cent of its national capacity. Though approximately half of the qualified speakers said something, half of them said nothing—not a word. They were too busy with their own affairs to waste any time on this *vox populi* business, notwithstanding the prodigious clamor for weeks before election from politicians, press and pulpit urging all citizens to become patriotically articulate on Election Day, which clamor, by the way, was accentuated in its closing hours by a personal plea from the President. He besought all Americans to go to the polls. It was their duty, he said.

A 60 per cent vote at any specified time is a large vote. Such a vote gives a determination at the polls, but it does not give a national determination. And the chances are, judging by the records of elections as compared to the increase in potential voting population, that the voting percentages will decrease rather than increase. This is a serious situation, for it contemplates a government erected by minorities rather than by majorities. This may suit the politicians, but it should not suit the people. But as the people are entirely to blame, there is nothing to be done about it except what they choose to do themselves.

High Potential Voting

THOUGH the politicians may relish this situation, they do not realize it. What, to put it conundrum-wise, is dumber than a dumb citizen? A smart politician. Here we have gone along for twenty or twenty-five years with our voting population constantly getting greater, and practically doubled when we gave women the vote, and our actual voting percentages constantly getting smaller; but the politicians still operate on the basis of a 90 per cent vote instead of a 60 per cent vote, or a 50 per cent vote, as is likely to be the case except in presidential years. For example, there were, in round numbers, and according to the Census as of January 1, 1922, 55,500,000 males and females in the United States more than twenty-one years old and entitled to vote. Of these, 29,100,000, also in round numbers, voted for President in 1924, and in the two intervening years the potential voting strength of the country probably increased by 1,000,000. Putting the increase at 500,000, there were 56,000,000 voters in the United States in 1924, and 29,100,000 of them voted after six months of intensive campaign effort to get them all to the polls, and at the expenditure of millions of dollars.

Well, there you are. Complete returns are not at hand as this is written, but it is likely that the total vote in this election just over was not 50 per cent of the potential vote of the country. Wherefore, we start in any consideration of what happened in November on a 50 per cent basis of what might have happened, and that leads us back to the fatuity of politicians in general, and of two sets of them in particular, in this past campaign.

Although the percentages of votes actually cast in our elections of the past twenty-five years, as compared to the number of qualified voters, have steadily decreased, as is known to everybody who takes any heed of politics, the politicians seem to go on the assumption that the total vote will be the total vote—that everybody will go to the polls.

I was in two states before election where the Republican candidates for the principal offices were serenely confident of election. My own investigations had shown me that these candidates had little to be serene about, for I had found a considerable apathy among the voting Republicans, and I knew also that, in these states particularly, the Democrats were far more likely to vote closer to their party strength than the Republicans. Especially in cities, Democrats are better voters than Republicans.

So I inquired pleasantly of these candidates: "How do you get that way?"

"Why," they replied, "it is a cinch. Our polls show it."

"What polls?"

"The polls taken by our committees. We have canvassed the states from house to house. Here are the figures."

The figures showed, after all conservative reductions were made, that one of these candidates was sure of election by more than 80,000 plurality and the other by more than 100,000. They were all cheered up. These polls, they said, were taken by experienced men, with instructions to put down nothing but the certain votes and leave all the uncertain ones as doubtful. They were rock-bottom affairs.

> It was a naïve situation, but typical. It was a situation that breaks a great many political hearts and causes a great many politicians to look quite foolish after the returns are in; not, of course, that looking foolish bothers a politician much, but it all has a reflex action on the game the politicians play, and that is one thing that is the matter with American politics. One of many. They canvass the vote just as they canvassed it in the days when voting was a patriotic obligation; the days back yonder when everybody voted who could get to the polls; instead of reckoning on the fact that voting in these days is largely a bore in the minds of the people, when voters must be teased, coaxed and taken in automobiles to the polls.

They Meant Well

IT IS an interesting phase of the political change that has come over the people in the past two decades, and a more interesting example of the immutability of the politicians. They never change. They make their computations in the same old way, putting down those who ought to vote or say they will vote; and about half of those they canvass turn up at the polls. I happened on an illuminating instance of this sort of thing. A politician showed me the figures of a canvass of a certain ward in a large city which normally is largely Republican. The figures showed that the Republicans, at the ratio of five to one, said they intended to vote for a Democrat who was running for a national office. They said that. When the returns came in it was discovered that about three out of every five of these Republicans who were going to do such great things for the Democrat didn't vote at all, never went near the polls. Whereupon, as this situation prevailed all over the state, that Democrat, who was happy on the day before election over what, on the basis of the canvass figures, seemed a sure victory, was most unhappy on the day after election when he discovered that his opponent had won. The fellows who said they were going to vote for him forgot all about it, or didn't get around to it, or were too busy, and the result was that a man who shouldn't have been elected was elected because of the 60 per cent who did go to the polls—the hard-boiled regulars—there were more of them who voted for the unfit candidate than of the equally hard-boiled regulars who voted for the fit candidate. The 40 or 45 per cent who did not vote would have reversed this situation, but they didn't have time.

What happened in the cases of the two other candidates mentioned was this: The lad who had 100,000 plurality sure in the poll books of his committee was beaten, and the statesman who was to have the triumphant 80,000, certain as sunset, just squeaked through with a few—a

very few thousand to spare. They were victims of the great American pastime of staying at home on election day, but they had not figured on that. They never do; nor do our preelection and postelection yammerers about what any given election will prove or disprove nationally, or has proved or disproved as to whatever issues, policies, or questions are in political debate. They shout that what the people will say at the polls, or have said, will be a definite expression on these important issues, and half the people stay at home, or at work, or go fishing or golfing.

Hence, there was a considerable amount of superfluous excitement and discussion after the results of the November election were known. Large numbers of raucous partisans lined up on their side and proclaimed that they were justified, indorsed and approved, and equally large numbers of equally noisy partisans put out similar claims for their contentions. The people had spoken, they said, in no uncertain terms. All of which is prune soufflé. Some of the people spoke, but viewed in the cold and unemotional light of results, what they said didn't mean anything save when interpreted with partisan slants.

This idea of calling a voice a "national voice" when that voice is only 50 per cent articulate is silly, but it is a way we have. There is this justification, to be sure: That this half voice, owing to the lassitude and laziness and negligence of our people at elections, is the best voice we have. But why not make our yammers on the results on that honest 50 per cent basis, instead of trying to bamboozle the public mind into thinking that the expression is 100 per cent? When we squeeze the lemon of logic on these allegedly golden results we discover that they turn green in this wise: Nothing was proved nationally in that November election; nothing was disproved. About half the voting population cut a few capers in their districts, defeated a few candidates who were not expecting it and elected a few who were not expecting it either. Here and there the Democrats got back something they had lost in their lean years. Here and there the Republicans lost a stronghold legitimately Republican. Here and there local conditions wrought changes in the former line-up.

Facts Stuck in the Background

THOSE statements are the brass tacks of the political situation in this country after this latest election. After the emotional reflexes have subsided, as they will have subsided by the time this is printed; after the defeated have proclaimed their alibis and the winners have done their exulting; after the statesmen and the publicists and the professors and the leaders and the politicians and the reformers and the explanationists and the special interests have yawped their yawps, grabbed their space in the newspapers and retired to contrive other ways to keep themselves before the people, it may be as well to take up these results on the hard-boiled basis of the facts in the case. Especially since the facts have not been used to any great extent by these persons aforesaid.

The consensus of the quick-on-the-trigger opinion was that the Republican Party got a licking; which it did, if you look at the results in the light of a transfer of a few senators from one side of the Senate Chamber to the other, and which it deserved. The Republican Party is receeding under the momentum of its past, and by virtue of a couple of popular revulsions, in 1920 and 1924, due to circumstances which it neither created nor controlled.

Back to the Starting Point

HOWEVER, it didn't lose much it was entitled to hold. Most of the senators elected by the Democrats to replace Republicans were elected in states that are naturally and normally Democratic anyhow. These senators, mostly, were elected by the Republicans in the years when the people were voting Republican because they were so plumb tired of Democrats that they wanted a change and went to revolutionary methods to get it. Hence, what the Republicans lost was something they got on a fluke, and what the Democrats gained was something they had lost in the same manner. The war hysteria, the tax protest, and other similar political protests and excitements are about over now, and the voters have returned to their old party alignments, to which they were bred and from which they departed under stress of emotion, heavy and unaccustomed tax imposts, and that political influenza that fevered us from 1919 onward.

On a normal political basis Maryland, Oklahoma, Missouri, Kentucky are Democratic states, and New York is just as much Democratic as it is Republican; more so when Al Smith is running. These states superseded Republican senators with Democrats. Also the Democrats got senators in Massachusetts and Arizona. The Massachusetts result was a Republican bump. The Arizona result was a natural happening, in view of the local situation.

These comments are not made in extenuation of the Republican Party, nor in exaltation of the Democratic Party. There is small choice between them as they exist at present. They are simply the facts in the case, and when it comes to facts a further proof that nothing epochal happened is shown by the result in the House of Representatives. That was a national expression, if you like, up to half the nationals qualified to express themselves, and the Republicans retained control of the House. Only a third of the senators were up for scrutiny by the people, but all the representatives were. The

Leaders of the Two Parties Will Do Some of the Niftiest Ignoring Ever Observed on This Mundane Sphere

Republicans won the House. So, setting the gain of seven senatorial seats by the Democrats against the retention of the House by the Republicans, aside from the talking point for the Democrats because they got back some of the seats they previously had lost and which they had held for years and years before the war and tax upsets took them away, the facts are that neither Republicans nor Democrats

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The Voice of the People Was Heard at the Polls in November, But it Didn't Say Much

SHARK BAIT

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

"His Next Appearance Was Somewhere Along the Road—Andy Was Legging It for Home as Hard as He Could Go"

THE road over the lava beds felt as hot as an oven, although they were four months old. Heat waves shimmered above the cataract of clinkers, and the workmen on it wore rubber hand guards, for the depths of that fifty feet still held gases, and the cooled crust made a vacuum bottle of the mass.

Here Mauna Loa's vomit had crossed the highway, and the climb was steep for an automobile. Brick Lyman stopped the car so that we might view the extent of the volcano's outbreak. All day we had been riding through beds of older flows—mile on mile of torn, twisted slag, gashed and rutted, horribly deformed. Some of the hardened whirlpools looked like elephant's hide; others were crested breakers of clinkers, piled up and arrested here and there as though by an invisible monster hand. These flows had not come raging down the mountain's side in swirling torrents; they had come slowly, with the awesome, implacable deliberation of irresistible force.

Madame Pele is the world's champion smoker. Her latest manifestation lay before our eyes—half an hour's walk in width, and stretching upward ten miles to Mauna Loa's crater. Whenever the fire goddess starts to puff on her pipe a mountain quivers from rim to sea and mighty molten rivers surge upward. It looked so stupendous, so absolutely crushing, that it left one with a feeling of utter helplessness against Nature's forces. Why, the human race was a mere swarm of ants crawling busily above an inferno!

"Nothing under heaven could stop that!" I exclaimed. "It is the epitome of blind, overwhelming power."

"Yeh?" said the Old-Timer. "Well, it couldn't stop a Scotchman from goin' fishin'."

"Oh, all right, I'll bite. Why couldn't it stop a Scotchman from going fishing?"

And Ben Asby Suggs, the Old-Timer, began as follows:

"Awndruh Tweedie was his name, but I reckon his folks meant to call him Andrew. Anyhow, Andy first come out here to work for the Baldwins. You've heard about the Baldwins, ain't you? Frank and his sons've got a polo team of their own, and it's as sweet a sight as you'd want to see when they fight it out with the Oayu bunch, with young Chew Baldwin and the Cooke kid ridin' each other off, hell bent for election, and old Frank ravin' and cussin' around.

"'Where the so-and-so were you when Dillingham broke loose?' yells daddy. 'Where the so-and-so were you, father?' retorts the youngest Baldwin cherub, which sort of gives the old man pause, and all the roughnecks cheer.

"Well, Andy was from Peebles, which means nothin' to your uncultured mind, but it sure tells a story to any Scotchman. He looked about like the rest of his breed, Andy did, not such-a-much, but quiet, with a slow smile, and always mindin' his own business. I've always maintained these Scotch don't get enough credit for what they've done in the world. Maybe it's because they prefer cash.

"But, anyhow, you take wherever you go—why, you can't hardly find a spot on the habitable globe where there ain't a Scotty, and did you ever see one that wasn't sittin' pretty? Naw, sir; there's mighty few bums and panhandlers among that race. And my own idea is that early handicaps and porridge done it too.

"Andy did all right in his job, I reckon, but in a year or so he quit and went in business for himself. A good live man naturally likes to branch out on his own hook. So does anything, for that matter—bird or beast. You take the mongoose, for instance—I showed you one crossin' the road yesterday. Well, the rats got so bad on this here island that they decided something'd have to be done about it. Them rats ate up enough field stuff to pay dividends, and nobody could raise chickens, hardly. So finally they sent to India and brung over a load of mongoose to kill the rats off. But you know how it is—the cure's often worse 'n the disease. The mongoose and the rats went in cahoots, it looked like. Anyhow, the mongoose works in the daytime now and the rats at night, so it's good-by chicken.

"Well, the first time I ever seen Andy was when me and Ted Cooke come over from Honolulu for some tuna fishin' off Kona. Not far from us was a guy in a dinky chug-chug about as big as a rowboat, with a Jap boy to steer and run the thing.

"'What does he aim to do with that, I wonder?' says Ted. 'Must be fishin' for bait.'

"And just then this bird ties onto something and begun barkin' at the Jap, and the motor went dead and the boy couldn't start it, and his line singin' like a live wire. Well, sir, that chug-chug started for China, bound for a round-the-world cruise, it looked like, so we took out after it, and I yelled, 'What you got?'

"'A shark, I think,' he says, workin' away with the reel. 'Don't come too near or you'll foul me.'

"'Turn him loose, you blamed fool! He'll ruin you. Cut the line.'

"'No, sirree. This leader cost me three dollars,' he says, and begun to reel in when the shark give him slack for a minute.

"'I wonder what bait he was usin'?' Ted asks.

"'Search me. But that's a shark sure enough. I can tell from the way he acts.'

"Well, sir, he played that murderer for more'n a hour, I guess. First he'd sit down and then he'd stand up, and all the time he was shakin' like a leaf and tellin' the Jap what to do, and when that didn't do no good, he talked to himself. But he never did let that shark get the bulge on him; naw, sir.

"'What worries me is what'll he do when he does land him?' I says to Ted. 'He can't get him in that little boat. He's a goner if he don't cut loose.'

"'I know him now,' Ted replies. 'It's Andy Tweedie. He's from Peebles—he'll never cut loose.'

"Well, there was that thought in it, and sure enough he didn't. He played him pretty good, too, considering. In about a year or so I could see the shark was tiring and had had about enough.

"'Get the gun ready,' Andy yelps at the Jap boy.

"'We'll take him on board for you after you kill him, if you like!' I hollered.

"'Thanks,' says Andy.

"The shark put up a battle for a few minutes more and then he seemed to figure 'Oh, what's the use?' and in he come, all tuckered out. Andy drew him alongside and he was so wore out himself he could hardly hold to the rod. The prespiration fairly dripped off of him.

"'Let him have it,' he croaks, and the Jap got a careful head on the shark's head and let fly. Bam!

"And then we heard Andy cussin' in a hopeless sort of voice. Cheap foreign labor had ruined him. That Jap had missed the shark completely and cut the leader in two.

"From that day to this there's been war between Andy and the shark family. Yes, sir, it's a feud to the death between the Tweedie and that species; he don't live for nothing else but to kill him a shark some day. And once a Scotchman makes up his mind, no power on earth's a-goin' to stop him—except maybe one."

"What's that one?" I asked.

The Old-Timer did not seem to hear. "You take these here natives now," he ruminated. "They pretend like——"

"Hasn't Andy ever killed a shark yet?" I persisted.

"Say," replied the Old-Timer, "are you goin' to leave me tell this my own way, or ain't you? You've seen what they call the sensitive plant in these islands, haven't you? The minute you stick out your hand it starts to shrink; and when you touch it, that part of the bush droops and fades and don't come back for fifteen or twenty minutes. Well, that's the way I am.

"No, Andy ain't caught him no shark yet, but he's still hopin'. Shark can't be found every day of the year, and Andy was too busy makin' a livin' to do more'n think about it for a long while. And when he did get a crack at it he didn't have no luck. Maybe the reason was he always went out with somebody else, because the boats cost money and Andy was savin' up to bring his wife out from Scotland. But even after he got her here it was just the same. The closest he ever come to it was with Jimmy Dunbar, and they lost their bait that time. It couldn't have been tied good, or something.

"They use carcasses, you know. A fresh-killed one makes the best bait, and so whenever an ol' horse or mule reaches the end of the trail his owner figures with some guy who wants to go fishin'. They slaughter the animal and tie a big rope to his feet and float him out and then wait around for a bite. If they've cut a hunk out of the carcass, so much the better, but even then a shark is apt to swim around a coupla hours or so, scouting to make sure there ain't any treachery in this treat. But once he gets a taste of the meat—boy! He goes crazy. I've seen Doc Wall and a bunch of 'em in the old days, throwin' harpoons at half a dozen sharks at once, and those devils lashin' the water and leapin' and tearin' at the carcass as though there wasn't a human being within ten miles. Yes, sir, once they taste blood they don't seem to pay other things any mind at all.

"Well, like I was telling you, no matter how much they make out like they don't believe in Madame Pele and such any more, you let 'em get in a tight and these natives'll go back to their own gods quicker'n scat. Fact! I've heard educated ones with a lot of white blood in 'em give those quaint old superstitions the raspberry often—but when Mauna Loa bust loose the last time, they was right up in front with the rest, flingin' flowers and roast pig and bottles of *okolihau* into the flow to square the goddess. It's the same the world over, I reckon. Let a man be scared bad enough, and he'll turn back to the things he learned when he was a kid, no matter what his reason tells him.

"We didn't hear it at the time, but it seems there was warnings of this outburst a-plenty, long before it happened. Millions and millions of—well, anyhow, it's a fish pretty near the same as our mackerel—appeared off the coast about November, and that's a sure sign Madame Pele is gettin' ready. The oldest native couldn't hardly remember such big schools of them fish. And the caterpillars on Caterpillar Mountain all up and beat it a few months later. Where they went, nobody knows, but not a hair of one was left on the mountain. And that's another unfailing omen.

"You've heard how this island happens to be like it is, ain't you? Well, a long, long while ago the fire goddess and the water god used to spend most of their time fightin'. First one would get ahead and then the other. They sure enough played hell round here, and at last it grew so bad that one of 'em made a proposition. It was to divide up the island, Madame Pele to take half and the water god the other, and neither was to butt into the other's preserves. O. K. They done it—you can see for yourself where the boundary starts, at Rainbow Falls. Have you noticed how all the country one side of that line is a regular Garden of Eden, with sugar cane and pineapple and every kind of tree and flower? Well, on the other it is mostly like this—just wastes of slag, with nary a stream. That's how come they divided up Hawaii, and they've stuck to the agreement ever since.

"Besides these omens, Madame Pele also give 'em warning in person, too, but nobody knowed it until afterwards. That's mostly the way with miracles. Anyhow, I never heard of her showin' up anywheres, although lots of people claim to've seen her in various places, and a Honolulu newspaper really did print a piece, long before Mauna Loa broke out, about some natives having seen Madame Pele in a village and how it meant trouble.

"When she appears on earth, y'understand, it gener'ly means she's fixing to bust out somewhere, and they figure which volcano from the spot she is seen at. The mean part of it is they can't always recognize her, for she don't come as a goddess. Naw, sir; usually she's an old woman, or maybe she takes it into her head to be an old man or a beggar.

"Why, this last time an old, old woman suddenly walked up to some people who'd caught a nice mess of fish and said, as polite as could be, 'Gimme a fish, will you?' But they was terrible busy and told her they hadn't none to spare, and why the tarnation should they give her a fish, anyhow?—none of 'em had ever seen her before. Well, she didn't argue, but went away; and when the lava come rollin' down a few days later that house was crushed flatter'n a pancake.

"Then there was the case of a Jap drivin' along the road in a flivver. He went bumpin' along as happy as the dealer in a big jackpot, for he was on his way to collect for some stuff and was figuring the profit. Suddenly he seen an old woman in front and turned out, but not too far at that, because a flivver usually figures it's got as much right to the crown of the road as anybody, and maybe more. The old woman tried to wave him down, but he wouldn't stop. No, sir; he just stepped on the gas and left her like she was tied.

"Say, believe it or not, but next thing he knowed the engine went dead on him. It didn't even give a cough, but just stopped. The Jap, he jumped out and took a look. Plenty of gas—plenty of oil—tank full of water—no loose connections—spark

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"Each Saw Then He Had a Man After His Own Heart to Deal With, and They Spent a Very Pleasant Afternoon Dickerin' Back and Forth"

1918 — By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Catherine Langdon Began to Laugh, But the Sound Failed Suddenly. "You Want Me to Make Him," She Repeated

FIVE hours late, the train, white like an apparition with snow, came slow and uncertain into the darkness of the train shed. The car eaves were hung with ice, the steps drifted and frozen and the windows opaque with frost. A flood of weary marines poured out on the platform, and a young girl in a deep fur coat, with a fatigue cap crushed over an ear, moved sharply up to an officer—a captain. "Motor auxiliary," she said. "I can take six men to the Navy Yard or almost anywhere you'd need."

Answering her his voice was like sheet tin. "Six men! That's splendid, but what about the other odd hundreds? Or you might make ninety trips. Ninety would about do it. We could play bridge waiting for you." She made no reply to this, but stood with a serious and indifferent face, her gaze on a furred glove. "Listen," he went on, his manner changed to a satirical kindliness; "do me a favor, do the marines a favor, help the war—go home. I have to keep my men together, don't I? Well, if six started with you you'd all probably end at a dance."

She repeated calmly, "I can only take six. There are other cars and trucks."

His sharpness returned. "Very well, take them. Would you like to pick them out? I could get them at attention for you. Six pretty marines!" He turned away. "Majane," he called, "Collom, McSwire, Biswanger, Needles, Grourty. The Navy Yard, if you please," he addressed her again. "You had better get a receipt for them."

Mary Dennis led the marines out of the train shed and over a winter street, green under an arc light, to a very large and old, a chain-driven automobile.

One of the marines said, "They give me to understand it was a limeosine."

Mary asked, "Which of you is Collom?" A tall and thin individual with a recently battered nose moved forward. "You will sit in front, Collom. Your things will follow in a truck." She removed the blankets from the radiator and took the driver's seat. The car was cold, very slow starting, and a marine from behind suggested that she pour tea into it.

"Pink tea," he specified. "Bis," the voice continued, "where did you put that bottle?"

"It doesn't matter where he put it," she interrupted them calmly. "He'll have to be very careful where he keeps it." They had started, the car was moving slowly, with a great deal of noise, and another voice proceeded, "It takes my breath, we're going that fast. You'd think you were in an airplane. Break it off, Bis; it's my turn at the bottle."

There was a heated reply. "You stop taking her mind off the road. I throwed that bottle away empty out of the train. Beside that, you got to be careful—this is some jane conducting us through the dark city. A word from her'd put you in the brig for life. She's Woodrow Wilson's niece."

This was denied. "I seen her good when I got in this funeral car and it's Mary Pickford. Didn't you notice the way she hit on Collom to be her leading man? Collom's fortune is made." That individual, she discovered, was sound asleep, with his head half leaned against her shoulder. There was no need for him to move until he interfered with the driving. She glanced at the luminous dial on her wrist and saw that it was 12:45. A song started behind her:

"You're in the army now;
You're not behind the plow ——"

"You can break that off too," she said crisply over a shoulder.

The singer was apologized for. "Needles ain't used to high-toned company and riding in his own equipadge. He's just a rough marine with a heart of nicoteen." This had an enormous success and all five men in the back began singing as loudly as possible:

"He's just a rough marine
With a heart of nicoteen."

Mary Dennis paid very little attention to them; she was wondering whether she would stay in town for what remained of the night or go back to the country. She could be well away from the Navy Yard before 1:30 and home by 2:30. Or she might be in bed at the hotel before two. She had a bag in the car. On the whole, she thought, the

country was better; there were some things to be done at home. The house really was in a frightful state; the servants were almost completely disorganized. Three maids, now, had left to work in ammunition factories; she knew nothing at all about the new chauffeurs—except to suspect them—one was so weak-eyed as to be practically useless and the other was entirely too capable and well.

However, she was cold and absolutely tired; and like the bottle referred to by the marines, the small flask in a pocket of her coat was empty. Suddenly there was a suspicious quiet, a repressed whispering, behind her.

"Lady," she was addressed, "Needles is dreadful sick He's frost bit. Could we stop at an all-night drug store? He'll never get to the Yard alive like he is."

She answered promptly that they could not. She didn't really believe, she said, that Needles was dying. "If he is he can give you any messages. You know him." She was told gloomily that nobody ought to take that much on herself. "Needles is the best marine we got. The war can't go on without him, lady. He was mentioned at Pekin and Vera Cruz and Cuba, and I heard General Russel say myself, 'Needles,' he said, 'take care of that chest, for if anything happens to you the corps will disband.'"

Collom, it appeared, was awake: "If Needles ever will be a marine I'll be a Haiti nigger." A fist shot over the back of the seat and caught Collom on an ear. "You lousy——" Collom began, but he got no further.

"I'm not, as it happens, Woodrow Wilson's niece," Mary interrupted them; "but if you're not perfectly quiet from here in, I will make it brisk for you." A car cutting across the street stopped just in time to avoid a collision, and a marine leaned far out.

"Try hitting us," he begged; "run into this little girl who come a thousand miles to take care of the United States Marines and see what it gets you. What do you think you're running—a German submarine?"

A second added, "Listen, Hindenburg, don't try to be so damn frightful."

That put them all in a good humor, and Collom went to sleep again on her shoulder. Should she go home or stay at the hotel? The first, because probably no one, even then, would be in bed. The entire routine of life had been upset—destroyed. She, for example, though she was horribly tired, wasn't a bit sleepy. She never was now. And as a result she looked like hell. Mary was almost glad that her mother, who had been so very fragile, was dead. She would have been supremely unhappy at the war, with Caspar smashed, burned, in a plane in England and his father away in Paris. Yes, it was better like this. Everything was so queer—her birthday last week among the rest. Her twentieth birthday! She felt older than that, as old as anything alive. Everything was so extremely queer.

Hardly more than a year ago, she felt, life had been very simple; she had understood it very well. It had consisted in coming out—a very stupid process—and playing the best tennis possible. She would, sooner or later, marry an appropriate young man—better still one not so young—and live very pleasantly—Palm Beach and Aiken and various springs, in town and in the country and Newport, London and the South of France. Then, for no precise reason she could discover, all that went to pieces. It vanished mysteriously out of her head and heart and hands. She was left nowhere.

Stopping at last before a long, low house vague in the night except for the lighted doorway, she blew loudly and impatiently on the horn. It didn't matter, since no one would be asleep. Nobody came, and after a second shattering warning, Mary Dennis got out of the car. The room on the left of the hall was brilliantly illuminated, there was a table of bridge, her younger sister Rosalie was dancing with John Mengs—a phonograph was playing the Turkey Trot—and two people, a girl and a man, were talking in very low voices on an immense divan before an open fire. It was Catherine Langdon and Fales Plevorie, the Englishman she was going to marry. Mary fell, in an attitude of excessive weariness, on the divan.

"Such marines," she complained. "They were musical." Without the fur coat she was slim—the severity of her uniform contributed to the appearance of that—she had hands delicate and strong and nervous, all at once, and either the thinness of her face exaggerated the size of her gray eyes or her eyes were so big that they made her cheeks seem gaunt. On the floor beside her was a highball and she appropriated it. "I hope you don't mind," she said to Plevorie; "specially if it's yours."

"Rather not," he assured her. He straightened up, a man whose face was at once young and masklike; though naturally, there, it was scrupulously scrubbed, it looked dusty in the shadows; his mouth was hard and his gaze quick and remote. An extremely nice Englishman, Mary thought. She didn't see how he could well be nicer. In a way, a strange person to be marrying Catherine Langdon. She liked Catherine very well indeed—she was a relation through Mary's mother—but her qualities, she would have thought, were not those to attract a smart Englishman. Catherine was so—so conscientious. Her undeniable good looks were not immediately perceptible. And then—although this wasn't of overwhelming importance—she had no money at all. Her father was dead and Catherine, before the war, had worked in a small select shop. No, certainly that wasn't important, specially since Plevorie had enough money of his own.

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Mary Dennis Wasn't Upset by This. "Honor is Supposed to be a Very Important Word," She Proceeded

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 1, 1927

Russian Recognition

AT INTERVALS there is renewed agitation for the recognition of the Russian soviets, and many well-intentioned persons are puzzled by the resulting discussion. There seems little doubt that conditions in Russia have improved somewhat in the past few years, although they could hardly have grown worse without complete disorganization.

It is true that from a humanitarian and idealistic viewpoint recognition by this country might be of help to the Russian people.

It is likewise possible that recognition might promote trade intercourse; and there are, of course, business interests here that are always figuring on large Russian concessions.

But the essential questions involved are quite other than these. Russia has already granted numerous concessions, and they do not appear to be enriching the nationals of other countries. In certain cases the properties have been confiscated from former owners. In any case the uncertainty of business in Russia is well illustrated by the fact that Russia itself has not yet won the confidence of the rest of the world enough to obtain absolutely necessary loans on any scale in other countries. It is no expression of prejudice—it is a mere statement of fact—to say that the vast majority of honest, law-abiding citizens of other nations do not trust the soviet régime.

We are repeatedly told that Soviet Russia has undergone a change of heart. Yet its attempts to undermine the governments of other countries do not appear to have ceased. It is true that some of the governments we have recognized in the past have been none too good, but they did not seek to undermine our own institutions or to overthrow our most cherished principles.

Great Britain has gone a long way toward meeting the soviets, yet everyone knows with what vigor the responsible ministers of that country now repudiate such action. Russia, of course, got its hooks into England during a short-lived socialist régime in the latter country. There seems no doubt that at times in this country, as well as in England and on the Continent, all manner of strikes, large and small, have been used by the communist element, working on Russian inspiration and sometimes with Russian money, not to settle disputes between employers and men, but as a lever to attempt the overthrow of national institutions.

There is no mutual confidence existing between the present régime in Russia and the people of this country. As President Coolidge has said, we do not propose to barter away or make merchandise of American principles for privileges of trade which, after all, are like the little boy's Indian gift—something which is stretched out and then through mischief or malice pulled back. The situation is simple enough; the present régime in Russia does not recognize any such thing as morals in dealing with what it calls the bourgeois nations.

Former Secretary of State Elihu Root has said that to recognize Russia would be to acknowledge that the avowed purpose of the present Russian Government to overthrow our present system of government by force is consistent with international friendship. "Of course that would be a lie."

Fortunately the majority of Americans agree with Mr. Root when he says that if our people lose their sincere belief in their own institutions and "fall into a weak milk-and-water attitude of indifference toward the principles upon which our Government is based, we shall have very serious troubles in the future."

The New Geography

"HELLO, Jim; where are you going?" asked one well-dressed, prosperous-looking business man of another as they met in the club car of a limited train about to leave a great Central Western city for the Atlantic Seaboard.

"I am going to New York," was the reply, "but my wife is stopping off in Cleveland."

"I didn't know this railroad went through Cleveland," said the first speaker.

Everywhere one may hear conversations of which this is fairly typical, expressive of the gulf of geographical ignorance that lies between too many of even the supposedly more intelligent class of citizens and any real knowledge of the country they live in. Unless in some way personally affected, such persons do not picture to themselves the map of even near-by areas or the relation of the major arteries of travel to cities other than their own.

It may be said that familiarity with railroad time-tables, topographical maps, watersheds, faults, and the like, is not of much importance to any except specialists in these lines. There is more than a little sympathy with the old lady who, upon hearing a train announcer call out "Train for Buffalo and points east," exclaimed, "I don't care which way the train is pointed, young man; I want to know whether it is going to Five Corners."

Many men, and more women, commonly remark that they have no sense of direction, thereby providing in their own opinion a perfect excuse for crass ignorance of geography, just as many of us say we could not learn algebra in school, but found geometry easy, or the other way around.

Yet life is fuller of zest if one knows what state one is in upon awakening in a sleeper. Indifference is the deadly foe of many a rich hour. Fifteen minutes' study of a railroad map may make an otherwise tiresome trip vivid with interest in varied scenes and activities. As the panorama sweeps by, even the moderately informed traveler may, if he or she desires, lift the imagination into the broadest flights.

Geography is regarded by many as a dull science, but in a sense it is the mother of a number of sciences, giving rise in turn to exploration and surveying, to geology and to meteorology. Its newest form is economic geography, or land economics. In the increasing complication of trade, industry and transportation, such factors as location and distance, to name but two, are fundamental.

Economic geography deals with human activities as affected by the earth itself, which furnishes climate, soil, topography and location, persistent and abiding. These factors in life are too often taken for granted, considered too elementary for more than grammar-school study. Yet, as one authority has said, man's concern becomes less to conquer Nature and more to fit and adjust himself to it.

With the increase of population and competition, the location of a manufacturing plant or of any other enterprise, corporate or individual, becomes a question of nicer and nicer adjustment. Success or failure may depend upon sufficient knowledge of distances, relative locations, configuration of the earth's surface, rainfall, sunshine, and a score of other like factors.

Geography not only is alive—it must take a new lease of life. If it is old and finished, then mankind is old and near its finish. Nor should the study of geography be left wholly to the specialist. It is a study open to all, free from the stuffy and forbidding technicalities of not a few other sciences, and with rewards in enjoyment and practical usefulness.

Domestic or Foreign Securities

FOR some time conversations have been going on between Germany and France in the effort to expedite the postwar transactions between the two countries. Germany wants to pay France off, on certain items, in advance, in order to get French troops out of Germany. France is willing to entertain proposals to that end if her currency problem could be lightened. The original proposition was for German railway bonds to be sold in the United States, the proceeds to accrue to France. This required the approval of both Great Britain and the United States. More recently the revised proposition is to issue for sale, in the United States, special German securities resting on the railways. The sum mentioned runs from one to four billion dollars. The rate of interest suggested is seven or eight per cent. In effect, this is a loan to Germany that is under discussion, on railway security, the money to be devoted to payments by Germany to France, to be used by France for the stabilization of her currency and the assumption of her war-debt obligations to the United States. This is all still in the air, awaiting the consent of our Government and the approval of bankers willing to undertake the distribution of the issue.

Now, if we are going in for railway securities, directly or indirectly, how about those of American railways? Our railroads are hauling an average of a million cars of revenue freight per week. They are doing this efficiently, without fuss or feathers. During the past summer a large amount of this movement was in perishables, and the job was done in first-rate shape. During one week in October was hauled the heaviest volume of coal in any week during the past five years. While this performance of transportation is going on efficiently the average revenue per ton mile is declining below the figure of 1925. Net revenues are rising as result of management. If performance in transportation justifies the confidence of investors, our railways have earned it.

The railways of the growing country demand expansion if service is to be maintained and still further improved. It has been estimated that some seven hundred million dollars of fresh capital is needed annually to keep the railway plant up to the rest of the country. Since the war fresh capital has been secured too much by borrowing on bonds, by use of equipment certificates, and too little by issue of new stock. Now, with the proposed issue of German railway-based securities coming on our market, the issue is joined. Which shall we support with our savings? Shall we build up our railways or shall we by the purchase of German railway-based securities build up Franco-German finances? We have no criticism of the proposed German securities; we do not imply that they are unsafe; we do not doubt the need of stabilization of Franco-German finances. It is the alternative that stands before us. Holding that American railway securities at current rates are just as good investments as the proposed securities at eight per cent—all things considered and the long-time view preferred—we feel that if two billion dollars of the proposed issue is secured here, it will be made that much harder for American railways to raise at reasonable rates and in the most favorable forms the new capital they require. The choice between domestic and foreign investments is bound to come up for decision soon in the houses of American investors. We feel that this is a good occasion to make the decision.

UNEASY CHAMELEONS

By GILBERT SELDES

AMONG the authentic legends of life in France is the story of how Scott Fitzgerald appeared on a wintry day at the great Voisin restaurant, waved aside the bill of fare which promises about the best food in Paris, and ordered one club sandwich. Within twenty-four hours that story had become part of the epic of Fitzgerald and part of the knowledge of all Americans in Paris; it was told with tolerant amusement and it was told with a degree of contempt.

What no one was willing to admit was that Fitzgerald, with his charming impudence and his sure instinct, had actually done what everyone else wanted to do. He had, in the psychological phrase, externalized a suppressed desire. If anyone had had the courage to follow his example his gesture would have had a liberalizing influence on the life of the American expatriate in France, for he had penetrated to a truth lying behind the layers of pretense which the expatriate wraps around himself and ——

P. S.: He got the sandwich.

There are enough American restaurants in Paris where you can get ice-cream sodas and griddlecakes and American cereals and pot roast; the whole point of the sandwich gesture was that it took place in the heart of the old French cuisine—as if a Frenchman in New York, instead of going to the Lafayette, had presented himself at Childs' with a demand for a dozen snails and a pint of Pommery. It meant that at least one American was tired of being a foreigner and tired of pretending that he liked to be always a foreigner.

That pretense is fundamental to the American who exiles himself from his home; it is a glittering soap bubble of happiness in which he thinks he is living; and it is not remarkable that he resented the sharp pin prick of fact which said, as if in a word, Bunk! To himself, no man is foreign; he is native; he and his ways are right. He has a deep sympathy with the old lady who complained that the Germans insist on saying *Brot*, and the French *pain*, when everyone knows that all they mean is nothing but bread.

It is not natural to be always treated as an outsider, nor easy, when you are tired, to say "*Je pense que oui*" instead of "I'll say so." The traveler who is not trying to graft himself on a foreign stalk can afford to rebel, and he usually does it by exaggerating his Americanism. He nasalizes in England, he struts like a caricature of l'Oncle Sam in France, merely by way of asserting his right to live in his own way.

But the American who has turned his back on his own country and decided to become part of the life and culture of another land cannot make this common and effective protest against being considered a foreigner, because above all things he wants to make his newly chosen friends feel that he is one of them. He takes to a monocle and an Oxonian accent in England, to a red sash instead of a belt in Italy, to a little beard and free gestures in France. And in nine cases out of ten he finds that as he ceases to be a vulgar American, he ceases proportionately to interest the cultivated and superior foreigners with whom he has cast his lot. He faces one of the many unsolved riddles of doubled nationality, since he does not want to remain an American, yet he wants to interest the French or the English or the Italians. And the French and English and Italians are familiar enough with their own native traits and are interested in Americans only when they are intensely and honestly American. The expatriate has to lead a double life.

The constant wavering between two ways of speaking, of thinking and of living, produces a profound uneasiness which, in a thousand ways, colors the lives of American expatriates. You observe it in Americans in front of the American Express Company office or the Bankers Trust, hurrying in to get American letters and American dollars, and trying to look very French at the newsboy who cries out, "New York papers, just arrived!" You recognize it in sudden gushes of enthusiasm over a new arrival from America and in the equally sudden coolness with which expatriates withdraw from their friendships.

(Continued on Page 78)

REMEMBER, OLD THING, I WARNED YOU — YOU'LL NOT LIKE AMERICA!
GIVE MY REGARDS TO THE LAND OF VOLSTEAD!
NO GENTLEMAN CAN LIVE THERE!
I'M ASHAMED OF MY COUNTRY! EUROPE OWES AMERICA NOTHING—
RICH IDLER
PROFESSIONAL DRINKER
UNSUCCESSFUL ARTISTE
FAILURE IN AMERICA
DIVORCEE
EX-GET-RICH QUICK PROMOTER
AMERICAN EXPATRIATES
Herbert Johnson

To the Foreigner it Must be the Truth Because it is an American Who Speaks

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Circus Man Elopes With the Town Cutie

Girls will be girls. It's only their way.
Oh, you may scoff;
But at the last bend in the stairway
She kicked it off.

To win a man is not hard sledding
If you but take the proper tack.
She carried orchids at the wedding.
The prince wore black.

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

The Ideal Woman Driver

SHE never speeds so fast but what she can stop in half a foot at least.

She follows the rules.

She pays attention to what she is doing.

She doesn't start one way and then, without any reason, turn off in another direction.

She threads her way around corners perfectly.

The machine she drives is a sewing machine.

—F. H. Williams.

The Girl Who Wouldn't Help Her Mother Cook Because She Couldn't Stand the Heat of the Stove

Juvenile Fiction

"THERE, there! Be a good boy and papa'll tell you a nice long story," said the somewhat distracted parent. The compromise effected, the somewhat distracted parent told as follows:

"Once upon a time there was a big man who had a lovely pair of new red gloves. As he was walking along he bought some chewing gum, some face cream and some candy full of chopped nuts.

"'Oh,' said the man, 'I almost forgot. I need some collars, some oyster crackers and some more chewing gum.'

"So he stopped and got them and again went on. By and by he began to grow hungry, so he ate some lump sugar and sausages which he had in his pocket, and then he bought a lovely new shirt with a semisoft collar.

"'Can you tell me where the shaving-soap department is?' he asked.

"'Certainly,' replied the shirt salesman politely. 'Just keep on along this aisle, passing the bread, tea, mustard, talcum-powder and piano departments, until you come to it.'"

Which will be about all, for the man was making up the story from the advertising cards on display in a street car, taking them in order, and he had used them all up.

—A. H. Folwell.

The Yes-Man's Son

A Dilemma

HE: I don't think you should wear that bathing suit, my dear.

SHE: Gosh, honey, I've got to! You know how strict they are on the beaches.

Siberian Lullaby

GO TO sleep, my drowzaki babe,
The sunovitch is low,
And o'er the hills of Blezyrikov
The evening breezes blow;
The Grmpezowzak yodles to its mate;
The stars and moonski rise;
Here comes the Sandikowicz man,
So clozempurtje eyes.

The psbldwezlorpjikop in yonder tree
Will soon letlooziaznor,
And no one but the pkczwumpzerwicz
Knows wateduzitvor;
The wood wherein the rdzwykov dwells
Is fragrant with the trees
That shelter in their bowzovitch
The little honcwzebeez.

So, quick into the landivnod,
My babeski, you must go,
On wings of paregzgorik borne
To where nijjghtmariks grow,
For shadezovnijjght are falling fast,
And day is nearly done—
Klozupyertrap and takajznap
Or mamma'll smakwczyewun.

—C. R. Angell.

Cinderella, the First Lady Go-Getter

HOW to propose? Why, you can tell a
Man in anyway you choose.
Cinderella
Said it with shoes.

She knew the ropes.
You couldn't trip her!
When hastening from the royal dance
Do you suppose she lost her slipper
By chance?

The Savage Returns From the Hunt

The Stranger

SONNY: Who is that man that eats breakfast here sometimes?

FATHER: Sh-h-h! That's your mother.

Fame

MOTHER RACCOON: Now, children, you must all mind mother. Then when you grow up, who knows but some day all of you will sit in a box on the fifty-yard line at a Yale-Harvard game?

The most delicious vegetable soup you ever tasted!

FIFTEEN of the finest vegetables that grow, all blended in this one appetizing, tempting, substantial soup! Every hot, invigorating spoonful adding to your contentment and revealing to your taste the skill of master soup-chefs!

Baby lima beans of the most enticing flavor. Dainty little peas, sweet and nourishing. Country Gentleman corn, aristocrat of the fields. Ruddy, luscious tomatoes, sun-ripened on the vines. Chantenay carrots from the finest gardens in the land. White and sweet potatoes, specially selected to meet the Campbell's standard of quality. Snow-white celery. Choice turnips and cabbage. Okra, sweet red peppers, parsley fresh every day from our own farms, a touch of onion and leek to heighten the flavor.

Fine pearl barley and alphabet macaroni. Strength-giving broth of beef. All of these—and more—are in every plateful of Campbell's Vegetable Soup! Because it takes no less than thirty-two different ingredients to make the best vegetable soup!

This soup, with its ideal combination of vegetables, cereals, beef broth and condiments, is the wholesome kind of food from which good health and bodily vigor are built. Usually in the home kitchen, the water in which vegetables are boiled is thrown away. Yet that water has absorbed valuable mineral salts. Of course all of these are retained in Campbell's Vegetable Soup, to build bone and muscle and tissue.

For luncheon or supper, Campbell's Vegetable Soup is an ideal dish—so filling—so welcome to the appetite. At dinner it provides a generous portion of the needed nourishment, again making your task that much simpler.

And the children! What a problem they often present to the mother so anxious that their food shall give the most benefit! Let them eat often, and freely, this most healthful of foods. Campbell's Vegetable Soup contains, in a form easily digested and readily assimilated, nutrient elements which active young bodies require.

The Campbell's kitchens are a national institution of service and helpfulness to the housewife. Giant soup tureens of pure nickel and all the latest inventions of science to insure supreme quality and richness of flavor. Colanders of pure nickel with mesh as fine as pin-points, saving for the smooth purees only the most delicious and nutritious portions of the vegetables. French chefs in spotless white. Everywhere a cleanliness that would fill with pride the soul of the strictest housewife.

It is our wish and our hope that you will think of these Campbell's kitchens as your kitchens. Your grocer will supply you at 12 cents a can.

If only every housewife realized that soup belongs in the diet, with the meal or as a meal! It would mean better appetites, keener pleasure in the food, sounder digestion, healthier children. Serve soup daily!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

THE HAPPY PILGRIMAGE

By CORRA HARRIS

SOME people can be patient and convalesce strictly according to the doctor's directions. I never could. My spirit always gets well before I do. And I am not the one to keep the immortal thing imprisoned in a recumbent body while I make a piety of quoting my doctor as a justification for this cowardice, as if my doctor was my god! I am a jolly atheist as far as these admirable men are concerned, except when some acute misery forces me into faith and obedience to them. The moment I feel a trifle better, though a specialist tells me I shall never be well again, I am up in the spirit and take a sort of wanton pleasure in being ungrateful to the whole medical profession.

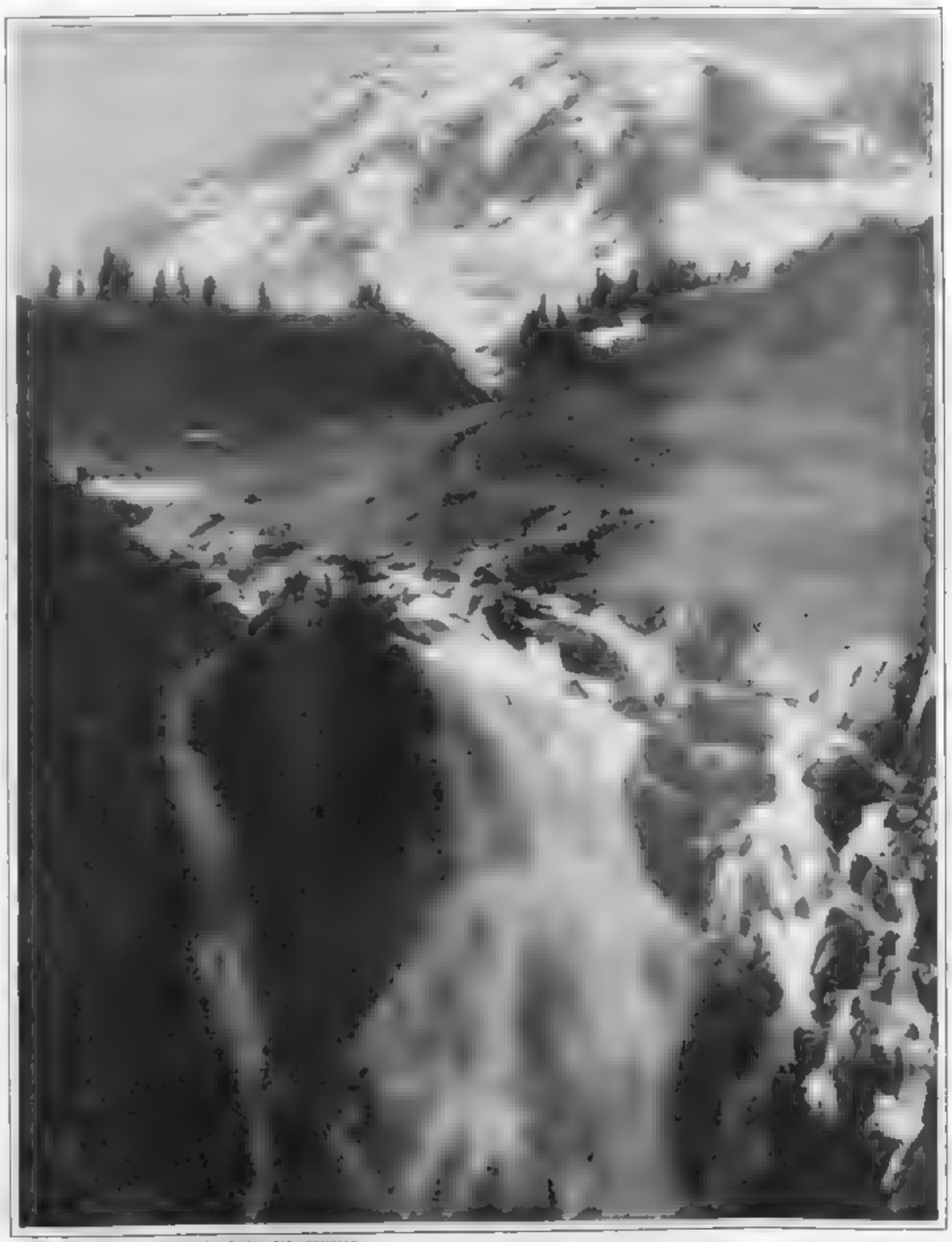
I cannot tell how many efficient and vigorous doctors I have survived and sent flowers for their funerals simply by disregarding their instructions to lie still, keep as quiet as possible, and give Nature a chance. My idea is never to give Nature more than one brief chance, and to use the other chances myself to outwit her. What is Nature anyhow? A rank materialist, with a bee in her bonnet! That's what she is! She cares nothing for the years you have spent getting wisdom. Her ends are best served by getting rid of the old and wise in order to make room for the young and foolish, who are amenable to her purposes. After you have reached my age, if you give her the chance, she will drop you like a withered leaf from her boughs. In any case, your spiritual element does not count in her calculations. The soul is a pension, a sort of life-extension policy you get from the Almighty, which she does not recognize, because she is functioning according to another law in His scheme of things. Therefore Nature should never be thought of too fervidly in the nominative case after she has accomplished her purpose with you. It is time then to take to the higher laws in living. I have known many a woman at this abler age, however, who made an invalid of herself and was reduced to a merely medical vocabulary of her symptoms—still giving Nature a chance, you understand, long after Nature had forgotten her, when she might have kept a jolly rover's mind even if she could not use her legs.

Some of the longest journeys I have ever made were undertaken successfully while I was on the bed, without so much as going to the expense of purchasing a guidebook, much less a ticket. I was very near Mount Rainier at one time last year, but I could not risk the fatigue of climbing the thing. I simply remained at a comfortable climatic distance and imagined how cold and beautiful this mountain and the surrounding scenery must be. It is all right to enjoy using your eyes, but it is not wise to become a mere glutton of the eyes and totally dependent upon them for sight. The imagination is a field glass of the mind that can bring the most distant sight within range of your private vision. I ride mine as if it were a coal-black charger with a satin-waved mane and tail, and imagine anything I want to think in sight. I sail in it as if it were a gallant ship at sea. All you have to do is to read a little, study a map of the world, regardless of lines of latitude and longitude, snap your fingers and go ahead, pass the strongest youth whom that fat old dame, Nature, is still patting on the back, encouraging him to use up his strength and shout "Excelsior!" with his last aspiring breath.

Saint John, after he was old and blind, beheld his vision of the Eternal City, the jasper walls, the seven golden candlesticks and the face of Him whom it is not lawful to behold with the naked eye, but at that, he would have nothing on me as a sight-seer in this present world, even when I am lying flat on my back. I just get up in my spirit and travel on the sly, with no theologian or Baedeker to contradict me with his doctrines or his guidebook.

The same thing is true of men and women. Wherever two or three are gathered together, there you will find the least common multiple of mankind; easier to read than a mob, yet containing the elements of a mob or of a holy crusade.

We are not so different from one another by nature, only in ideals, purposes, and opportunities. It is not necessary to attend a course of lectures on metaphysics or to lead a bad life, or even a good one, in order to get a working knowledge of human nature. Some of the most successful psychological operations I have ever performed were upon a visitor sitting beside my bed who never suspected that she was the subject of an experiment.



Mount Rainier, in Rainier National Park

What I mean is this: The bodies we live in wear out and become unreliable. They cannot go when we want to go. They get a pain in the side or grow weak in the back. The thing to do then is to take refuge in your mind, use all those faculties that have lain dormant when you were in the strength of your flesh, as a blind man uses his sense of touch, and go ahead. My idea is always to go ahead.

Sensible people practiced this wit of health and courage long before these modern theologians of health thought it out and gave it a doctrinal name. Whenever I run across one of these formulas, whether it has to do with health, politics, social economy or religion, I sit down, put on my spectacles, pluck all the capital letters out of it and find out what the thing really means. Usually I have discovered it to be some simple axiom of common sense with which I have long been familiar without taking on about it like one of these artless enthusiasts who rise up and found an order to exploit an idea, new to them, but well known to Marcus Aurelius, who practiced it a thousand years ago on snakes. His theory about venomous men and venomous reptiles was that they were that way by nature and could not help being so. The thing to do was not to try to reform them, but to leave them alone. And he said it all in small type, because the whole of life is written that way in the mind of a Stoic.

My own conviction is that fatally venomous men and women should be at least segregated, preferably electrocuted, instead of turning them over to be petted and shielded by the alienists, and finally paroled by the sentimentalists who do not believe in capital punishment for a class who practice it upon the defenseless and innocent. If only we could persuade our criminal classes to confine their activities to the sentimentalists we should get a healthier moral atmosphere in this country almost immediately—as the people of the South have been delivered from meddling altruists of the North since we unloaded half a million negroes on them quite by accident a few years ago. The tables were turned, and the character of the struggle between us changed. We are bent and determined to keep these people up there and they are now anxious to ship them back home.

But let that go. He who laughs last laughs best. The trouble is that it may be a long time between laughs.

Early in June I resolved to be better, whether or no. My physical condition was not improved, and I had it on the authority of a good doctor that it never would be. But the long rest, which he advised me to continue indefinitely, had been good for my mind. Such thinking as I had done these two months was aimless, involuntary, like wordless tunes one hums in a pleasant mood. That whole armor of God which I put on so many years ago in order to keep up with Lundy had been laid aside, as a tired old knight crawls out of his when his fighting days are over; not, you understand, that I was much of a knight at this business, only a devoted woman whom the great shield and buckler never fitted very well. I had rested from all this, too, worrying no more as I had worried about withstanding evil and doing good. But I had been fattening my more cheerful human wit upon the friendliness of strangers who entertained no suspicion of the fact that I had hagridden myself nearly to death in the name of the Lord and literature.

Compassed about by so many favorable circumstances, the witness of my own spirit, which I never lose, turned up in fine fettle. After the excursion I made through a few masterpieces of fiction written by the modern primitives, I could feel it clanking, as a sword rattles against the brawny legs of a fighting man. I had not relinquished the idea of prancing forth and taking a few slashes at these fellows. I could think of so many beheading things to say about them. I might deliver a lecture. In that bright-minded country plenty of invitations came to me, and I really was tempted, though it is not my habit to accept one of these shotgun invitations to expose myself before any kind of audience. I know from having sat in the ambush of so many audiences what an advantage they have and usually take of the speaker of the evening. If you want to know how frightful the mortality among lecturers is, take part in the target practice of the audience, especially if it is a feminine one and the speaker is a woman. I prefer to use an ink-barrel weapon myself and keep out of range, whether I am praising or bleeding them.

These fine-featured diaphanous audiences have more sense than a mixed one, and five times as much as one composed of men only. Especially, I repeat, if the victim standing before them is another woman, because, you understand, we know one another only too well, better than we ever know even our own husbands, and we have a disastrously competitive instinct in the matter of ideas, no less than in the matter of affections, which renders us by nature

(Continued on Page 26)

S W I F T

When some particularly distinctive dish is desired, it is significant that the meat most often chosen is Premium Ham. There is such enjoyment in its juicy tenderness; its fine, delicate flavor! And it can be served in so many rich, tempting ways—for example, baked in maple syrup.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

Premium Ham baked in maple syrup

Place half a Premium Ham in cold water, heat slowly and simmer gently, allowing twenty minutes to the pound. Remove the rind, cover the fat with cloves, and bake one hour in a moderate oven, basting frequently with maple syrup

Swift & Company

(Continued from Page 24)

more dangerous to one another than men are, who are used to ideas by this time and can always renew their affections. Besides, men are much more afraid of one another than women are of anybody, male or female. I refer, of course, to physical fear. We have not developed our blood-shedding instincts as they have, contending with one another for ages. So we are singularly free and fearless with the only weapon we have ever used—our tongues.

But these cowardly reflections were not the only considerations which restrained me. I have a hunch that there is an element of the primordial feminine in the minds of these primitives, which, if you think about it, is a frightful combination to run up against, regardless of the quality of your own brains, grammar and eloquence.

Alas, my dears, how childish we are, from the mightiest to the meekest. Every one of us is born with a genius for egotism to keep us from discovering how futile and transient we are. We must be vain about something, either secretly or openly, otherwise life becomes an unbearable tragedy, illuminated from the inside by our own light of ridicule or contempt. Even so, here was I, barely beginning to creep up out of a serious illness, weak as a kitten, still bound in a futile sort of way on a happy pilgrimage, but forgetting all these circumstances to work the animus of a reformer against a new dark school of light literature, as if anything could be done about it!

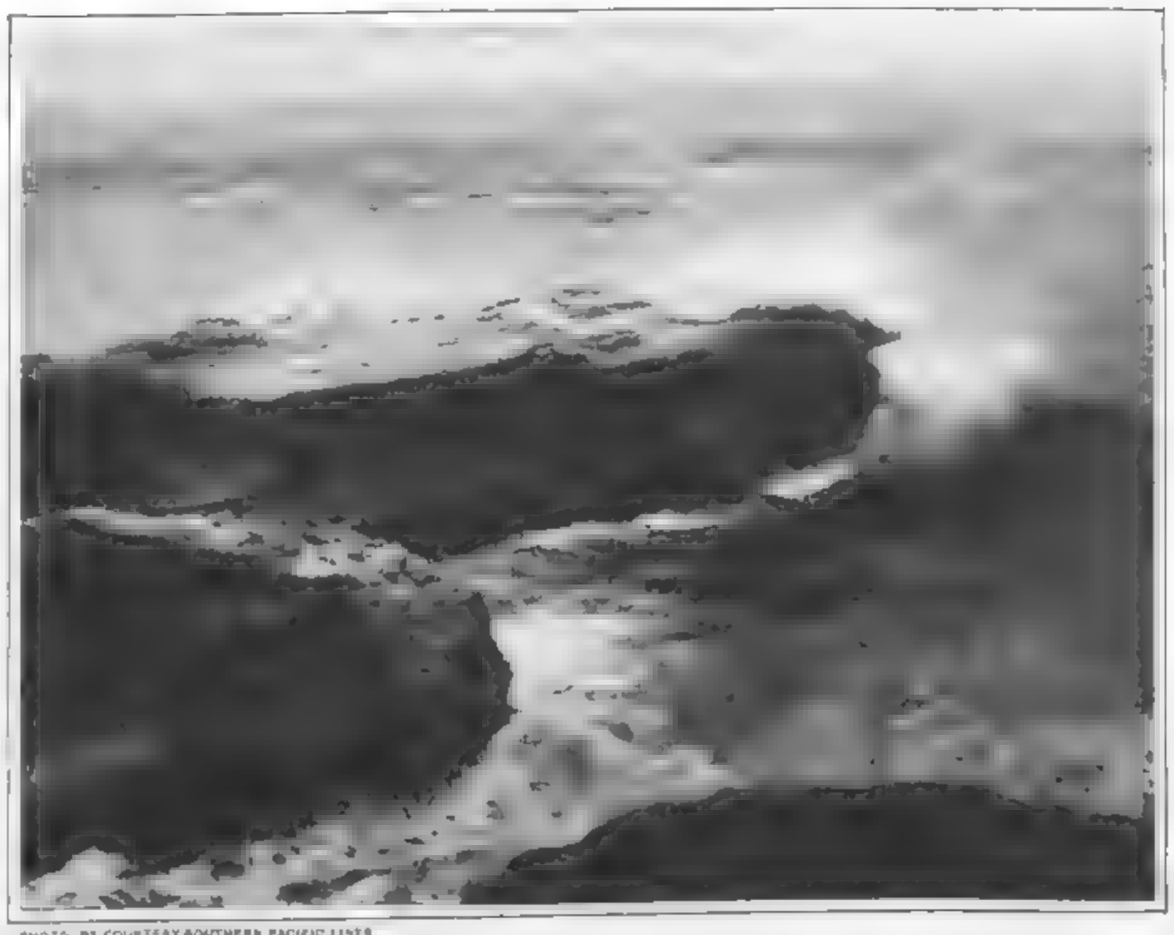
In my right mind I belong to that midget school of thinkers who doubt if a reformer ever actually accomplishes a reform. He only leads off. If nobody follows he is a flash in the pan. If everybody does he is a hero, and the multitude behind him raise the dust. We think something tremendous is happening, but when the wind of a greater circumstance blows the dust away we discover that nothing has happened. Everybody dead in his trespasses and sins, as usual! Fifty years later the abuse that reformer was so anxious to give his life to correct runs its course and disappears. He was no more than a symptom of the disorder; the thermometer which registered the temperature of the patient who was bound to get well anyhow in time. So do we think now of poor old Carrie Nation, who did very little for the cause of temperance. Neither has the Eighteenth Amendment, for that matter. But give us time! In the end we must become a temperate people or perish.

Precisely so, these authors who delete idealism and reduce the romance of living to its primordial elements of passion and insensate vice are no more than the symptoms of a momentary disorder that will run its course like any other disease. They who are subject to this kind of infection will contract it. Meanwhile, even if I possessed the wit to deal devastatingly with them, their ape-jawed genius would frisk in the attendant publicity. The uglier you make them and all life, the better they like it. They are subnormal, mental inebriates, who require the motif of horror to inspire them. The asylums are full of such people, but not since the middle centuries have they been allowed to escape into literature.

I went on making excuses for not risking my head among them. I was feeling poorly, not physically able to do much execution with that bragging, clanking sword of my spirit. None of us, I said to myself, escape the will of the Almighty, and He has always been hard on primitives. If they are savages who do not achieve idealism through their superstitions, He wipes them out. If they have advanced so far in the scale of things and then degenerate, He is all the more sure to wipe them out. Therefore, why fash myself trying to damn the damned? I asked, taking a sort of torrid satisfaction in the ultimate fate of these Caliban cubists of the literary art.

I learned this method of laying goats on the Lord's altar during the active Christian era of my soul. When misfortune overtook Lundy and me I referred our affairs to Him and always obtained the provision He makes, no less for the just than the unjust, in the nick of time.

Meanwhile I am sitting pretty, growing old, broken in health, none too good, bless your dear hearts, but amazingly ornamented with honors, fame and fortune, and very busy to the last, widening the territory of my faith in God like an industrious pioneer of the Spirit. Never to be terrified again by any fears, myself and all my worldly vanities laid away, but vastly vain at last of my Lord who can afford to keep faith with all men, let His rain fall alike upon the just and the unjust, giving each one an even chance, leaving everyone free to work out his own salvation or damnation according to his own will, even to the third and fourth generation. What I mean is, there is no hurry in this business either way. It is only we who hurry because of our finite minds and fears.



PHOTO, BY COURTESY SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

A Bit of Coast Near Santa Barbara

But to go back to what I was talking about a while ago when I started off to elaborate that point of discretion by which I side-stepped an altercation with the primitives. The truth is I am not spectacular morally; I lack not the gall but the courage to lead a reform. I suffer from the humor of modesty, from being always able to see myself as I see other people, which causes me to shrink from becoming involved in either a world movement or a local campaign against some abuse. This is cowardice. I am admitting that it is and taking this opportunity to stand aside that the truly brave may come to the front and boast. The most revealing thing I have ever done, so as to be seen with the naked eye, was to go up for prayers in my younger years and kneel at the altar of a church with my back to the congregation; which, any way you look at it, could not have been regarded as the evidence of a public-spirited concern about other men's transgressions. In fact, I have never known an out-and-out reformer to take such a risk of exposing his back to the opinions of the people seated behind him.

But as we grow older the humblest of us grow less contrite and more conceited in our own virtues. Already it seems to me that I am conscious of a temptation to do good in a loud voice. I cannot be too thankful, however, that I resisted assailing the school of primitives, because one cannot quote freely enough from their works to justify one's indignation without repeating something no respectable person should know, much less tell.

When I am overtaken with this old-age form of egotism my ambition is to espouse a good clean cause about which one may speak frankly, even with violence, before a mixed audience.

Right now I could do very well in the rear end of a mettlesome movement that lays its tail over the dashboard of our national pride and starts a race against this European propaganda carried on by some of our own people under the slogan of Ain't You Ashamed of America!

I feel toward these mortified Americans as I used to feel toward the pacifists during the World War. I know war is wrong; knew it then. We all did, but good Lord deliver me from a puling pacifist when the fat is in the fire and we must fight, whether it is right or wrong to fight! And now I wish we might forcibly lend all these postwar sentimentalists, who forget the loyalty they owe their own country, to almost any country in Europe for the period of sixty-two years, with the understanding that we will never collect even the principal.

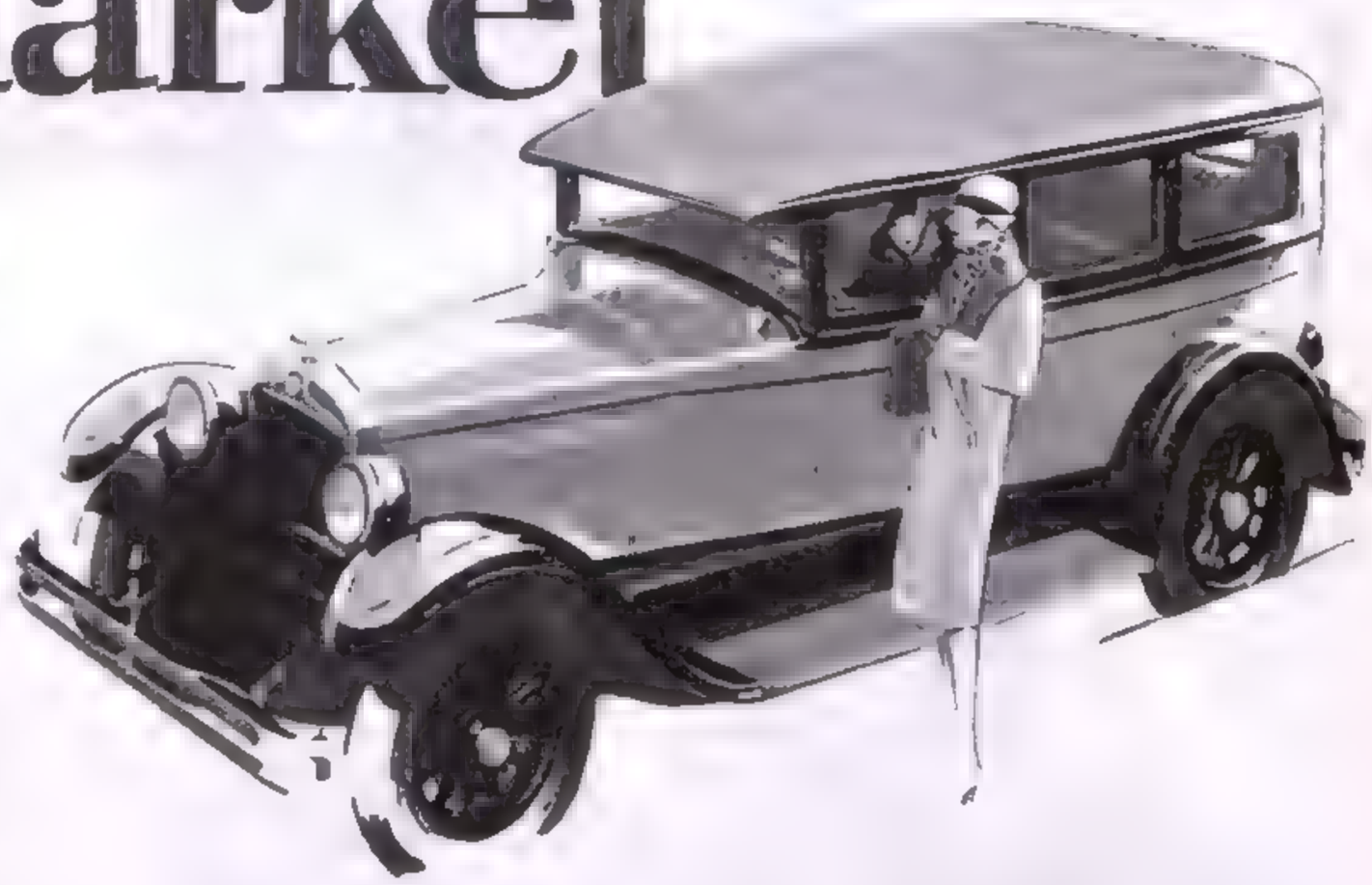
It is difficult to decide which is worse—the activities of the radicals and Bolshevists unloaded on us by the Old World, or these advocates for the cancellation of war debts whom we have raised up among ourselves. The latter are more offensive and embarrassing to our patriotic sensibilities, for when an imported radical grows too rash about freedom in a really free country we know what to do with him. We send him home. But what can we do with such of our American newspaper correspondents, philanthropists, and even ex-government officials as go abroad and get taken in? They are credulous prospects to whom Europe sells its tales of poverty. Some of them get their heads turned by hospitality and compliments. Others belong to the altruistic class, always distinguished for their lop-sided ethics.

They go abroad with the best intentions in the

(Continued on Page 94)

A Home in Santa Rosa, California

Hupmobile's Conquest of the *Eight* Market



Engineers agree that only one foreign Eight compares, in riding ease and simple scientific soundness, with the beautiful Hupmobile Eight.

But that is only the beginning of the story of Hupmobile's conquest of an entirely new market.

Not more than forty thousand Americans have been able to enjoy each year the undoubted superiority of eight performance.

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Hupmobile, in the Hupmobile Eight, did away with complication and produced a motor of elemental simplicity and flawless performance —a fine eight-cylinder car which exacted no premium in first cost or after cost.

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The New European Economic Unity

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

IN THE preceding article, Europe's acute attack of Americanaphobia was diagnosed. The symptoms were expressed in a series of unpleasant incidents. Irritation over the debts was the credited cause; but deep down, the fundamental reason was resentment of our prestige and prosperity.

The manifestation that I described is the lesser of two evils. Such tumult and shouting eventually expend themselves and vanish into the thin air. Far more serious and permanent are the economic aspects of the new anti-Americanism. If carried to their logical—or rather illogical—conclusion, they will create a new type of international competition that may affect nearly every American in some way. It is with this phase of the subject that the present paper is concerned.

I have already pointed out that apparently the only matter upon which the conflicting interests and nationalisms of Europe have been able to unite is a common envy and, to a certain extent, a common dislike of the United States. With most of the debtor nations, it developed into something stronger.

But this epoch of animosity registered only the first stage. The time has come when the powers are not content to take it out, so to speak, in unpleasant gestures. The federation of fear is being followed up by a combination of economic forces. It means that a Pan-European movement—an economic union—is in the making. One of its principal objectives is a mass assault upon what a French financier called "the gold-backed commerce of America."

Once more you have the passing of the buck. Self-preservation lies at the root of this fresh alignment, but to a greater degree it is inspired by a fear complex, and it is fear of us. Nor does it lack the element of reprisal for fancied wrongs.

The prevailing point of view was expressed not long ago by Sir Alfred Mond, one of the outstanding figures in British business life. In discussing England's industrial plight, he said, "To combat America, the only other great economic force in the world, we must work as an empire, or as Europe."

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

The So-Called Yankee Invasion of Europe

The Balance-of-Power Fallacy

THE German trust era is symptomatic of the European state of mind. The truth is that Europe is trust mad. Not only is Germany usurping that one-time title of New Jersey and becoming the mother of trusts, but the whole Continent has taken the cue and is developing the idea in terms of nations instead of corporations. The Continental steel entente expresses it in industry—it is only one instance—and the Italian-Spanish agreement for the control of the Mediterranean indicates how it works for political aspiration. Yet the biggest of all these unions is the unofficial league against us.

Anyone with the slightest knowledge of European history can perceive that there is nothing new in this maneuver. For many decades Europe has been obsessed with the idea of balance of power. It began with the Holy Roman Empire. Since that time statecraft has largely been deployed for the creation of alliances. Unhappily, they do not stay put. Austria was a pivotal power for decades, and became a prize piece in the patchwork of pacts. Bismarck once remarked that if she did not exist, she would have had to be invented for purely political purposes.

Now for the moral, because it bears directly upon what is going on at this moment. Though ostensibly defensive, European alliances have almost invariably been offensive. Instead of guaranteeing the peace, the inevitable consequence of them has been war.

Moreover, there has been a vast difference between the letter and the spirit of these agreements between nations. Few stand up under the stress and strain of the compelling thing called necessity, or what is believed to be necessity. The highway of European history is littered with scraps of paper that were once treaties. It is scarcely worth while to recall the document that guaranteed Belgian integrity which was torn and trampled underfoot the moment German military imperialism ran amuck. Then, too, there was the Triple Alliance, solemnly entered into by Germany, Austria and Italy, which cracked when Italy became a neutral and went on the rocks as soon as she entered the war on the side of the Allies.

I am not dealing here with motives, but with results. No matter how far this proposed economic union of Europe may go, the time must come when self-interest will dictate defection and dissension. Nations talk glibly of mutual concession until it comes to making a business sacrifice. The basic difficulty with all pacts is that while everybody wants to gain something from the arrangement, amity usually goes when the national pocketbook of one of them is pinched or even menaced. Hence there is not the slightest reason why anybody in the United States should lie awake at night worrying about the impending European economic coalition.

Another explanation is essential. There was a time when alliances were rooted solely in politics. With the dawn of the industrial era came the world-wide struggle for commercial mastery. The pursuit of raw materials became as important as the quest for political power. Then, as now, oil, iron, copper and steel were involved in the structure of international diplomacy. Trade succeeded territory as the goal of imperial ambitions and it shattered peace. The World War was really laid in commercial rivalries.

What has all this to do with the new European economic union?—you may well ask. Simply this: In its conception, history is running true to form. The great powers, finding a common bond in envy and resentment of us, are at their old trick of alliance. All the talk of "economic solidarity," "economic Locarnos" and similar phraseology sounds imposing, but it means little so far as our interests are concerned, and for the following reason:

The newborn friendliness will endure only so long as it suits the present purpose of making a mass demonstration to cramp Uncle Sam's expanding economic style. In a word, political nationalism has been succeeded by economic chauvinism. In the long run, one is about as destructive as the other. When this economic chauvinism expends itself—and its doom is inevitable unless the miracle of a complete recreation of European mood and method is wrought—there will probably be the usual aftermath of war. In this case physical conflict will be supplanted by bloodless trade battle. Not being able to take it out on the United States, they will let off steam on one another. The price of anger is always failure.

We can now get down to the brass tacks of the matter at hand. European anti-Americanism, as I have intimated, grew primarily out of a widespread economic depression for which the debts to us were largely blamed. But this is in conflict with the facts. Continental banking and currency troubles—notably in France, Belgium, and to a lesser degree Italy—did not result from the American obligation and our alleged Shylockian tactics. They were due solely to inflation; antiquated, cumbersome and complicated customs regulations; high tariffs; difficulties of travel; delay in the movement of merchandise from one country to another, and deep-seated prejudices. Britain's plight was born of subsidized idleness through the dole, labor troubles, and general inability to keep pace with the march of production methods.

It all goes back to the well-nigh incredible mistake that lay in creating the new Europe along racial and not commercial lines. The Versailles Treaty, as everybody now knows, was a declaration of war instead of an instrument of peace. It created bitter hostilities through the setting up of many Succession States, many of them without real national economic equity or integrity. In consequence, the pernicious institution known as nationalism rose up to confute every honest desire for a much-needed Continental coöperation. Georg Brandes, the great Danish savant, once said, "Nationalism is the worst foe of humanity." He might well have added, "and of business as well."

Custom-House Barriers to Progress

THE most malignant expression of nationalism is in rigid tariff barriers. Each European nation developed into an economic entity bulwarked behind high customs walls. More than twenty frontiers divide up the Continent and each bristles with economic—and in many instances, political—difficulties. The custom house therefore stands as the real obstacle to solvency, progress and coöperation.

Contrast this state of affairs with the United States, with its vast territory unobstructed by similar impediments to commercial traffic. In our immense and untrammeled area reposes one of the reasons for a prosperity that is the marvel of the age.

Just how this European economic self-determination would work in American terms was once admirably expressed by Francis Delaisi, the distinguished French economist and liberal. Here it is:

"Imagine for a moment that the Federal Bank system in the United States were abolished, the Interstate Commerce Commission dissolved and each American state had its own

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(Continued from Page 29)

economic sovereignty such as Czecho-Slovakia and Poland enjoy. Each American state would think it necessary for its independence and security to have on its territory all the industries essential to its subsistence. Pennsylvania, an industrial state, would find itself in rivalry with the state of New York, and would begin looking for an alliance with New Jersey in order to have a better access to the sea. It would put taxes on wheat from Ohio in order to develop New York's agriculture. Ohio would parry by a tax on steel from Pittsburgh. If Pennsylvania only depreciated its currency, its exportations would win against those of the competing state.

"Then the state of New York, coming to an agreement with Ohio, Virginia and New Jersey, would encircle Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania would try to get together with Indiana and Kentucky to fight the others."

No wonder Europe got into the business dumps. With the usual weakness of the average person for placing blame for failure everywhere save at the real source, she has made us the goat. Behind the unwarranted irritation over the debt lurks fear of our efficiency and the increasing employment of the dollar in constructive enterprises throughout the globe. A typical comment from the Statist of London reads:

> It has only just dawned upon the business world that the aims of the Americans in capturing the great industries of Europe have a significance of an epoch-making nature in the trade balances of the world. It may be taken that close upon $1,000,000,000 has in the course of the past two years found its way over to Europe for investment purposes. Nor does there appear to be any sign of diminution in the flow of the dollars, though there is a change of direction. In the course of three days during the month of June $90,000,000 was recorded for money subscribed in loans, not to speak of a synchronizing big American raid on the German bourses, in which the reputedly richest trust in the United States furnished sums of sensational amount to buy all and every share offered, no matter at what price, of a certain stock it sought to corner.

Nothing could be more absurd than these allegations. In the first place, American capital is not in the business of raiding alien stock exchanges. We are engaged, to be sure, in the legitimate expansion of American industries abroad, but we are guided by no policy of aggression. Ninety per cent of the Yankee money invested on the European Continent is in branch factories organized and operated under the laws of the various countries.

The so-called Yankee invasion of Europe which has stimulated the fear complex is about as great a myth as our alleged materialism. Wherever possible, we employ only a minimum of American personnel, while the rest is German, French or Italian, as the case may be. A striking illustration of the way our enterprise and technical skill combine for the practical uplift of a nation is the American-instigated telephonization of Spain. Ninety-nine per cent of the employes are Spanish and the bulk of the capital came from Spanish sources.

Opportunity at Every Turn

ONE of the many contemporary unfounded European contentions is that we are seeking a monopoly on Continental raw materials. The exact reverse is true, because various controls are being tightened. The latest evidence is the decision of the British Colonial Office to extend the operation of the Stevenson Act, which restricts rubber exports. Since the average price of the crude product during the three months ending October thirty-first was under forty-two cents, the government has cut exports to 80 per cent of production for the next quarter. If, at the end of that period, the price is below thirty cents, there will be a further reduction of exports to 60 per cent. This is no new hostile act, because rubber restriction was unfriendly from its birth. Because of its highly inelastic features, it brings about a top-heavy price, thus penalizing America, the largest rubber consumer.

This leads to the question, What are the concrete evidences of European economic chauvinism? They fall under four principal heads.

The first consists of sniping at American financial and industrial expansion. Second comes control of raw materials. Third is discrimination against our products. Fourth, and perhaps most important of all, is economic union through combines and elimination of tariff and other trade barriers. We will examine them in detail.

The Germans are the chief snipers. Since we are the most solvent of fiscal agencies, we receive the brunt of their attack. Whenever an American financial interest begins to investigate a field with a view to making an investment, the Berlin banks get busy. A typical illustration was afforded in Poland.

When a well-known New York banking house started the negotiations for a $50,000,000 government loan, it encountered German opposition at every turn. By this I do not mean open competition as the world knows it, but sly innuendo. Despite the feeling between the two countries, Germany still regards Poland as her particular economic preserve. Any outsider, whether American or British, is regarded as a butter-in and must be treated accordingly. Though American capital is not entirely self-selling, it has an advantage not enjoyed by any other money. It grows out of the fact that it is nonpolitical and carries no intrigue with it. German, British and French capital, on the other hand, is usually associated with Foreign Offices and therefore linked with political penetration.

Another instance developed in the campaign against the Kemmerer mission, headed by Prof. E. W. Kemmerer, of Princeton, which investigated Polish finance and submitted a plan for its reorganization. The Germans and the British launched a combined assault on it. They feared that the presence of the Americans was the prelude to American control of the Polish economic situation. The Berlin newspapers, for example, hammered at the cost of the mission and the British indulged in their usual talk of "another evidence of Yankee invasion." This performance has been duplicated in Spain and various South American countries, especially Argentina.

The German Government resents our industrial expansion in Poland and elsewhere. The most recent evidence came when the Anaconda-Harriman group entered the deal for the purchase of control of the famous Giesche mining and smelting properties in Upper Silesia. It developed into an out-and-out duel between the Americans and the Prussian Government. Berlin sought in every conceivable way to harass and hamper the negotiations and at one time succeeded in bringing them to a standstill. Eventually the Americans won out.

The Dawes Plan came under fire mainly in France and England for the reason that it bore the name of one distinguished American and represented the skill and negotiation of another, Owen D. Young. Although the plan brought order out of chaos, following the capitalization of every postwar economic issue for political purposes, it is now construed in some quarters as just another evidence of Yankee meddling. The Germans are getting fed up with the Dawes Plan for another reason. It is a drain upon their purse. Ludendorff expressed the hostile point of view when he said:

"The German people do not seem to be clever enough as yet to arise and fulfill their destiny. There is spreading among Germans a spineless nonresistance to the Anglo-United States scheme for a Pan-Dawes Europe in which Germany and perhaps France seem destined to the status of tax-farmed debtor colonies."

In this connection it may be well to quote a characteristic comment which I heard Franklin-Bouillon, head of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the French Senate, make to a group of Americans in Paris last spring. After expressing the usual French attitude toward the American debt, he said in substance:

"America has dominated every postwar phase. America made the peace to which we deferred. America made the Dawes Plan to which we assented. Now America makes the debt burden and asks us to accede."

This is in line with the usual European misconception of everything American. We did not make the peace, as Lloyd George and Clemenceau can well attest. We did initiate and develop the Dawes Plan, and it set up the first milepost in the reconstruction of Europe. Yet we are the only nation involved that does not benefit materially through its operation. I must except, of course, the fact that an American, S. Parker Gilbert, is the Agent General of Reparations, which means that he is in charge of its administration.

American Goods to the King's Taste

EUROPEAN control of raw materials is no new activity. It must be included in the category of chauvinistic manifestations, because it can easily be developed into a hostile agency. Few Americans stop to realize their costly dependence upon foreign sources of supplies. Every year we pay $2,000,000,000 for materials that are controlled, or could be controlled, under government supervision. I have already referred to the extension of British rubber restrictions, a system which on occasion brings about a runaway market. During the crisis of 1925–26 the price fluctuated from 36 cents to $1.21 a pound.

After rubber, the most important European monopoly is in potash. Last year the Franco-German potash combine renewed its compact, through which the American market was divided up on a 63–37 per cent basis. The Germans keep the big end. The rest of the world is on a 70–30 per cent basis.

The really dangerous by-product of these controls lies in the possibilities for political manipulation. So long as they continue in force, governments are in a position to maneuver for favored positions in the distribution of the essentials to industry and some of the necessities of everyday life. The step to reprisal is thus made easy.

More concrete and drastic is the campaign against American products in Europe. Germany, for example, is seeking to impose a boycott on all foreign cars, which is a blow at American makes, because they are in wider use than any other. The slogan Buy British Goods stamped on every envelope bearing an English postmark is typical of John Bull's state of mind.

It almost invariably happens that when the British open up on American goods they make a disconcerting discovery. Last summer King George made one of his many industrial pilgrimages. This time he happened to go to a large plant which manufactured typewriters. He was much impressed and made a polite inquiry as to their employment in British government offices.

It developed that nine out of every ten typewriters in Whitehall, where most of the government departments are located, were of American make. It was further disclosed that the Prince of Wales carried a well-known American machine on his travels. At once a hue and cry arose over that

The Truth Is That Europe Is Trust Mad

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THE SILVER CORD

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

XXI

THE news that Harry Jones had been taken after a desperate fight at the very spot where it was alleged he had murdered Julian Detwetter, spread with astonishing rapidity and had the effect of a general fire alarm. In spite of the lateness of the hour, two out of every three houses in Leaming soon showed a light and presently men began to dress and go out. Something besides the mere capture of a murderer was in the air. They seemed to sense it more and more strongly as they gathered in small groups on corners and drifted gradually toward the center of town.

Brown Brothers' drug store, which alone of all the old shops had been permitted to retain its wooden gallery and a few armchairs for its aging habitués, came tentatively to life and opened its doors. Farther down the street the Slop Chest was a blaze of light and doing a rushing business. But Jack's Cellar, around the corner, was so crowded that nobody could buy or sell, for the whisper had gone out that Ben Brosnahan, aided by the world-famed D. T. Dobbs, had got his man.

It was further rumored that the detective, hungry for unqualified praise, had hastened to Mr. Detwetter, roused him out of bed and told him point-blank that Harry Jones was in the town jail. The story went on to relate how the old man's face had lighted up as he cried "Thank God!" and how, immediately afterward, he had whirled on his heel as if some force had spun him around like a top, and fallen dead.

It must have been soon after this event that someone rang the front-door bell at the Fraziers'. Hearing her father go down, Midge jumped out of bed, crept in her nightdress and bare feet to the top of the stairs and crouched behind a bend in the wall. She saw the hall light and then the porch light flash, and heard her father ask, "What is it, Henry? Has the bank been robbed?"

"No, sir. They've caught Harry Jones. They were laying for him at the very spot where Julian was killed, and he came back at last. Can you guess who it is?"

"What do you mean by that? Are you asking me to guess who Harry Jones is?"

"Yes, sir. You see, you've been talking to him every day for two months. Harry Jones is James Harrington, and James Harrington is Harry Jones."

"Impossible!" gasped Mr. Frazier.

"Father!" called Midge. "Come up here!"

Mr. Frazier turned a frightened face and peered up the stairs. "Midge, there's been a little trouble downtown. Nothing much. Go back to bed and I'll see you when I come back."

"You'll see me now," said Midge. "If you don't I'll come down in nothing but my nightdress and run after you. Ask Mr. Rivers if Mr. Harrington was hurt."

"He was hurt, Miss Frazier," called Rivers coolly, "but not killed. All I know is that when they started to carry him out of the car he said he could walk, and he did."

"I'll meet you downtown in a few minutes, Henry," said Mr. Frazier hastily. He turned and walked slowly up the stairs, holding tightly to the balustrade. His head was drooped and he did not raise it even when he spoke to Midge.

"You heard," he said dully. "What do you want to say to me?"

"If you weren't such a dear I would laugh out loud."

After Taking the Oath, She Fastened Her Eyes on Harrington's Smiling Face and Spoke to Him Alone, But in a Clear Voice Which Could be Heard in the Farthest Corner of the Silent Room

That made him throw up his head. "At what?"

"At you. Your hang-dog air is one of the funniest things I've ever seen. Let me cheer you up, father. James Harrington was certainly Harry Jones, but Harry Jones never killed Julian or anybody else. That's the truth, and the sooner you believe it, the sooner you will become the second happiest man in Leaming."

"Who is the first?" asked Mr. Frazier, already beginning to respond to his daughter's treatment.

"James Harrington."

"But he's in jail and accused of murder."

"That couldn't keep him from being happy," said Midge with absolute confidence. "I assure you he's not only the happiest man in Leaming but in the whole world. You see, he makes a science of it, like being the greatest living astrologer or the best surgeon. When he tells you about it you'll find it's quite simple."

Mr. Frazier smiled. "How long have you known he was Harry Jones?"

"Since the night of the day the bonds you were so sure were stolen were found in the bank."

"A clever answer," said her father, his eyes shining with appreciation. "But let's forget how sure I was, and remember that by not telling what you knew you have put yourself in the position of an accessory after the fact."

"Buttons!" said Midge. "Bone buttons! Mr. Harrington has said from the first that there was no murder, and you can be sure he's as right about it as he's been about everything else. If you believe it, and act on your belief, you'll increase your reputation as a shrewd man who has seldom gone wrong on character. If you don't ——"

"Go on! What if I don't?"

"If you don't," continued Midge gravely, "you will soon find yourself merely one more shrinking lamb in a flock of bleating idiots. Now you can go downtown to Mr. Rivers and stay as long as you like."

"Midge," said her father, with equal gravity, "you're a lovely girl; it never struck me before, but you're positively lovely. Thank God you called me back, or I might never have seen it." He started down the stairs, but stopped halfway. "You may be right and you may be wrong, but as I would a thousand times rather you were right, you can think of me from now on as the second happiest man in Leaming."

"By the way," called Midge as a parting shot, "don't forget to inquire about his colored blood!"

Mr. Frazier left the house confident that he would see Harrington within the hour, but he found a condition which was to baffle him for two days. Ben Brosnahan was cock of the walk once more, with D. T. Dobbs for his right-hand man and adviser. It was a combination hard to beat, and as the banker was abhorred by Brosnahan only in a slightly less degree than was the phenomenal upstart who had threatened to usurp his throne, mace of office and empty shoes, it required a lively legal battle to admit Mr. Frazier, accompanied by counsel, to the presence of the prisoner. Only late on the second night did they succeed in passing the portal of the jail.

Harrington was in a deplorable condition as to appearance and clothing, but otherwise he was not only calm but cheerful. The same look of quiet content which had more than once puzzled Mr. Frazier, no less than Midge, struck Bernard Balmer, the best lawyer in the county, with an actual shock of surprise. Here was something he had never seen in all the years of his varied practice. It was not a look of innocence necessarily, nor even of indifference, for he knew both of those as well as experience, intelligence and perspicacity can give it to any man to know them. It went far beyond mere innocence or indifference and seemed to suggest something vaguely majestic and yet winningly human.

"What am I to call you?" asked Mr. Frazier, holding out his hand—"Harry or Mr. Harrington?"

"Call me Harry—short for Harrington," said Harrington with a smile. "That's the arrangement I made with Midge."

(Continued on Page 34)

Your personal life chart

what will it show in 1927?

In many successful businesses, the management keeps a chart showing the course of sales. At the end of the year they have a graphic picture—a line whose ups and downs are a record of the past, and a guide for the future. Thus is the *health* of business enterprises maintained.

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Picture the path of such a line during a whole year—during 1927. For some persons it will show a series of small descents, followed by an alarming dive—a serious illness; for others, the line will move gradually upward—at the end of the year will be on a new high level. *A year of literally growing younger.*

The course your personal line takes will be determined, very largely, by the principles upon which you proceed. A disregard of the causes of day-by-day slumps will almost certainly result in a line that is generally downward.

What are the causes, in your case? Have you experimented to find out? Perhaps the old habits—the little abuses that you could stand, when you were younger, without apparent ill effects—are now making themselves felt.

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(Continued from Page 32)

"Well, Harry, here's Mr. Balmer. You know him, don't you?"

"I remember Mr. Balmer," answered Harrington with a nod.

"Let's avoid a misunderstanding," said the lawyer, not unpleasantly. "I took Mr. Frazier's case, which was to secure him this interview by hook or by crook, but I haven't yet committed myself to take yours."

"And you needn't," said Harrington, still smiling. "You can be far more useful to Brosnahan than to me, and I'd like to see him assisted by one of the best legal minds in the country."

Mr. Frazier gasped and Mr. Balmer turned a fiery red. "What has Brosnahan got to do with it?" he asked with suppressed anger. "Are you suffering from the delusion that it's he who is on trial for murder?"

"If you'll stand off far enough," said Harrington calmly, "or wait long enough, you'll find that Brosnahan is the only man on trial at present in this town for a major offense. They'll have me standing in the prisoner's dock, of course, but any whippersnapper of a lawyer the judge cares to charge with my defense will be all I'll need."

"In that case," said Mr. Balmer, "I'll leave this room at once."

As he went out, slamming the door behind him, Mr. Frazier turned to Harrington in dismay. "My dear fellow, what did you do that for?"

"I don't like him," said Harrington simply, "and neither do you."

"I know," said Mr. Frazier, frowning, "but he's the smartest lawyer this county ever produced."

"Did you ever give anyone a job in the bank just because he was smart?"

"No, never. All right, Harry. Name any man in the country you want and I'll get him."

Harrington laughed. "That shows just how much more worried you are than I am. It doesn't pay, Mr. Frazier. I assure you there's nothing in the world to worry about."

"Not even the electric chair!"

"No, not even if it comes to that. You see, if you're set on being happy, you can't classify things and say, 'These I'll worry about and those I won't.' You've got to wipe out the whole lot at once."

"That's an advice of perfection," said the banker. "No man can attain to it." Harrington smiled steadily, but said nothing. "Stop smiling like that!" continued Mr. Frazier. "You'll drive me crazy with your infernal confidence."

"What do you want me to do?" asked Harrington. "Worry my head off so you can get a good night's sleep? If you're an incurable addict, that's your trouble; but don't try to stick me with your needle. You want to help me, don't you?"

"If you'll let me. I never wanted to help a man in my life as I want to help you."

"Then I'll tell you what you can do. Get into my house and send me fresh linen and my best suit of clothes—the gray one. Also the Conard edition of the works of Guy de Maupassant in French—all the twenty-nine volumes. You'll find them on the shelves in my bedroom. There's one other thing."

"What is it?"

"Somebody has just published an abridgment of Frazer's The Golden Bough in one volume. Will you get it for me?"

"Certainly. Is that all?"

"No; there's still one more thing. Tell Midge there's no reason why she shouldn't keep right on loving me."

"To me, that's the best of the lot," said Mr. Frazier. "It has answered half the questions I thought I was going to ask you."

He went out and hurried home to give Midge a verbatim report of all that had been said.

"He's extraordinary, Midge, the coolest thing you ever saw. And as for being Harry Jones, when you look at him you simply can't believe it. No wonder we were all fooled."

Midge frowned. "That gives me an idea. What if he should simply deny that he is Harry Jones? Or what if you and I denied it for him? Who could prove the contrary before a jury confronted with a thousand witnesses, all ready to swear, and swear truthfully, that they never saw this man until two months ago?"

"Stop right there," interrupted her father. "I said 'When you look at him.' When you don't look at him, and think over the things that have happened, you know positively that he must be Harry Jones and no other. Besides, you're entirely off the track. Far from denying his identity, I feel sure he's ready to prove it at the first sign of doubt."

Midge's frown deepened. "Yes, he could prove that; but there's one thing—a terribly important thing—that he can't prove."

"What is it?"

"He can't prove he didn't kill Julian."

"What do you mean, Midge? I thought you told me ——"

"Yes, yes!" she cried impatiently. "I know it, and he knows it, and one other person knows it—but he can't prove it."

"Who is this other person?"

"That's just it. He's a fugitive from justice, the best friend Harry ever had, and you can figure out for yourself how long it will be before he will consent to betray him."

"I've figured it out already," said Mr. Frazier meaningly.

"How long?" asked Midge, surprised.

"Exactly as long as Harrington would refuse to forgive anyone else who betrayed his friend."

"Oh, father!" sobbed Midge, and clung like a child to his coat. "Help me!"

"There, there, none of that. Do you want to know God's truth as far as I'm concerned?" She nodded her head to show she had heard. "I would be ashamed," he continued, "to have a single worry as to James Harrington in this world or the next."

She drew brusquely away from him and sat erect in her bed. "That you should have the nerve to say that to me!" she murmured at the wall in front of her. "Well, anyway,

(Continued on Page 59)

"Shoulder to Shoulder, Midge," He Whispered. "It's Always Been Shoulder to Shoulder"

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

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"Soon you will see 'Hotel Imperial' which I consider my best picture since I came to America. After that—'Barbed Wire.' Happy New Year!"

Pola Negri

"Happy New Year! Did you like 'The Quarterback' and 'Paradise for Two'? Well wait 'till you see me in 'Knockout Reilly.' It's a riot!"

Richard Dix

"Happy New Year! I hope you enjoyed 'The Ace of Cads.' Now I am busy choosing between 'Blond or Brunette?' Then comes 'Luxury Husbands.'"

Adolphe Menjou

"Happy New Year from 'The Campus Flirt' who is now 'Stranded in Paris.' Then I give 'A Kiss in the Taxi' and after that 'Advice to Lovers'—what!"

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"Happy New Year, everybody! Have you seen me in 'Kid Boots'? Now I'm 'it' in 'It' and after that I'm 'Rough House Rosie' cavewoman, 1927 model!"

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"Happy New Year from the high-hat coroner of 'You'd Be Surprised.' More merry high-hat antics coming in 'The Winning Spirit' and 'Born Lucky.'"

Raymond Griffith

"Happy New Year! Getting in and out of trouble is my specialty. Did you see 'Hold That Lion' and 'Let It Rain'? The next is funnier still—for everybody but me—'See You Later.'"

Douglas MacLean

"Happy New Year! I hope you enjoyed 'The Eagle of the Sea' and 'The Popular Sex' as much as I enjoyed playing in them. My next two are 'Afraid to Love' and 'The World at her Feet.'"

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THE PASSING STRIKE

By James J. Davis

SECRETARY UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF LABOR

A FEW months after I had severed my connection with a great American labor union, six years ago, to become Secretary of the United States Department of Labor, nearly 6,000,000 men were out of work and the country was in the grip of a far-reaching business depression. The duration of this period was short, and it was not accompanied by the widespread hunger and deprivation that marked earlier disruptions and caused them to be known as panics. Nevertheless, many economists rated it as the worst in our national existence because of the extent to which buying fell off, the relative drop in values and the tremendous losses sustained.

When we look back today from the point of view of the individual industry at what happened in 1920 and 1921 we see the depression as an object lesson in how to conduct a business, and there is no question that we have taken it to heart. When we review the statistics for all industries, however, we are first impressed by the staggering figures of the deflation, but our ultimate reaction is a sort of triumphant amazement at the discovery that even this did not stagger us. We simply took up a little slack. It was big enough to have wiped out many another country, and for a time it annoyed us, but we see now that it only opened our eyes to the extent of our resources.

Perhaps that reasoning has had something to do with what has happened since. Certainly we have made the most rapid recovery in history. The total wealth of the country and the national average of prosperity have climbed to heights heretofore left to the imagination of impractical idealists. This expansion of material well-being has been accompanied by what is to me an even more startling evolution of thought on the part of workers and employers. Up to ten years ago these men were engaged in a mutual enterprise, but each group regarded itself and the other as antagonists. It was only natural that the success of the undertaking should have been limited accordingly.

Seventy-Five Per Cent Prosperity

IT IS my firm conviction that the foundation of our prosperity today is the discovery by an ever-growing number of each group—workers and employers—that the enterprise of supplying human needs is and must be a cooperative one. If that represented an individual opinion it might be subject to question. The trend of industrial relations, however, makes it clear that in principle, at least, an overwhelming majority of both groups holds the same view. It therefore becomes desirable to find out, if we can, to what extent the practice is catching up with the principle, and to discover where and how we may help the movement along.

This effort yields some rather astonishing results. It throws an entirely new light on the prospects for increasing our well-being. The disposition to assume that we have reached the maximum of prosperity is now being recognized as one of the great drawbacks to its growth. We are falling, when we reach that frame of mind, into the same error of thinking that engulfed us for a time during the depression, although the direction of the thought is reversed. Times were hard while we assumed that if business fell off any more we should have a complete collapse. Business picked up when we realized that it was not nearly so bad as it might have been, and there was still plenty to salvage. It is axiomatic that we cannot stand still; we must go forward or backward. But how shall we go forward?

One method is to look for the things which have not been done. From that point of view I believe it is possible to show that our amazing standards represent only about 75 per cent of the potential prosperity of the country. During my six years in the cabinet I have been almost constantly on the move, and in the past year I have been traveling more than ever. My journeys have taken me into every part of the country, and into all sorts of places where men are employed in large numbers. But even more of my time has been spent in the few scattered but heavily populated industrial areas—notably New England and the soft-coal fields—where men are not working at all or have only part-time employment. The nature of my work also has taken me to the points where industrial disputes still flourish.

Basing my calculations not only on this intimate first-hand observation but also on the reports of our mediators in the department and the records of strikes, I have come to the conclusion that nearly 10,000,000 workers in this country are still getting along as best they may on what might be called an existing wage. In some instances this furnishes a good living so far as food is concerned, but the workers must scrimp on clothing and shelter. In others the quantity and quality of food which may be purchased are below the accepted American standard. Anyone who doubts this needs only to check up on the freight movements into the soft-coal regions. I could name scores of communities where these shipments consist primarily of flour and molasses.

Here are 10,000,000 customers for shoes, clothing, furniture, motor cars and a thousand other necessities and luxuries enjoyed by the more than 30,000,000 of workers who are earning a saving wage. They have the same needs and desires, the same natural human ambition for a higher standard of living. The only thing that prevents them from going into the market places is a lack of money and, barring a few exceptions, the only reason why they lack funds is because they cannot find enough work. Even the exceptions, the rapidly disappearing spots where flourishing and prosperous industries are paying less than a saving wage, are possible only because too many workers are massed in those spots. In effect, they are taking part in a competitive bidding for jobs which has the same consequences to them as a price war to manufacturers.

Bringing Workers and Work Together

THIS situation, be it noted, applies to nearly one out of every four workers in the country. The 10,000,000, however, are not distributed evenly. In many large cities and industrial districts it would be difficult to locate any of them. The largest concentrations are in New England and the soft-coal regions, but many others are on farms and in centers of lesser industries. It is estimated that 1,000,000 of the poorest farms in the country yielded a net return to their operators of only $100 each last year. Yet with only three workers out of four in the saving class, we have been breaking freight-loading records all year with monotonous regularity. We have been expanding our plants, utilities and distribution facilities as rapidly as labor has been obtainable, and in hundreds of communities shortages of labor—skilled and unskilled—are being reported.

Obviously what is needed here is a redistribution of labor. The decentralization of industry is getting at the same result by operating in the other direction—carrying factories to the worker. In many instances, however, notably the shift of cotton manufacturing from New England to the South, this only benefits one section and one group at the expense of another. Where decentralization represents plants required by expansion the process is carrying prosperity into hundreds of small communities, but no matter how much this trend may be accelerated it will not furnish living-wage jobs for all without a series of shifts of existing population masses.

It probably will be understood that I am not advocating a migration of 10,000,000 workers. I doubt very much whether it would be necessary to move 1,000,000 men, women and children in order to put all the workers represented by such a group in position to buy what they want. Reducing the number of soft-coal miners by 100,000, for example, would mean a 20 per cent increase in earnings for those who remained in the mining communities. The same would be true in other industrial areas where efforts are being made to distribute one job among three employes by a

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Mount Robson and Berg Lake, Jasper National Park, Alberta, Canada

BE YOURSELF, BOY

(Continued from Page 11)

left chops the youngster over the heart and sends him sprawling. The lad's hurt heavy, but he trembles to his feet with a smile.

"Sorry I smacked you down," mumbles McGinley, looking over to where I'm standing with a sarcastic scowl.

Baldy puts his arms around the ham-and-egger's shoulders. "That was great," says Hemmingway. "Your sock is sure coming back. Land one of those on Kid Newsome with just a little more of the old jazzbo and you'll send him to the laundry."

"Cleaners?" I suggests.

"Ah, yes," nods Baldy. "Thanks."

When Hemmingway goes away to dress I grabs hold of Slaughterhouse. "I got a three-months-old niece," says I, "that's been sick lately. Want me to bring her over for you to take a wallop at, you big bum?"

"I didn't mean to crack him so hard," whimpers McGinley. "I just lost my temper."

"You lose it when you fight Newsome," I growls, "and you'll wake up in a bird cage. You still taking a punch at Hemmingway every time he pulls a word you don't understand?"

"Not so much," grins the leather trader. "He's getting to talk English pretty good. Nice guy for a foreigner."

"Foreigner, eh?" I remarks. "I suppose you figure Abe Lincoln was a foreigner too."

"I never met him," returns Slaughterhouse, "but all the other Abes I've run into were."

"Gosh!" I exclaims. "How can even you be as dumb as you?"

"I ain't so dumb," comes back McGinley. "I comprehend a multitude."

"Comprehend—multitude!" I repeats.

"Notwithstanding," he adds.

"Feller," says I, "when you find words like those laying around the camp, you ought to turn them in at the desk. They don't belong to you. They're Baldy's, aren't they?"

"They were," admits Slaughterhouse. "I've picked up a lot of swell foreign slang from him."

"What good'll it do you?" I asks.

"Be pragmatic, Mike—be pragmatic," returns McGinley. "I might fight in that country some day."

III

IN THE next two months Hemmingway goes on making short and ugly words out of long ones and taking the king's English for a ride in the rough. Not because he's interested, but just to kill time, he boxes every day with McGinley and others, and develops a pretty crafty pair of pistons. When they've got gray in the dome you can teach 'em anything; when they haven't, nothing is postgraduate stuff. And Baldy's got plenty between the ears.

Nut or not, the boy goes strong with me. He's such a good-natured decent lad that you can't help liking him, and nobody at Camp Comeback tries to help it. When Slaughterhouse, rounded back into pretty fair shape, gets ready to leave for the outside to prep for his go with Kid Newsome, he almost cries over parting with Baldy.

"Wonder if I'll ever see him again?" he asks me, tearful.

"Be pragmatic, kid," I grins. "Maybe you'll fight in his country some day."

"He's not a foreigner."

"No?" I eyebrows.

"Negatively," returns McGinley. "He's an American and a swell one. I wish I could conversation like he used to."

"How does he conversation now?" I inquires.

"Like I used to," comes back the pug, "and then some. He's been pulling wise wheezes lately that I don't get. Just today I had to ask him what a couple meant signified."

"It's lucky you're going," I comments dryly, "or you'd be getting punches in the eye for using uptown expressions Baldy couldn't tumble to."

"They ain't no peril of that," says Slaughterhouse; "but I've sure picked up a multitude of educations listening to him talking to me and Joe and the other tramps you got around here."

"Tramps?" I echoes.

"What else is they," barks McGinley, "compared to Baldy? Know what I'm going to do when I gets back to the big burg? I'm going to night school."

"That Hemmingway's advice?" I asks.

"No," says Slaughterhouse. "He thinks I'm a sucker to do it. 'Get a multitude of educations,' he says, 'and the first thing you know you'll be run over by the steam roller of socialist conventions and the ——'"

"The steam roller of which?" I cuts in.

"Search me," comes back McGinley. "I told you he'd picked up a lot of new wise cracks that he sends in these days to bat for .300 English."

I notices a little restlessness in Baldy after the exit of McGinley, but he goes on with his usual stuff. One Friday evening I'm alone on the porch, smoking, when in walks Hemmingway.

"How does the old kid stack?" he asks abruptly.

"Meaning yourself?" I inquires.

"In person," nods Baldy.

"I'm glad to hear that," says I, "because it would be easy to mistake you for a cross between an ex-Bowery bartender and a pool-room cowboy from Delancey Street, not only from your lingo but from your looks. Getting ready to go?"

"Yes," replies Hemmingway; "if you think I'm in shape."

"In shape for what?" I demands. Baldy hesitates. "Who's the frill?" I shoots at him.

"Frill?" he repeats.

"Yes, frill," I snaps. "Nobody with the brains you got makes a fool out of himself unless he does it for a giggler. Now that you're leaving, kid, come clean. I'm your friend."

"It's a skirt, Mike," admits Baldy.

"Squat," I invites, gentle, "and cough up to papa."

"I can't tell you much about her," says Hemmingway, sitting down across from me, "without telling you a little about myself first. Up to three months ago," begins the youngster, twisting his fingers, "I'd never been out of Coster. The old man was a professor and my mother came from a string of 'em. I think I was born with a book in one mitt and a couple of books in the other. I never strutted the stuff the other lads in town did. When they were out busting windows and heaving rocks at the Chink laundryman, I was playing ring around a rosy with quadratic equations or splitting Greek infinitives with Thucydides."

"Who's he?" I inquires. "Friend of yours?"

"Yes," returns Baldy, sort of bitter. "He and his boy friends were the only kind I ever did have. At seventeen," goes on Hemmingway, "I was through Coster and at twenty I was teaching. I never learned to shake an ankle, never talked to a gal outside of classes, never ——"

"Didn't you ever want to?" I interrupts.

"I did and I didn't," replies Baldy. "I was jerry to the fact that there was something shy in my life, but I couldn't dope it. I did have a yen to get away from Coster, but I didn't have the nerve and I didn't have the price. Finally I got the price and with it a little nerve. I chuckled my chore and went to New York."

"And there," says I, "you met her."

"At Blaney's," comes back Hemmingway.

"Blaney's!" I exclaims. "What a hot hideaway for a college professor! How'd you stumble across that gyp joint?"

"I didn't stumble," smiles Baldy. "Fate led me by the lily-white hand. I was seeking life that was raw, rich and raucous, and there I found it—and Beryl."

"Beryl, eh?" I remarks.

"Beryl Anderson," says Hemmingway. "Mike," he raves, "she's a knock-out, the most beautiful girl in the world. The ——"

"I know," I cuts in. "I've met her ten or twelve times."

"Beryl?" asks Baldy.

"No," I answers, sour, "the most beautiful girl in the world."

"She talked to me the first night," continues the youngster, "and she made me dance with her. I could hardly understand her and I guess she didn't give my line much of a tumble, but she was kind and sweet and everything."

"And?" I encourages.

"I saw her a few times after that," says Hemmingway. "I was wild about her—cuckoo. I wanted her to be with me always."

"For a slow starter," I interrupts, "you're sure a fast worker."

"I told her I loved her," goes on Baldy more soberly. "She said nothing could come of it—we were a different breed of pups; we didn't talk the same language. So," he finishes simply, "I came here to learn hers."

"You mean to tell me," says I, "that you've been training down to the Blaney level just to please a wren you picked up at a dance dump? She's probably laughing herself sick with her new sweetie over your fool stunt."

"You don't think," demands Hemmingway angrily, "that Beryl knows I'm here, do you? We just separated. She was right. We didn't gee. I didn't talk her language. Now I'm going to her speaking it."

"And you, you sucker," I barks, "imagine she'll be waiting at Blaney's to listen! You been keeping in touch with her?"

"No," says Baldy. "She has no idea where I am, but my love tells me all will be well."

"If you're kicked in on the frill," I inquires, "why didn't you step her into your speed instead of slowing yourself down to her cakewalk?"

"It's easier this way," returns Hemmingway; "besides, I'd much rather play around with the unspoiled natural aces in her crowd than the dumb deuces at Coster. Beryl's friends live and breathe and fight and love; at Coster they shrivel and die. Understand now?"

"Not quite," says I. "What was the idea of coming to my place? Couldn't you have picked up all the rough stuff you wanted around Blaney's neck of the woods?"

"Maybe," answers Baldy, "but I wanted to bring my gift of tongue to Beryl as a surprise. In New York I would be running into her all the time, and she might not have understood. It's better this way."

"There are other burgs," I suggests, "with tough prize-fighting sections. Why ——"

"I know," cuts in Hemmingway, "and I was thinking of going to Chi when I runs into Pat Tracy. I told him what I was after, and he tipped me off to you."

"When you leaving?" I asks.

"In a couple of weeks," returns Baldy.

"I'm going to town tomorrow," says I, "to see McGinley. How'd you like to come along with me? I'll take you to some places where you can rehearse your stuff before staging the big act with Beryl."

"Fine!" agrees Hemmingway. "It'll be great to see Slaughterhouse again."

The next day at noon we're in New York, Camp Comeback being in Jersey and only an hour or so from the big bluff. For lunch I takes him to a greasy vest over on the East Side where pugs and their lip-stickers fuss out on a Saturday afternoon. Baldy listens with a wide grin to the buzz-buzz going on around our table.

"Sound natural?" I asks.

"Just home folks," smiles Hemmingway. "Just a minute," he excuses himself, "there's a bird over there that hangs around Blaney's. I want to ask him something."

Baldy crosses the room and I sees him lean over a big bruiser, who looks up grouchy. From where I sit some mean words seem to pass between the two.

"Get up, you big cheese," yelps Hemmingway, "and I'll knock your block off!"

The big boy's no sooner straightened out of his chair than Baldy lets fly with a right to the chin that sends the other baby crashing against another table and then to the floor. I don't wait for more. I grabs the kid by the arm and drags him out of the restaurant just as the rest of the customers prepare to cut in on the row.

"Gosh, boy," says I, when we're out, "you not only talk the language around here—you act it! What was the trouble?"

"I asked that egg," explains Baldy, "if he'd seen Beryl around Blaney's lately. He says, 'Who wants to know?' That called for a sock, didn't it?"

"In your new set," I returns, "yes. Now let's go call on McGinley before you get any more social calls for socks."

Slaughterhouse is delighted to see us, especially Hemmingway.

"Congrats," says I to the biffer. "That was a great fuss you put up with Newsome."

"It was just a facility to knock him out," comes back McGinley. "He was hog fat with avoirdupois."

"I see," I remarks, "you're still hitting the dictionary in the upper registers. Did you start night school?"

"You bet," returns Slaughterhouse, "and that isn't all the accomplishments I've done either since I saw you last."

"What else?" I asks.

"I'm engaged to matrimony," blushes McGinley, "and"—he turns to Baldy—"if it wasn't for you it wouldn't have happened."

"How's that?" inquires Hemmingway.

"I met her at night school," says the pug, "but that wouldn't have got me very distant if it wasn't for the big words I got from you. Boy, you should have seen me knock her frigid with my multitudes of ——"

"—— notwithstandings," I finishes. Baldy laughs hearty and slaps McGinley on the back.

"Love happens funny," goes on Slaughterhouse. "It seems like the same thing struck her that struck me about the same time. A couple of months ago my fiancée runs into an educated something that spills a lot of high-hat words at her. They sounded so good to her that she decided on a determinations to talk grand too. That brought her to night school like me. So, you see, we owe everything to you."

"Not quite everything," grins Hemmingway. "I didn't have anything to do with the skirt's yen to go polysyllabic."

"Well," says Slaughterhouse, "we owe everything to you—and that friend of Beryl's."

"Friend of whom?" whispers Baldy.

"Beryl," repeats McGinley. "That's my girl's name—Beryl Anderson. Know her?"

With my lower jaw hanging, I shoots a quick look at Hemmingway. His lips are paper-white. For the second time Slaughterhouse has chopped him over the heart, but what Baldy did back in the camp ring he does again.

"No," he says quietly, "I don't know her. Lots of luck, old-timer. Let's go, Mike."

For five minutes we walks the streets without spilling a word, high or low. Finally I hears him mutter, "That friend of Beryl's!"

"Boy," says I, gentle, "everything wants to rise; nobody wants to sink. You've given two a leg up. Come on, let's go back to Jersey." The youngster shakes his head. "Returning to college?" I asks. He again shakes his head. "What then?" I inquires.

"I think," says Archibald slowly, "my place is somewhere between Coster and the camp."

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BACK OF BEYOND

(Continued from Page 5)

"And also the wherewithal to pay the shot," added Jordan with a laugh.

"By the way, speaking of new game fields, I saw Hemenway in town today," volunteered Whitmore from the other table. "There's the chap who could turn the trick for us—if he ever would!"

"Who's Hemenway?" asked Breck. "Never heard of him."

"He's an American; came into the country ten years ago. Quiet sort of a chap. Collecting for some museum or other," said Kingozi. "Plays an absolutely lone hand. He's got some place in the back of beyond, over across the mountains south of the Naroesara somewhere, that is apparently his own private country. Nobody's been there but himself, and he's not giving it away.

"Must be like old times there. He'll bring you out any amount of the most beautiful black-maned lions you ever would wish to see; you know, some people do buy such things. And the stuff he sends out to be packed for his museum is very fine. You were talking a moment ago about your twenty-seven-inch impalla head, Jordan. Well, he sent out five rams, evidently for a group, that all went over thirty, and one was thirty-three and a half. I measured it myself."

"But that must be the world's record!" cried Talbot.

"Would be if reported in," agreed Kingozi. "His other stuff is almost equally good. He evidently is having first pick in a very fine country."

"It's the lions I envy him," sighed Whitmore. "I got him to talking one day, and he told me they are as thick as kongonis down there, and that they absolutely stand in the open. Let you walk right up without taking cover. He claims he has seen as high as eighteen in one band, and has counted forty-odd in a single day."

"Do you believe him?" asked a man in tweeds who had just entered, and was standing leaning on the back of a chair—evidently one of the townsmen.

"Oh, absolutely! To the letter! He's quite reliable," the hunters chorused with conviction.

"It's hard to get him to commit himself at all," added Whitmore. He grinned. "I tried to pump him."

"It's been tried," observed Jordan dryly.

"I imagine he's had practice. He answered my questions freely enough—apparently—but when I got through I didn't know one thing about it."

"You could get one of his men easily enough, if you really wanted to know," suggested Breck indifferently.

"He doesn't use Zanzibaris," said Kingozi. "He comes out in a flivver with only one boy, an old chap as canny as his master. Uses local tribesmen down country, I believe."

"And his shipments?"

"His *shenzis* fetch them as far as Garnett's Drift and dump them," stated Whitmore. "Garnett's trek wagons take them from there. I know he comes up by way of the Grumenti. I was down that way for a *safari* two years ago, hunting the Loieta. My man was very keen for a roan, and the Masai reported roan on the high hills back of the Big Spring. So I left my man happily potting about among the Tommies and took a dash down there for a look-see. From the crest of the mountains one can see for miles to the south. Rolling bush veldt. Single blue peaks way over the edge of the horizon. Hemenway's country must be down that way. I talked to the Masai. Trouble is water. Very dry country. And tsetse. The Masai know nothing naturally; the fly stops their cattle, even if they could find water. But they had rumors. They told me of a great plain and big hills and worlds of game. Had something to say also of a great hollow mountain that I couldn't just make out."

"Crater," stated Kingozi.

"I hadn't thought of that. Probably. I asked them how far. They were vague, of course. 'Very far,' said they; which might mean anything."

"You could make a push during the rains," said Breck.

"One could," agreed Talbot; "but how far? I'm talking of a sportsman's *safari*. You couldn't let your man in for uncertainties. And there's the tsetse. Oh, it could be done, naturally; but after all, it's old Hemenway's show, isn't it? He must have put in months feeling his way. It wouldn't be sporting to push in on his tail."

"I talked to him about it once," Kingozi struck into the discussion. "Had a biological lot on my hands studying wildebeest variations. Hemenway knew about it and happened to remark that there were more wildebeest in his country than anywhere he knows. Talked about hundreds of thousands. I asked him point-blank to let this lot of mine have a chance at looking them over. Pleaded the cause of science."

"What did he say?"

"He was decent about it. He told me he wouldn't mind so far as I was concerned and the lot I had; but that once the route was known there'd be all sorts of sportsmen's *safaris* in there, which was true."

"Surely he'd trust your word not to give it away!" exclaimed the man in tweeds. But the more experienced hunters shook their heads.

"It wouldn't be Culbertson," Whitmore took the trouble to explain, "or his headmen, but the rest of his boys. They'd all know, and any one of them could show the route. It would be common knowledge."

"Exactly," agreed Kingozi; "I could see that. In fact, he was good enough to ask me personally down as his guest. Couldn't afford that sort of thing, of course. Wish I could. Hemenway's a mighty decent chap. I like him. He said that when he was through with the country he'd let us in. It's the next big *safari* country, I believe."

He drained the last drops of his whisky and soda. They fell silent, their eyes vacant and dreaming.

"What luck he has!" cried Jordan, suddenly bringing his great fist down on the table. "And me next week dragging His Lordship and Her Ladyship and their twenty chop boxes of fancy food and champagne and their ten loads of tin boxes and tents and baths and chairs, and so forth, up beyond Gilgil and back! Some day I'm going to take a dozen men and follow Hemenway's track."

Kingozi smiled a slow smile of understanding. "But you're not, old chap, you know," he said gently. "It isn't done."

"I suppose not," agreed Jordan reluctantly. "But—oh, Lord!" He stretched his great frame slowly, as a lion stretches, and in his eyes crept the old almost forgotten dreams of far strange places and strange peoples.

II

A STRANGE staccato sound became audible from outside the room—tap-shuffle, tap-shuffle, tap-shuffle. After a moment a one-legged man with a crutch and cane appeared in the doorway. This was Barton, victim of an elephant accident, but now outfitting *safaris* as a business and doing very well at it. The white hunters took their employment from him. He was a slight, sandy, freckled chap, with an engaging blue eye; and he possessed an undaunted talent for organization. It was his boast that, if so desired, a sportsman could come to Nairobi with nothing but his suitcase, and in one week be sent afield thoroughly equipped, provisioned and taken care of; and that on his return he could drop everything and go home certain that his trophies would follow duly prepared and safely packed.

The feat implied an immense local knowledge and influence, and a thoroughly systematized stock in trade. To produce at a moment's notice just the right amount of provisions, and a complete personal and company outfit to accord not only with necessity but with luxury according to the taste and pocketbook, in the height of the season; to put his hand on efficient trained carriers, gun bearers and the like to accommodate a half dozen or more parties; to distribute his people over the known hunting fields so that they could get what they wanted and keep far enough apart—required a genius and industry the visiting sportsmen could never quite comprehend; especially in Africa, where things never go as expected.

Barton acknowledged the greetings and invitations, but did not enter the room. He caught Culbertson's eye. The latter pushed back his chair and went over to the door. "Anything special?" he asked.

"Very special. I want to talk to you. Come outside."

They went out onto the stone veranda. Another man stood there in the darkness awaiting them.

"You know Hemenway, of course," said Barton.

"Of course. How are you, *bwana*? I heard you'd come out."

"Not too bad," the other acknowledged. "Yes, I'm out for good this time."

"Not finished?" cried Kingozi.

"Yes, I'm through at last. Leaving on the next boat for home."

Kingozi nodded. The news was sufficiently unexpected and not a little startling to him in view of the discussion he had just left. But one becomes accustomed to the unexpected and the startling in Africa.

"We'll be seeing you back," he contented himself with saying.

"Let's get on," Barton broke in on the amenities with a trace of impatience.

He hobbled to a teakwood lazy-chair and eased himself down into it. The others took their places on either side. In so doing Hemenway came into the light from the window. He was then seen to be a mild-looking, rather elderly man, of slight stooped figure, and wearing round-lensed spectacles. By his appearance alone no one would ever have suspected him of the iron nerve, the dogged persistence and the incredible endurance he was known to have exhibited in his explorations of new and savage districts.

"Here's the *shauri*," began Barton briskly. "Hemenway's in a deuce of a fix, and we've got to help him out."

"Of course," agreed Kingozi. "Let's have it."

"It's this way," explained the scientist: "I got in today, and of course found a lot of mail. In it was a letter from a man named Keough."

"The chap who is backing your museum work," agreed Kingozi. "I know."

"Yes. The letter was a month old. Perhaps I'd better read it to you." Hemenway produced the letter and held it up to catch the light from the window. "The first part is personal stuff," he mumbled, glancing rapidly down typewritten pages. "Oh, here it is.

"'I've just about reached the ultimate limit with Maclyn'—that's his son," interpolated Hemenway. "'This younger generation is beyond me. In my day we had at his age some sense of responsibility, some plan in life, some industry and sobriety and decency. Now all they seem to think about is jazz and synthetic gin and fast cars and ——' Well"—Hemenway skipped down the page—"there's a lot more of the same, but the gist of it is he's all fed up with this boy of his, who is apparently a bad lot all around and quite useless, and evidently headed straight for perdition. Too much money and too little discipline. Spoiled brat. Usual thing. Here's the important part: 'I've decided that the only way to make a man of him is to get him out of it, and well out of it. My idea of it is ——'"

"His idea of it, if you'll allow me to interrupt," broke in Barton, "is that he wants to send his young hopeful—or hopeless—out here. He wants Hemenway to take him down into that country of his and to keep him there away from all the jazz and the synthetic gin and the girls, and so on, for a year, or until the treatment takes. 'Until it's made a man of him,' I believe the expression was. That's the general idea. Forgive me for boiling it down, but tomorrow's mail-steamer day and I've got to work at the office tonight."

"It's trouble all right," said Kingozi, "and I certainly don't envy you. You'll have a sweet time."

"But that's the difficulty," Hemenway pointed out. "I'm through down there. I'm getting out, and I can't take a year out of my work for any such purpose. I'm due in the back of Tibet next month. *Ovis Poli*."

"Well, that lets you out," Kingozi pointed out. "Just call his attention to that fact."

"But the boy gets here tomorrow."

"How's that?" asked Kingozi, startled.

"The letter is a month old. The boy was to follow on the next ship."

"That's a little awkward, of course. However, you can safely turn the job over to Barton. He'll send him out somewhere with somebody. It isn't really your *shauri* after all. Or is it? Of course, I understand this Keough man is more or less backing your museum show."

A slow flush mounted Hemenway's lean cheeks. "It isn't that," he said a trifle stiffly. "Mr. Keough is one of the patrons of the institution, to be sure; but I think he and all others connected with it understand that that fact gives him no claim whatever on my independence of action."

Kingozi chuckled. "You've been living alone too much, *bwana*. No offense. I was just asking."

The little man mellowed instantly. "Of course, I beg your pardon. But this is my *shauri*, though not in the way you might suspect. It is a purely personal matter. I shall not go into it, but Keough is my friend has been my friend from childhood I am under great personal obligations to him—of a sentimental nature, one might say."

"In short," Barton expressed it, "he feels it is decidedly his show and he wants to do the best he can by it and leave it with a clear conscience—not just turn this kid loose in any perfunctory fashion."

"That's it," agreed Hemenway.

"So, naturally, he came to me." Barton waved a cigarette. "Everybody naturally comes to me with their confounded troubles—and there we are!"

"Don't see where I come in," reflected Kingozi. "You strike me as competent."

"Advice, old son. We want the benefit of your wisdom."

"It's this way," Hemenway proceeded: "You see, I know of a country down south here a bit where the ordinary *safaris* don't go."

"So I've heard," commented Kingozi dryly.

"Down there this kid would be out of all touch."

"You may not have noticed it, old son," said Barton, "but even in this remote but luxurious part of wildest Africa the earnest seeker can find the aforementioned jazz, gin, girls, and so forth, in quite adequate quantity for all go-to-hell purposes."

"So I thought the best place for him would be down in that district, and my thought was to get him down there."

"Sounds reasonable," agreed Kingozi.

"The difficulty is to send him," said Barton; "it isn't so simple."

"You see, I broke up when I came out," Hemenway informed Kingozi. "My outfit and surplus stores are on the way out. There's nothing down there any more.

(Continued on Page 42)

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(Continued from Page 40)

Now you can't take a big *safari* in there, not the sort you send out around here. They'd perish. A man going into that country would have to travel light—not more than a dozen men. He'd have to live almost native fashion at first. Of course, he could bring things in little by little—send *shenzis* for them at Garnett's Drift during the rains, when there is water. But for a month or two it would be old-time Africa."

"That wouldn't hurt him. Do him good."

"True enough," Barton struck in; "but it takes a good man, a very experienced man, to run that sort of show. Pretty easy to perish. Running a sporting *safari* up around Kenya and back is one thing; going safe into the *nyika* is another, as you know. That's what we want your advice on. Where's the man?"

"Not, if you mean me," said Kingozi reluctantly. "I'd like nothing better, unlicked cub and all, than to get such a chance; but I'm engaged, as you know."

"I do know. And so is every other man jack of the regular hunters. I've racked my brains. If it was a case of an ordinary *safari*, I'd call on Meade or Downing or some other of the farmers who can handle natives and shoot a little. But this is different."

"Couldn't Culbertson pass over his lot to someone else?" Hemenway suggested. "I've always intended to turn that country over to him, as he knows."

But obviously that would not do. Both men agreed simultaneously on that. An engagement was an engagement, no matter who or what or how much money was involved. This touched their code.

Suddenly Kingozi struck the chair arm with the flat of his hand. "I have it!" he cried. "Breck!"

This inspiration produced in the two others nothing but a blank and doubtful silence.

"I couldn't see this as a pleasure trip with that combination—for either of them," said Barton at last.

"It isn't supposed to be a pleasure trip for Breck; he's paid for it," Kingozi pointed out. "And from what I gather, it isn't supposed particularly to be a pleasure trip for this cub, either."

"There's something in that," agreed Barton.

"Breck knows the game from A to Zed. He'll keep out of trouble. He's reliable. Above all, he's Scotch. If he undertakes the job, he'll see it through, and nothing will stop him."

"You're Scotch yourself, *bwana*," remarked Barton ironically. "However, I believe you're right. But there's one thing you've overlooked. I don't believe old Kali Sana is having any—not if I know him."

"I think he might be persuaded if the screw is made big enough."

"He's Scotch, I believe," stated Barton dreamily.

Kingozi laughed. "He's flat broke," he supplemented, "and unless I'm much mistaken, he's pretty desperate. If you think he's the man, leave it to me, and I'll see he takes over."

"So do," decided Barton.

"Give me ten minutes."

"I won't give you two; I'm off for the office. Fix it up among you and let me know what Breck wants in the way of men, and so forth."

"What do I offer him?" asked Kingozi.

"Anything to fetch him," Hemenway interposed. "I'll see to the old man."

III

HEMENWAY, alone on the veranda, waited comfortably, but for considerably more than the ten minutes. He did not mind; he was hardly aware of the passage of time. With apparently unseeing eyes, he stared off through the velvet darkness that hugged close against the earth, to the blaze of the tropical firmament. His soul was lost out there among the intangibles.

For every waking moment of his day now Hemenway was unconsciously saying farewell to Africa, communing with that mighty, imperious, fierce, rewarding mistress he had served so long and which he knew in his heart of hearts he would never see again.

In that communion was no room for details. He was quite unaware of the dusky squatting figures just below the veranda rail where the various personal boys awaited impassively a summons from their masters. He did not see the flickering little fire across the way silhouetting or revealing the rickshaw boys; nor had he ears for their chatter or for the faint persistent throbbing of a dance drum somewhere down in the bazaars. His spirit hung motionless, still, receptive.

And to him Africa came gentle and a little sad, as when the fierceness of the sun has declined and small cool breezes at last caress the cheek. Across his half-somnolent consciousness she drifted the distillations of any small memories, from which the harshness and hardship had been refined away, leaving only the perfume of experience. Wide veldts, fever jungles, furnace noontimes; splendor of sunset or sunrise, or the gray swift beat of rain; the shadowy lurking forms of fierce beasts, a multitude of proud-eyed peoples; great difficulties overcome for the sake of small triumphs; a long, hopeless task accomplished inch by inch—Hemenway did not think consciously of any of these things, nor was he aware even of harboring any emotion so definite as regret. Nevertheless a mood was on him which he could not escape; shadowy fingers held him from which he could not shake free.

His eyes focused to register the fact that through the pickets of the veranda railing another eye was fastened upon him intently.

"Mavrouki," he summoned.

"*Bwana*," answered the owner of the eye.

"Come here."

The man arose, ascended the two steps, squatted at Hemenway's feet. He was small and wiry, and his wrinkled shrewd countenance with its one good eye gave the impression at once of advanced age—a false impression—and of great intelligence—a true one. He was dressed very neatly in khaki blouse and shorts, and he wore a knit woolen aviator's cap on his head.

"What are you doing here?" asked Hemenway in Swahili. "I have paid you. I have said good-by."

"*Bwana*," said Mavrouki, "it cannot be good-by between us while you are in Africa." Hemenway stared at him somberly. "*Tizama*—consider—*bwana*. We have fought many lions together. We have made long journeys. We have had the thirst; we have tightened our belts in hunger. We have eaten fat meat and drunk clear water. We have been kings over many people, and we have been alone where the world is very wide. It cannot be good-by between us."

"Nevertheless, it has come to that, I fear," rejoined Hemenway. "I go in three days."

"You will return," stated Mavrouki with conviction.

"I should like to think so," said Hemenway with a sigh. "But our trails lie far apart."

"They join again. I, Mavrouki, have seen it."

"Nonsense," said Hemenway.

"Has Mavrouki ever told you false things?" asked the other quietly. "Has he not many times told you that which is true?"

But the scientist in Hemenway broke through his mood and asserted itself, thrusting into the background, as was its habit, that which it was unable to weigh and measure and understand.

"I am pleased you are here, for I should have had you sought out. Here is a new *shauri*. There comes a young *bwana* from 'Merica whose father is to me as a brother. I would send him to our place. He knows nothing of Africa. You must be his gun bearer. You must teach him what he should know."

"If *bwana* wishes it," assented Mavrouki; "but if he knows nothing, it will be difficult. That is a fierce country, and who am I without a *mazungo* to treat with M'tone?"

"There will be a *mazungo*."

"E-e-e-e!" ejaculated Mavrouki.

Nothing more was said. After a few moments, Kingozi and Breck came out from the barroom.

IV

IT IS the custom for the hunters to meet their clients at the Nairobi station when the narrow-gauge train puffs in on its deliberate journey from Mombasa. The clients debark, usually in tropical white which the steaming coast has made comfortable, somewhat shivery in these higher altitudes, and looking something like red Indians under a coating of choking and pervasive dust. All night they have jolted and jarred and breathed the aforementioned dust, trying to sleep on the seats or a shelf bunk that lets down from above, and for which they have supplied their own rugs or blankets. So they are rather dirty and drained.

But on the other hand they have awakened early to look abroad with lively curiosity over the immense landscape of the Central African highlands, with its illimitable free sweeps of undulating veldt, its towering distant mountains, its flaming eastern skies. From the first gray dusk of dawn they have seen wild animals; at first only a few before the thorn *nyika* is left behind; then in increasing numbers, until, as the Kapiti Plains are entered, the beasts graze in what to the sportsman, accustomed to the rare elusive creatures of other lands, seems a multitude.

It is all very exciting. The members of the various transverse compartments call one another from one window to the other to point out something new. They try, with partial success and many ludicrous mistakes, to identify the different species. Zebra, of course, are self-evident, and on lucky days the little herd of giraffe near Mile 272 may show itself. Many know the hartebeest and a few the wildebeest. But the smaller gazelles and antelope are subjects of much discussion. Somebody in the lot almost always sees a lion. It is wonderful how many lions are seen from the Uganda Railway by newcomers to the country, and how very rarely they are reported by those who live there. But this harmless self-delusion is not discouraged by those who know; it adds valuable interest.

At the sight of all this game, some of it very near the tracks, and all of it seemingly indifferent to the train, except playfully perhaps, the freshly landed sportsmen thrill with keen anticipation. Add to the game the fact that the white-robed civilized Swahilis and Arabs of the coast town have been replaced by a copper-red people who shave their heads queerly, wear pounds of brass, copper or steel bangles and necklets—and not much else—carry long spears and stare at the train quite unabashed by their own nakedness, and one can readily understand how one might feel himself to be already deep in a wild and savage country. Even the occasional white men's farms take nothing from this impression, for the houses are generally thatched with grass, and in any case are flanked by a flock of topsy-turvy round beehive huts wherein dwell the native laborers. And the farms, with their cultivated plots of sisal and mealies or coffee, after all make such a tiny dot on such a huge landscape; with probably the zebras and kongonis feeding but just outside.

Maclyn Keough occupied a compartment with two young Englishmen whose acquaintance he had made on the voyage out, and to whom he had cleaved as creatures like unto himself. It would have been easy for anyone to tell at a glance that here was an American and here were Englishmen. The racial differences were evident enough. But the similarities, while subtler, were still more evident. Obviously, all three belonged to about the same social grade. A certain lack of self-consciousness combined strongly with the polite arrogance of indifference informed them all. They were so accustomed to having their own way in life that they took it for granted—and therefore generally got it without having to insist. As a consequence their manners and personalities were charming to those like themselves, or to those who did not take such things seriously. To many not in either of these two categories they might become infuriating.

Just for the moment the excitement and interest of so much big game in plain sight had lifted them to a boyishness which they would instantly have corrected had they realized. The Englishmen's clipped curt speech became almost voluble, the American's eager.

But as the morning wore on, and the train, seeking its grade, continued to puff and twist itself at a snail's pace in and out among the low hills, the novelty began to wear off a little. They still continued to stare out the windows lest they miss some surprise; but they leaned back more comfortably, smoked cigarettes, and their conversation became more general.

Then it would have become evident to a stranger that young Maclyn Keough had already a puzzled grievance. These his friends had an advantage over him. They knew just what they were going to do, and he knew nothing. Furthermore they had landed at Mombasa to find rooms at the Metropole engaged and ready for them, an agent to see to their customs and the registering of their guns, a neatly dressed efficient native boy apiece sent down from Nairobi to act as their personal servants, and places reserved on the train. They had been met with detailed information.

Lord Marshmont, the elder, was to go out with a man named Jordan to a country called the Northern Guaso Nyiro. Hillis had been assigned to a hunter named Talbot who was to take him to the Loieta. Both had been given to understand that their men had all been collected and were awaiting them, and that everything else was prepared and ready for an early start. Barton had added to his letters of welcome his usual deft touches of encouragement—a sentence or so as to Talbot and Jordan, a word as to the splendid shooting to be expected in the Guaso Nyiro country, a hundred-pound tusker reported by the natives; or, in the Loieta, a chance this year for greater koodoo.

None of these amenities had fallen to Maclyn. He was quite on his own, and it was very confusing and hot and exasperating. The boatmen who took him ashore talked to him excitedly in an unknown language, and clung to his baggage. The fine upstanding Nubian harbor policeman to whom he appealed in his bewilderment knew no English. The corrugated-iron customs godown to which he and his possessions won after inordinate baksheesh was hot as a furnace under the strength of the sun.

It seemed to be almost wholly in charge of precise rigid-minded East Indian babus who would have nothing to do with him until he had conformed with certain red-tape requirements of which he knew nothing and of which he could learn nothing. Only after all the better informed or better cared for passengers had finished the slow and tedious process of entry could he gain the attention of one of the two harassed white officials and make some progress. That individual finally took pity on him, so that at last he found himself in a rickshaw, disheveled, wilted, streaming with perspiration. His precious luggage he had doubtfully delivered to a voluble Arab in charge of a hand truck, whom he never expected to see again.

At the hotel, the first thing he saw was Marshmont and Hillis spread out in lazy-chairs on the second-story veranda of the hotel. They were cool in immaculate white, and as Maclyn's rickshaw drew up, they

(Continued on Page 45)

BEAUTY in *Modern American* homes must be BUILT-IN

Woodwork of good design is the essential background for all interior decorative effects

HOUSES in the Modern American style, like all homes that deserve to be called beautiful, achieve their interior beauty with their woodwork and not with furniture, rugs, curtains and other moved-in objects alone. Warm, homelike interiors are produced by staining or waxing the woodwork so as to bring out the beauty of the grain in native woods. In bedrooms, a return to painted trim in lighter colors is frequent.

Some examples of Curtis Woodwork in the Modern American style are shown here. Note how they differ in proportions from similar designs produced by other manufacturers. They differ even more in their fine workmanship, sound materials and construction features.

There is a large variety in every form of Curtis Woodwork for the Modern American Home. Also for homes in other architectural expressions—Colonial, English, Spanish. And Curtis entrances, doors, windows, trim, stairways, cabinetwork, and exterior moldings cost no more than ordinary "millwork," indeed often less—because of large scale production and wide distribution.

The leading dealer in woodwork in your town (if you live east of the Rockies) is probably a Curtis Dealer. Ask him to help you and your architect or builder to select from his own stock or from his Curtis Catalog the proper designs, sizes and woods to suit your house. He will be glad to explain the superior construction of all Curtis items, too. Or write us for further information.

Modern American Homes have brought into vogue the one-panel door. Curtis offers this design, which is popular not only because of its distinctive design, but also because of its sturdy construction. A solid insert frame with a molded ruse is held in the stiles and rails. This in turn contains the panel. Thus there are no nailed-on moldings either on the panel face or on the stiles and rails, so no nails mar the finished surface. The construction of the solid insert frame is itself something entirely new to the wood-working industry. This door C-317 is made with pine frame and birch panels, and all birch.

Built-in Furniture Is Permanent

Built-in furniture is used lavishly in the better homes in the Modern American style. As a rule, such permanent furniture is extremely plain in design, like this Curtis corner china closet (C-704). The frame of the glazed upper door is relatively narrow, and so are the muntins that hold the little panes of glass in place. The trim around the cabinet is the same as that used in the rest of the room. The cabinet is made to set in a corner, so two can be used in a dining room. The overall size is 7' 0¼" high and 3' 3¾" wide, including trim; and the case is 1' 6" deep overall (1' 4" deep inside). Furnished in either oak or birch by any Curtis Dealer

The Modern American house is much less formal in style than the only other American architectural expression—the Colonial.

Sun Parlors Are Modern American

Visitors to this country always marvel at the generous use that American homes make of porches, sun parlors and sleeping porches. The glazed sun parlor has, of course, distinct advantages over the open porch, because it is usable in winter, especially when well built and equipped with snug-fitting windows. In this sun room Curtis double-hung windows are attractively arranged with Curtis trim completely covering the space between them. The door is C-226.

Whether you build or buy a home, ask for a Curtis Certificate. It is authenticated evidence that Curtis Woodwork is in the house.

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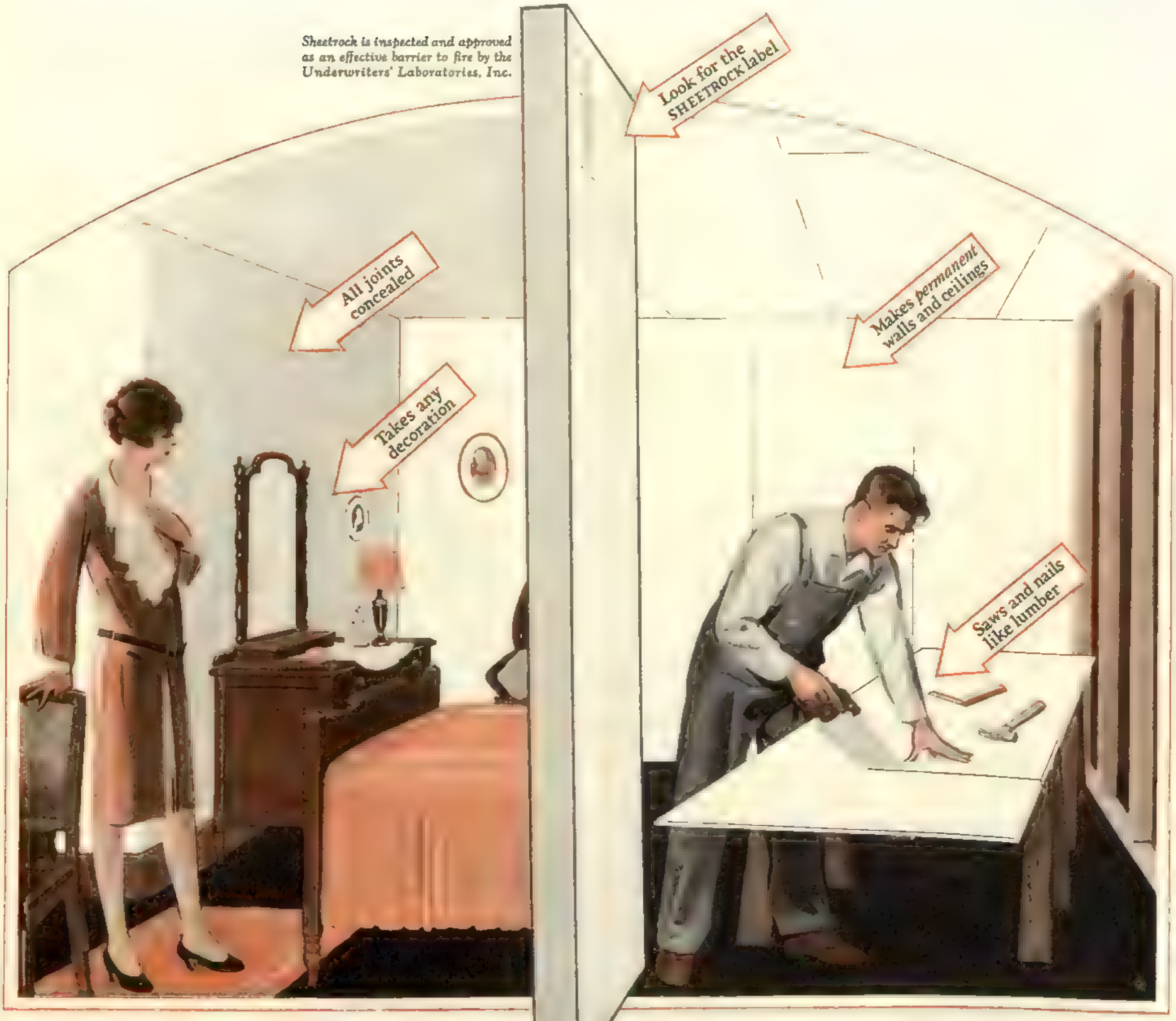
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(Continued from Page 42)

were languidly accepting long drinks from deferential white-robed native boys.

At the office desk presided another sample of the rigid-minded East Indian babu. He was elaborately and superlatively polite, but the situation was beyond him. All he would do was to finger a list and assure the sahib that his name was not down for a room. One babu was preserved for the British Empire only by the eventual appearance of a pale-faced, weary-looking white man who proved to be the proprietor. He looked over an immense keyboard and finally assigned young Keough to a room. It was not a very good room—the proprietor acknowledged that himself—but it was the best available. The others had all been preëngaged for the incoming passengers by Barton's agent.

The proprietor rather hinted that the lack of such procedure in Maclyn's case was at least extraordinary. He announced vaguely that if Maclyn wished a bath, all he had to do was to tell his boy. Maclyn's statement that he had no boy seemed to stun the proprietor. The latter recovered sufficiently to inform the young man that in that case he could shout for the hotel boy, but with an obvious uncertainty as to what the results might be. That uncertainty was subsequently justified. After the advised shouts had developed to ravings, a languid and elegant youth finally drifted up. He, too, understood no English, but finally caught one word that seemed to convey something to him.

"Bath!" he cried at last. "*N'dio, bwana.*"

A creaking and a row below distracted Maclyn's attention. He looked over the gallery rail to find that this celebrated the arrival of his baggage. The hand truck had come to a stop below. Four naked and perspiring natives who had furnished the motive power were perched atop it. The perfectly cool and self-possessed Arab in charge was raising his voice. Maclyn descended. It developed from the Arab's bastard English that the amount bargained for did not in his opinion include carrying the stuff upstairs to the room. Appealed to, the babu could offer no solution; there was nothing to cover the case in his book of rules. Finally the proprietor emerged again from his siesta. His summons brought forth another Arab, one connected with the hotel, as a grass-green brassard advertised. This individual took charge.

Maclyn's troubles were at last ended. He bathed and changed, and joined his friends. But his loss of equanimity survived several of the long drinks.

This loss was only partially compensated by the arrival of Barton's agent, mopping his brow and with a telegram in his hand. He had but just received it, he explained. He could not understand why it had not been sent before so that he could have made necessary arrangements. He was sorry. He hoped Mr. Keough had not been too much annoyed. Was Mr. Keough comfortably fixed?

Mr. Keough decidedly was not; he had a small stuffy inside room, and he had been very much annoyed. Having permitted himself this much, he realized that after all it could not be the agent's fault, except officially through his delinquent firm. Evidently that firm had charge somehow of Mr. Keough's affairs, as witness the telegram. So he offered one of the long drinks. The agent looked a little horrified, glanced at the brilliant sun, started to say something, but finally contented himself with merely a refusal. There was another thing he was sorry about: Advices had come so late that he had been unable to secure Mr. Keough a place on the next day's train. It was full up. He added that the next train left in three days' time. He added further that after the first train went, Mr. Keough could have a better room.

This was the last straw. Mr. Keough blew up and expressed himself somewhat warmly on African methods. He saw no reason why the railroad should not put on another car or run an extra train if necessary. He would pay for it. He listened skeptically as the agent patiently explained that the Uganda Railway's motive power did not run to dragging an extra car up the grades, nor its total equipment to extra trains. Whereupon Mr. Keough voiced his contempt of the Uganda Railway. Among other things he called it a jerk-water line, which expression much interested Lord Marshmont and Mr. Hillis.

"Jerk-water!" repeated His Lordship with relish. "I say, that's good, you know! But don't get shirty, old chap. Come with Hillis and me. There's room for three in your compartments?" he asked the agent.

There was, if one of the gentlemen did not mind sleeping in an upper shelf.

"So that's all right," observed Lord Marshmont with satisfaction; "and now let's have another peg. Boy!"

The agent again started to say something, but thought better of it.

"Remember to keep your heads protected against even a ray of sun, gentlemen," was what he finally told them; "it's very deadly."

An hour later a very suave individual clad in a long snuff-colored robe, or *kanzua*, and carrying a slender bamboo cane, stood bowing before Maclyn, smiling many smiles.

"Who are you?" demanded Maclyn.

"I name Sammy. *Bwana* send me be your boy." He presented a note from the agent to that effect, with the added statement that his wages would be a hundred shillings.

Sammy, in Maclyn's estimation, proved himself a jewel. He apparently needed no instructions. Keough found his shoes whitened, his fresh linen laid out, his bath ready, the mosquito canopy of his bed let down and tucked in at the proper time, matches and cigarettes ready to his hand. If he wanted anything at any time, he merely shouted "Boy!" and at once Sammy materialized magically at his elbow. Where he kept himself in the meantime was a dark mystery. At six o'clock in the morning he appeared by the bedside with a strong cup of tea and a wafer. Maclyn was sleepy and would have none of him, but Sammy would not be denied.

"*Chota hazari, bwana,*" he insisted; and would not go away until Maclyn had consumed the offering. Later he took entire charge of the baggage. All Maclyn and his companions had to do was to step into their rickshaws and be conveyed to the train. There they found all their personal effects neatly stored in the compartment, together with a huge native basket of tropical fruits of all sorts.

"You no say, but I get," said Sammy.

"Quite right," approved Maclyn. "How much?"

"Four shillings," ventured Sammy.

"Think of all that for a dollar!" marveled Maclyn to his companions; and promptly overpaid Sammy just 600 per cent on his original investment.

At eight o'clock the train stopped for dinner at a little way station. When the travelers returned to their compartment they found it neatly made up for the night. In the morning the interim for breakfast at another station restored it for daytime occupancy. Even these three men, accustomed to expect personal service, were impressed.

"These johnnies know their jobs," was Lord Marshmont's expression of it.

Sammy went far toward soothing Maclyn's feelings. But he still intended to see about it when he reached Nairobi. He was not accustomed to neglect, and he was not going to stand for it.

V

THE train drew to a stop before the Nairobi platform. The latter was already quite crowded. Barton was there, and the white hunters to a man, and Hemenway and Breck. Besides these were the white railway officials, two in number; a scattering of the ubiquitous babus, and a mob of railway porters, distinguished from open savagery by the tatters of white men's discarded clothing, and from the rag bag only by blue brassards.

The doors of the compartments opened and began to discharge their occupants. Barton was very busy trying to identify these, to greet them and to assign them to the hunters who had been engaged for them. It was surprising how well he guessed, and how deftly and rapidly he greeted them and passed them on.

Hemenway and Breck stood a little apart scanning each arrival. "I think I'll know him, although I haven't laid eyes on him since he was a small boy," Hemenway told his sardonic and slightly grumpy companion. "Yes, there he is, with those young Englishmen. Come on."

But Breck hung back a moment. "He's a well set up one," he granted grudgingly, "but too good looking."

"He's got a good Scotch name, remember," observed Hemenway with a laugh.

"I know no Keoughs," said Breck shortly.

"Well, come and meet one."

Hemenway advanced, followed more slowly by the elephant hunter. "You are Maclyn Keough?" inquired the scientist pleasantly. "I am Doctor Hemenway. Your father's letter reached me only two or three days ago, telling of your coming. I'm glad you got here all right. This is Mr. Breck, who is going to take you on *safari*."

Maclyn, whose spirits had been recovered somewhat by the wonders of the morning, shook hands cordially. He was for the moment full of anticipations and eagerness.

"That's fine!" he cried. "I'm keen as mustard to get out!" He turned to Breck with glowing face, to meet a cold appraising blue eye and a curt nod.

"How are you?" greeted Breck. "Mavrouki!"

"*Bwana!*" responded the wizened little one-eyed man, instantly at his elbow.

"Point out your things to Mavrouki," commanded Breck.

Maclyn flushed and stiffened a little at the tone. "My boy can do that. Sammy!"

"*Bwana!*" And Sammy made one of his miraculous appearances.

Mavrouki looked Sammy over slowly, a malicious and contemptuous twinkle in his eye. Sammy ignored Mavrouki.

"Your boy, eh?" observed Breck, also eying the immaculate youth.

"And a very good one," rejoined Maclyn almost with heat, though why he should have felt called upon to defend Sammy, and against what, he could not have told.

"Well, they'll attend to it between them," observed Hemenway. "Let's be off."

He led the way through the jostling crowd toward the turnstiles. But Mavrouki plucked Hemenway by the sleeve. "*Bwana!*" he implored. His little monkey eye was shining with excitement.

"Well, what is it?" asked Hemenway impatiently.

"*Bwana*, this young white man—it is the one I have seen, the one of which I told you—down by the Mountain of God—who stood by the great black rock—and the dead men ——"

"*M'buzi!*" Hemenway impatiently shook him off. "Do your *cazi*."

"Yes, *bwana*," said Mavrouki submissively; but he continued to watch the three until they had disappeared through the archway of the station. Then he turned to the supercilious Sammy. "Now, *mere-dadi*—oh, gorgeous one," he said condescendingly, "you may place the things belonging to the white man on this spot." Which Sammy rather nervously proceeded to do.

The three white men drove up Nairobi's long street almost in silence. Hemenway and Breck studied the young man; the latter's eyes and eager attention were busy with sights whose accustomedness had made of them an old story to his companions. But to Maclyn it was all new and strange—the low buildings with their wide wooden awnings; the strange mixture of horsemen, rickshaws, motor cars, bicycles, motorcycles and pedestrians that filled the wide roadway; the equally strange mixture of humanity, European, East Indian, Arab, Somali, and native in all stages of gorgeousness or of simple unashamed nakedness. The glimpse of the cross street of the native bazaar passed all too quickly. And then almost immediately they swerved inside the palings and drew up by the low stone structure of the Norfolk Hotel.

Here Maclyn was conducted to his room, opening on a large courtyard. It was on the ground floor, because the ground floor was all there was; and its only entrance was onto a veranda, or gallery, running the length of the structure. Outside many of the other bedroom doors were piled various matters of field equipment, some new, some showing much use. Here and there squatted personal servants either in white robes or in clean fresh khaki blouses and shorts. A baboon on a short chain attached to a post made savage darts at anyone who came near; and failing to reach his intended victim, would seize his chain in his hands and shake it violently. A humorous mongrel dog seemed to enjoy inciting the baboon to this exhibition. In the foreground were bright flowers in beds, and banana trees and aloes; while across the dip of a papyrus-filled ravine rose a slope covered with trees of an ancient forest.

Here Maclyn's companions left him. "You'll want to wash and change," Hemenway told him. "Your luggage will be here in a minute or so. You'll find it cool after the coast. Better put on warmer clothes. When you're ready, you'll find us out front. We'll have lunch and then we'll talk it over."

VI

ABOUT four o'clock that afternoon Lord Marshmont and Hillis drove up in rickshaws. They found Maclyn sitting alone on the veranda, and promptly haled him to the bar for a drink. The young Englishmen were full of interest and excitement, which they showed as much as their sense of eternal fitness permitted. This would not have seemed very much to one who did not know the breed.

Everything was ready. They had been going over things with Barton. Wonderful system. Marvelous fellow, Barton. Their native *safaris*, with the tents and provisions and all but the personal equipment, had gone forward, it seems, ten days ago in charge of the headmen and gun bearers. They should by now already have established camp in the game country. Marshmont and Hillis, with their personal effects and their tent boys, would overtake them by means of light trucks.

"There are no roads after a few miles out," explained Marshmont, "and we shall bivouac for two nights. Rather a lark. My hunter says it's a good season: the rains came early and we ought to have top-hole sport. He's a fine chap, one of the best."

"When are you off?" asked Maclyn, a shade of envy in his voice.

"Tomorrow. It's wonderful. I thought we'd be here a week at least."

Hillis had much the same report to make. "And you, old chap?" inquired the latter.

"Heaven above only knows!" cried Maclyn, his impatience bursting forth. "It seems Doctor Hemenway got our letters late. Nothing is ready—not a thing. And apparently it's going to take forever, as near as I can make out. They've got to send stuff in eight days by ox wagon to somewhere or other, and then we follow by motor car and squat there while they collect men from somewhere or other, way south of that. And as near as I can make out from what they say, there's nothing to shoot until we get down where we're going either. Oh, it's nobody's fault, of course—just bad luck."

"Well, cheerio," observed Hillis. "You've got all the time in the world, and we haven't, you know."

"That's true. But it's tough when you want to get going."

"Well, cheerio," repeated Hillis. "Let's have another."

(Continued on Page 47)

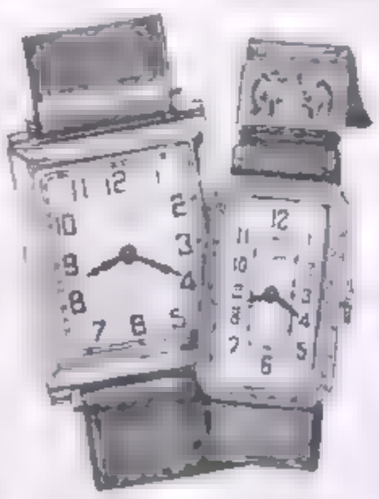
What may the engaged man give to his fiancée ?

THE WHAT, WHEN AND HOW OF REMEMBRANCES . . . DON'T GUESS — *ASK YOUR JEWELER*

An engagement ring, of course! But what else, during the engagement period may an engaged man give to his fiancée—with propriety and good taste?

This is one of the many puzzling problems in the delicate and intricate art of proper gift-giving.

Certain kinds of gifts, including all forms of jewelry, the engaged man may bestow upon his bride-to-be as freely as his means and wishes sanction. Other types of gifts, such as wearing apparel or furniture, he cannot give at all, without breaching the canons of approved social practice and good form.



A GIFT *that says* "LOVE *for* LIFE"

But there are other equally perplexing questions in the etiquette of gift-giving. What, for example, should a bridegroom give to his best man and ushers before the wedding ceremony? And the bride to her bridesmaids? What are the proper anniversary and seasonal gifts to friends and relatives?

When you have a delicate gift problem to solve—don't guess—go to an expert for authoritative counsel. See your jeweler. He is past-master in the science of gift selection. His consultations are free.

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(Continued from Page 45)

They had another, during the consumption of which Jordan entered the bar. He was at once joyfully summoned. For twenty minutes he patiently and good-naturedly answered numberless questions.

Then at the end of that time he abruptly turned to Maclyn. "Pardon me, but you're Doctor Hemenway's friend, aren't you?" Maclyn acknowledged the fact. "Do you know where he is sending you?"

Maclyn did not, except that it was toward the south somewhere. And he repeated the information he had gathered as to the ox teams, and so forth. Jordan stared at him.

"Why?" asked Maclyn at length. "Isn't it a good country?"

Jordan aroused himself with a sigh. "Mr. Keough," said he, "you don't know it, but you are a very lucky man. You're going where I—or any of the rest of us—would give the best years of my life to go. It's Hemenway's country; and you and Breck will be the first white men, except Hemenway, to lay eyes on it. It's a new game field that is absolutely untouched, unshot. Think of it, in these days! As it used to be here—the lions standing for you in the open, heads unpicked over, the old days again! Lord!"

Maclyn was sitting up straighter. "Then you think ——"

"Why couldn't it have been me instead of Breck?" mourned Jordan. "I beg your pardon, Lord Marshmont; I didn't mean, of course ——"

"Quite all right," assured his client.

"But for years, you must understand, this has been Hemenway's secret. We've heard about it from him a little, and from his man Mavrouki a little more. And we've seen the stuff he brought in. And we've known that some day he'd be leaving and would give it away to somebody. And I suppose each of us has hoped he might be the lucky man. And now it's old Breck! And he'll never give it away, the confounded old Scotchman! Oh, well!" He shook his head ruminatively, in his emotion as near as may be stepping out, before a client, from his proper rôle. He stared appraisingly across the table at Maclyn with a sudden new interest and grinned. "But it won't be all skittles and beer, unless I'm much mistaken. You won't have any sparklets bottles or four-men tents with old Breck, you know. It'll be thirty men and live native with old Breck, unless I miss my guess, while we'll be rolling in luxury. Think you'll like it, young man?"

"Would you?" countered Maclyn directly.

"I'd crawl on my hands and knees!" cried Jordan. "I'd sleep on grass and eat mealies for the chance!" Then, noticing Lord Marshmont's expression, he caught himself back into his rôle. "But I'm an old-timer," he hastened to add, "and a fool. We shall have all the shooting we can do in the Guaso Nyiro. The natives report ——"

And he went back to work conscientiously and successfully to rebuild the structure his momentary frankness had so straightly imperiled. Lord Marshmont, who loved his ease, was soon lured back to complete satisfaction with his prospects, and entered eagerly into his own plans for a top-hole time shootin' beasts.

But in Maclyn's consciousness, faintly, a new thing stirred. This trip into the game fields of Africa, heretofore in his mind merely a glorified edition of the guide-escorted vacation into the moose forests of New Brunswick, an excursion to be taken and enjoyed as a side incident to his usual life, had expanded to fill a whole horizon. It had become life itself. This was no lark; it was adventure, mysterious, alluring, demanding, commanding. Something stirred in a dimness; something with wings that veiled its face. A strange thrill of excitement shook him almost as with portent.

He arose abruptly, muttering some excuse, and made his way to the stone veranda about the courtyard. It was just falling dusk. Down past its half inclosure a tiny fire gleamed, before which squatted two figures. Moved by some impulse he could not define, he approached it.

The two figures rose as he came near. He saw them to be Mavrouki and another whom he recognized as Breck's gun bearer. The latter, too, was an elderly man, by native standards. That is to say, he was not far from forty years of age. Here, however, his resemblance to Mavrouki ceased; for he was very black and very ugly, of a tall and powerful frame, and he possessed two eyes of a steady and piercing directness.

"*Jambo*," Maclyn greeted them with the first of his Swahili.

"*Hu jambo, bwana*," they replied.

He offered them cigarettes, and all three squatted again silently before the fire. Maclyn did not know why he thus joined them, nor did he seem to feel the need of communication with them. They also appeared to be perfectly at ease, smoking their cigarettes and staring at the flames. Darkness fell swiftly, like a cloud shadow over the world, and the heavens turned lucent, then blazed with stars. A chilly wind breathed from the papyrus below. Some huge species of nighthawk swooped with the peculiar roaring sound of wind in a wide-mouthed bottle. Insects and frogs shrilled in chorus. Nevertheless, silence descended and spread and took possession, gently, slowly, inexorably, as soft snowflakes fall. The earth was black.

One by one, first the farther, then the nearer, details melted, then disappeared. A great simplification was going on, until at last in all the world remained but three things—the crouching velvet black earth, the aloof blazing sky, the hush that had been prepared. And when all was ready and smoothed and stilled to anticipation, something mysterious and invisible seemed slowly to be flowing in, some subtle essence which the multitude of things and sounds had held away; flowing in quietly as a tide to take possession; something brooding and suspended and full of a strange uneasy portent. Its influence submerged, swept aside, the artificial influence of the man-made little town, the hotel so near at hand, the planted garden with its paths and flowers. Only remained the whispering papyrus, and the silhouette of the primeval forest over the way, and the black wide pool of earth, and the brooding presence. The tiny flickering flame with its three squatting figures, as the peak of a rock above the tideway, alone seemed to stand amid the waters.

Far across the night the silence gathered to a focal point, so distant that the ear could hardly catch the rumbling. It might have been a train on the Uganda Railway crossing a culvert. But Mavrouki raised his head to listen. "*Simba*," said he after a moment.

As if the sound had marked the terminus of an operation, the insidious inflow of the mysterious something ceased. It was as though the tide had quietly reached its flood and the inundating waters lay calm and possessing. Maclyn was more imaginative and given to fancies than most youths of his age; it seemed to him that in spirit he was out in a vast space with certain primal and powerful simplicities. He was no longer in the complicated, busy, buzzing little artificialities that make up towns and hotels and men's activities. This flick of flame in the darkness; the two still savage men, one with his wise wrinkled old face, the other stern and steadfast as the planted granite; the wide, open, endless veldt of night in which spoke *simba*, the lion—these were all the world. These and that vague great something whose mighty hand had so completely swept aside the trivialities of men's insulation from her. She hovered over them on muffled wings, her purposes—if she had any—inscrutable. Maclyn expressed none of this to himself, but his inner spirit felt it, and stirred either in curiosity or in answer to some challenge.

Mavrouki spoke two words to his companion. The latter quietly unwound from his head the brilliant silk turban and with it proceeded carefully to bind Mavrouki's eyes. Around and around, and around again he wound the soft folds, until Mavrouki's head resembled a cocoon. It was a wonder how he could breathe. There was no question that he was totally blinded. When this operation had been completed to M'bogo's satisfaction, he took something from Mavrouki's extended hand and cast it on the fire. The flames flared for an instant, then died to their usual flicker and a faint sweet odor was diffused. For perhaps half a minute ensued a deep silence. Then Mavrouki began to speak.

"It is the hollow mountain, the Mountain of God," said he; but as he spoke in Swahili, Maclyn could not understand.

"Yes," said M'bogo.

"We must go into it from the evening side—thus."

He picked up a stick and with it traced slowly a circle in the earth. It was nearly a perfect circle, and the ends closed exactly. Indeed, for a considerable distance down the arc the stick retraced the first line, following it with absolute accuracy. To Maclyn, watching the performance with great interest, this seemed extraordinary. He had an idea. In the capacious side pocket of his shooting coat, which he had promptly donned as soon as his baggage had arrived, although there could be no shooting for weeks, he produced a large sketchbook and pencil. With a look of inquiry toward M'bogo, who nodded, he placed them in Mavrouki's hands. Mavrouki dropped the stick, and with the pencil again drew his circle, this time on the first leaf of the sketchbook. Just above the extreme left edge of the circle he made a small wavery line.

"The path," he continued in his singsong Swahili. "It is dim and old, but there is a great white rock." He paused, holding the pencil upright over the paper. Suddenly he darted it forward, hovered for a moment, plunged straight down to draw a tiny circle near the upper left-hand circumference.

"A spring of water here," said Mavrouki. The pencil raced to a point a little to the right of the center and rapidly sketched a group of recognizable papyrus stems.

"And here a *tinga-tinga*."

At the circumference and above the swamp came a long spear point of trees. Then Mavrouki returned to draw the meandering course of a stream ending in the swamp. His pencil returned with absolute accuracy to touch the line of the circumference, and traced its way to stop with equal accuracy at the first of the papyri. Below the center of the circle and a little to one side Mavrouki drew an irregular ellipse.

"A lake," said he, "but *maji chumvi*—salt water."

Even to Maclyn, who was deprived of these explanations, the thing began to look like a map. But the marvel to him was that Mavrouki, blindfolded completely as he was, managed to keep his pencil so accurately oriented. Again and again he returned to add certain details to features already indicated. The pencil hovered for an instant, then plunged downward to rest on the exact spot. After touching the paper it never had to deviate a hairbreadth in order to join a line or touch an obvious starting point. Nor did it ever overrun. There were palm trees; another short stream ending abruptly; and numberless other things to which Maclyn had no clew. But M'bogo, listening attentively, caught the meaning of the dots and crosses as Mavrouki made them and commented upon them. A pan where water stood in the rains; an artesian gushing spring at one side; high walls all around, straight up like the sides of a house, unbroken in rampart like a *boma;* at one end of the rampart a high conical mountain like a Kikuyu hut, and on it forests. Mavrouki's pencil dropped limp in his hand and ceased to move.

"*Nyama*—game," he said; "game like the leaves of grass—zebra, *nyumbo*, giraffe, topi, *swarra*. Yes, and in the *tinga-tinga* are *kiboko*—the hippopotamus; and on the slopes impalla, and in the forests buffalo and elephant. Many! Many! Like the leaves of grass. Many! Many! All living as in a great *boma*, which are the cliff walls of the hills. They stare and stand. They are not afraid." He fell silent.

"And what else?" insisted M'bogo.

"All about—outside—a great thirst. A thirst dry as white salt. A thirst fierce as a lion. A very great and hungry thirst. Bones—white bones, a necklace for the thirst. I can see far, far from the hollow mountain, over the edge of the world, and always it is the country of My Lord the Thirst, and in it he has drunk away the blood of many creatures, leaving the white bones. Only in the hollow Mountain of God he may not enter. But he sits close about it, waiting lest some come out."

M'bogo's stern face was somber in the firelight. "And why see you this, oh, *fundi?*" he asked respectfully.

For some time Mavrouki said nothing. When next he spoke his voice was faint and a little uncertain. "There are people," said he; "not many—a few. People safe from the thirst. I see them."

"Many?" asked M'bogo.

"Few."

"Look closely. Can you tell them?"

"I see Mavrouki; I see this young *bwana;* I see *shenzis*."

"And *bwana* Kali Sana?"

Mavrouki paused for a long time. "*Bwana* Kali Sana I see not," said he at length.

He stretched forth his hand palm down and moved it backward and forward as though he were smoothing out the earth. M'bogo instantly stripped off the leaf of the notebook on which the map had been drawn, thus exposing a new surface.

This time the pencil moved without comment from Mavrouki. Slowly it became evident that he was sketching, crudely but recognizably, the façade of a columned building. Here again Maclyn's attention, which had wandered during the talk of which he understood nothing, focused on the marvelous certainty of the work. Mavrouki first indicated the main outlines, then returned to fill in the details. In doing so the point of the pencil caught the exact junction of lines; it drew parallels; it made the involuted scrolls of capitals which rested properly on the tops of columns completed some time before; it rested the architraves solidly on the exact top of the capitals. Then it leaped six inches to indicate a broad flight of seven steps, and the steps joined the pediments of two of the columns. Finally it drew in short connecting lines between parallels, again without overrunning by the fraction of an inch.

Next around the margin of the paper Mavrouki indicated roughly various isolated objects—a headdress something like a Phrygian cap; a vaselike thing with two handles; and some mathematical-looking figures whose identity was not so easy to establish

"That is a strange house," observed M'bogo thoughtfully when the pencil had at last come to rest. "I have never seen one like it, even among the houses of the *mazungo*. It is a chief's house without doubt."

"It is a house of the god," said Mavrouki.

"It is within the hollow mountain?"

"Where the point of the forest reaches toward the *tinga-tinga*, and the sacred water is, all the great trees have been cut away but five. They stand scattered, thus, as the points of a star. And in the center of the star is the house of the god. The setting sun falls upon its doorway, and the rising sun touches the smaller house beyond. It is there the young girls live who serve the god."

"There are people?"

"Many. They come from the house. They wear tall caps like these, and they carry these other things, and they walk slowly two by two."

"They are *shenzis?*"

"They are not *shenzis*."

(Continued on Page 48)

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(Continued from Page 47)

"We shall see them?"

"We shall not see them. They are of *zamani sana*—the long ago."

"But the house?"

"The five old trees stand with a young forest about them, and in the center of their star stands the house of the god. Thus will you know the house." His voice fell silent for a long time. "There are dead men," he concluded hesitatingly. "Now it is dark. *Bassi!*"

Quite deliberately he reached up to unwind the turban. He produced a cigarette from behind his ear and lighted it with a brand from the fire. M'bogo also smoked, saying nothing.

The spell was broken by the abrupt loud clanging of a triangle announcing the dinner hour. Maclyn arose, somewhat stiffly, from sitting on his heels. He was a little dazed, as though he had just awakened; and he blinked as though at a bright light. The notebook he thrust in his pocket and stumbled away toward the hotel.

"*Qua heri, bwana,*" said Mavrouki. "Goo'-by," he muttered. The two men by the fire looked after him.

VII

BUT as soon as Maclyn had stepped on to the veranda he was himself again. It was as though, having reëntered the insulation of things men had built, the challenging presence of the simplicities had withdrawn her hand. He found Breck and Hemenway already seated at their small table in the dining room.

"I've had the most extraordinary experience!" he told them eagerly as he sat down. While his soup was being brought, he told them of Mavrouki's strange performance, and ended by producing the two pages of his notebook.

"Of course I couldn't understand what he was saying," he said, "and I don't know what it's all about; but it was marvelous how he hit just the right spot with that pencil every time, with never a miss! You ought to have seen it."

"I have seen it," replied Hemenway, glancing indifferently at the documents in evidence. "And, as you say, it is quite a remarkable performance. It's one of his little stunts."

"But how ——"

"Well, it's hard to say. He doesn't do it by normal vision, I can swear to that, for I've blindfolded him myself on occasion. His sense of orientation is undoubtedly highly developed. Some people have it more than others, you know. On a big scale, it's called your bump of locality, you know. Well, this ability to find his way about on a piece of paper is something like that."

Breck was looking at the papers. "Looks like a map," he observed of the first. "Anywhere you know?"

Hemenway examined it and shook his head. "Probably nowhere anybody knows," he surmised. "Mavrouki's an excellent man, but he's a great faker when it comes to impressing the newcomer. Hullo, this is rather interesting, though. I wonder where he got the idea for these capitals. They're unlike anything I know. Very interesting. They are what one would imagine to have preceded the Greek conceptions, when columns were first being thought of as columns and not merely as posts. And these vessels—h'm—and the symbols. They are undoubtedly magical symbols; but no native ever knew any geometry. I wonder where he picked this up."

"Might ask him," suggested Breck.

Hemenway dispatched one of the hotel servants, who returned almost immediately with Mavrouki at his heels.

"What is this place?" demanded Hemenway.

"That, *bwana*, is the Mountain of God."

"H'm—and these?" asked the doctor, indicating one by one the various unexplained dots and crosses which Mavrouki had penciled as location marks, and receiving in each case brief, almost monosyllabic explanations.

"How do you know things are thus and so?" demanded Hemenway. "You do not know the Mountain of God; you have never been there."

"I have never been there, *bwana;* but I have seen."

"Yes; yes, I know," Hemenway interrupted impatiently. He stared at Mavrouki's countenance. The one bright monkey eye did not blink. "Where have you seen a house like this?" he interrogated further after a moment. "And what are these other things?"

"The house I have seen only in the hollow mountain, *bwana;* and I do not know what those things are. They were carried by the people of the house. I think they must have been medicine."

"Then this house and these people are in the hollow mountain?"

"Not now, *bwana.* All this was of the very long ago. They are as yesterday. The earth has closed over them."

Hemenway barked a short laugh. "All right," he said in English. "*Bassi!*"

"*Salaama, bwana,*" said Mavrouki with dignity, and departed.

"You see?" shrugged the doctor. "You can't get much out of him. He's a wily old witch doctor and emphatically does not intend to spoil his own show."

Maclyn's clear boyish laugh rang out. "I might see if somebody would only explain!" he cried.

Doctor Hemenway joined his laughter. "I forgot you do not understand the lingo," he apologized, and proceeded to outline the conversation that had just taken place. "The map is probably a masterly effort of the imagination," he concluded, "for to my certain knowledge Mavrouki has never been to this place; nor has any other native I have ever encountered, although I have taken pains to inquire for years. It's a long way distant, and in a very dry country. Probably it is dry itself—most of these craters are apt to be. All this talk of water and game and forests and the rest are in all likelihood pure efforts of the native imagination; sort of happy hunting ground, as you might say. It's far enough away to be sacred."

"Is there any such place at all?" asked Breck abruptly.

"There's a mountain with that name, and it's obviously a wide crater. At least I had it pointed out to me, and named, once when I had pushed away to the south trying to trace the wildebeest migrations. It looked to be a hundred miles or more away from where I was, almost down over the horizon. And I'd made a long dash out into the thirst, at that. Oh, it's the typical thing as far as the map and all that sort of thing is concerned—so inaccessible that anyone can be as mysterious and impressive as he wants, and no one can check him up on it. Good example of subconscious memory, at least."

"These *pukkha* witch doctors are queer ones at times," said Breck. "They do things no mortal man can understand."

Hemenway looked at him in astonishment. "Surely, Breck, you don't ——"

"I don't think anything, one way or another," the other interrupted him doggedly; "but I've been in the jungles a good many years, and I've seen some queer things in my time. So have you," he suddenly challenged the scientist.

"Certainly," the latter readily admitted. "I'll allow they're clever, almost diabolically so at times. They occasionally get some quite impressive and wonderful effects, which one finds difficulty in explaining.

"But you must remember that they are done in chosen circumstances and that the observer has no opportunity of imposing any scientific controls whatever. So far from being excluded, illusion and fraud and, of course, acquired technic handed down through many generations are afforded the widest opportunities."

"Admitted," agreed Breck. "But how about some of the other things?"

"What other things?"

"Well, the transmission of news across wide stretches of barren country, for instance. How do you account for that?"

"I'd have to authenticate it first."

"It has been authenticated, if human testimony is any good. I have repeatedly authenticated it myself."

"Under proper scientific controls ——" began Hemenway.

"Proper scientific fiddlesticks!" again Breck interrupted. "I tell you, man, I've seen it work, as has every other old Africander who has knocked about much. And he's seen it work where the stock explanations won't do—drum signals, or fire signals, or smoke signals, or any of the rest of them. So have you seen it; you've been here long enough, and far enough out in the blue."

"I've never been quite able to satisfy myself."

"Of course you haven't. Isn't that what I'm saying?" And Breck retired behind his pipe.

Hemenway laughed. "I forgot for the moment that you are Scotch, Kali Sana," he said good-humoredly. "But nevertheless I would not advise you to put too much reliance on Mavrouki's hocus-pocus."

"I may be Scotch, but I'm no fool," grunted the elephant hunter.

Nevertheless, as the trio arose from the table, he carefully folded the two papers and tucked them away in the leather wallet he wore at his belt.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

1918

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However, drinking reflectively, Mary decided that, after all, it was an appropriate arrangement. Catherine would make a very good wife, so good that it wouldn't matter if Plevorie were a good husband or not. The bridge ended, and a tall young girl, with her dress slipping off one shoulder, came up to stand before the fire.

"I'm dead," she announced, "and broke and freezing. I know it sounds quaint, but I'm going to bed. And I'm not going to get up until May—I'm sick of war and winter and whisky. Mary, you look so virtuous and neat."

"I'm both naturally," Mary answered. "I like everything you say and I'm going to do it. After while." She smiled at Plevorie. "It must be pretty dull for you here—I mean aside from Catherine—after so much." On the contrary, he replied, and even excepting Catherine, it was heaven. "I hate to think of going back to Washington and to ——" He waved a doubtful hand. "Do you know," he went on confidentially, "I am trying to get Catherine to marry me before I go. Take her with me. What do you think?"

"If it would be me," Mary told him, "I'd marry you now—tonight. But, you see, it isn't, and so how can I answer?"

"I don't really mind," Catherine said. "I am just wondering if it would be wise. The best thing for Fales. Wouldn't he worry and complicate his affairs? It might even prejudice them at the War Office. So many people are doing it like that; it seems rather cheap."

"Cheap? What nonsense!" Mary spoke vigorously. "If you love him you want to be with him. What does the War Office matter? What does it matter what other people do?" Catherine, it was evident, couldn't make up her mind. But she said that it had nothing to do with love. Mary knew that. "It's you," she continued. "You've got a practical mind. You'd never do anything really absurd."

Plevorie asked, "Would you?"

Mary Dennis gazed at him deliberately before she spoke. Then: "Oh, yes. In an instant. If I wouldn't I'd rather be dead."

"Yes, I can see that," he agreed with her.

"You forget how different we've had to be," Catherine explained. "I never had any money, even when father was alive. We had to plan everything. I suppose, in a way, that makes you material. And then think of Mary—I mean what she had. It makes me dizzy to try to. She can afford to be absurd—what she likes."

A man came up. "Where is Mildred?" He was told that she had gone to bed.

Mary Dennis told him to go somewhere else. "This conversation wouldn't do for you. It would hurt your head."

Catherine went on: "When Mary wants a thing, that's all that occurs to her—she wants it. But when I want anything I've had to ask myself if I can afford it; if I'll be getting the very best for what I spend. If I want an apple, for example, I can't have a peach. Mary can have the whole basket of fruit, and then not eat any of it. That's the point."

"Then, don't you see," Plevorie explained to her, "perhaps you get more out of an apple than Mary Dennis does from the whole basket."

Mary regarded him coldly. "What makes you think that?" she demanded. He asked if people didn't usually think that. "I don't care what they do usually," she asserted. "Usually is exactly what I want to avoid. Catherine, of course, is more admirable than I'll ever be, but she doesn't enjoy a peach any more. Probably she'd think she oughtn't to have bought it." Her voice had grown acutely disagreeable.

"You're positive enough, at any rate," Plevorie observed; "and in one so young."

"You are probably saying that I'm fresh," she retorted. "Well, you have Catherine and not me. Everything's splendid." She rose and went across the room to the bridge table. Minnie Carter and Mr. James Roberts were playing double Canfield. Mr. Roberts was losing. "I should suppose, Minnie," Mary said, "that now and then you'd be ashamed of yourself. Don't you do anything at all for pleasure?"

Minnie replied shortly, "Never." She ran her pack out.

Roberts got up. "You're a nuisance," he decided. "You must have had six hundred dollars or more out of us at bridge, and then you had to suggest Canfield." She knew some other games, she said.

Roberts was sure Minnie did. "And more than one of them with dice—two dice." He made himself a whisky soda at a side table. "Mary, you play something with her and double until she's broke."

"It's too stupid," Mary replied. "After all, it's just money. Money itself. Minnie, you ought to be in something in France, to lead the gambling." Suddenly she was tired of the sound of her own voice, of the meaning of her words. She had no interest in the people she talked to. Mary Dennis didn't really care if she explained herself to them, or interpreted them to herself, or not. It was Plevorie who had been fresh. But then he was newly engaged, in love; an idiotic state. Catherine would be a splendid wife. "I wouldn't," she added silently. She didn't want to be—a woman with definite children in a definite house; caught. It seemed too dreadful. Told what to do by some ridiculous man. She went abruptly up to her room, swimming, aching with weariness, but wide awake.

Fales Plevorie, on the contrary, decided that he was entirely, painfully sober. His general condition was very much like the

(Continued on Page 51)

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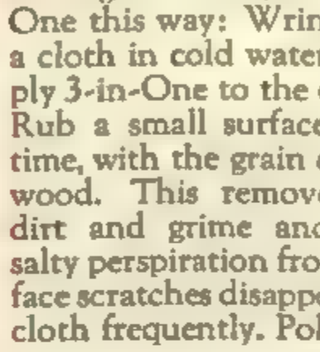

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(Continued from Page 49)

particular state of his engagement—serious and contented, but of course not at all painful. Catherine was a darling. He was in his room, undressing with a difficulty which he now and then cursed—his right arm was dark and drawn and seared white by the perforations of machine-gun bullets; there were twisted white scars along his ribs. Catherine was—well, she was as different as possible from Mary Dennis. Plevorie was certain that he didn't like Mary—she was too tense and erratic. Where she was concerned he never knew what to expect. A great deal of this, he supposed, was because of the immense amount of money she commanded. He knew people equally rich—richer—in England and on the Continent, but somehow it was different with them. Their money wasn't apparent. Except that their living was a little more elaborate, they were very much like the rest of their world. He didn't mean that Mary Dennis talked about what she had; she was as different from that as possible. It was only that in America, with her, money had far more potentialities than in Europe. It seemed to be more alive, more powerful and more amusing. Mary Dennis wore it like a reckless gold halo tipped over one ear.

No, he didn't like her; he was doubtful about the United States. One quality here that made him frightfully jumpy was the almost universal American attitude that now they had entered the war it would stop. The war would be won at once. America could be—he didn't seriously question this—the deciding factor; but a deciding factor wasn't the whole affair. For a long time the English and French had been busy fighting. They really had. But a great many Americans condescendingly overlooked that. It appeared to be unimportant to them.

But then no country was normal, itself, during a war, even if the actuality lay across an ocean. The house where he was staying, for example, bore no resemblance to a normal place. It was more like an extravagant madhouse for the children of millionaires. Catherine, in spite of the family connection, was as odd as possible here. However, she had been as odd in Washington, just as different. That, at first, was what had attracted him—she had been so reasonable, so serene, in the midst of utter confusion. Fales Plevorie had told himself that, of everyone he had met in America, he understood her best. Catherine was like the English; she was like an English flower—the may.

He was happy and relieved with her—she rested him from intolerable pressures and memories and actual pain—and the progress to their engagement had been easy and natural.

He thanked God that he hadn't had money to consider; compared with Mary Dennis he had nothing, but he could at least afford to marry whom he chose. He was rather glad that Catherine had been poor, since it had taught her values and patience and a nice sort of wisdom. She would do very well with him and, after the first natural disappointment, his family would be fond of her. He was in bed, but far from asleep, caught by the fact that he couldn't lie on his right arm or sleep on his left. He tried his back, but with no success. Memories of battles came to him sharp like flashes of light across his eyes. In a short restless slumber he dreamed of a world of uneasy mud—mud stirred by sinking and convulsive bodies. Different from most dreams, it was brilliantly lighted by a white glare ——

It was, he saw, morning, and he found his watch. Plevorie wanted to smoke; he couldn't force himself to stay in bed longer; and it was bitterly cold—the fireplace was black and empty—in his room. With a sweater pulled over his pajamas, and wool bedroom slippers, he went downstairs in search of an open fire and, perhaps, a pot of coffee. He found the fire, the coffee, and Mary Dennis. She was dressed for hunting; her heavy lined derby was beside the breakfast tray. She had a cup in one hand and a cigarette in the other.

"I'm going to take the Lima pack out," she explained. "It needs running terribly, and sometimes Michels and I and a whip pretend to hunt it." That, Plevorie realized bitterly, was all over for him. He said nothing about it. A maid appeared and began the morning cleaning; she collected the cards scattered the night before and dropped them in a waste-paper basket; she folded and put away the bridge tables, gathered up highball glasses and decanters.

Mary said, "I can't make up my mind if this is an all-night saloon or a hotel. People I've hardly ever seen before come in and order dinners and things and stay a week. Minnie must be picking up a thousand dollars a day."

"Why don't you clean them all out?" he suggested.

"Then it would be worse still. It would be terrible empty. Catherine and you are the only possible people I've found. And I suppose you'll be getting married or going back to Washington or something objectionable." He replied that he was obliged to leave on the following Sunday. "But that is the day after tomorrow!" Mary Dennis exclaimed. "You can't do that. It would be too inconsiderate." He found, suddenly, that he would be sorry to leave Long Meadow, an ideal place to be with Catherine. However, that wasn't exactly, not wholly, his reason for enjoying it. Somehow Mary Dennis entered into his feeling. Plevorie decided it was because she was so unexpected, so willing to undertake the absurd. She had courage with no end and, though she couldn't touch Catherine, she had good looks of her own—straight and hard and remarkable gray eyes. Her mouth was too bright with paint, specially for eight in the morning, but in her he didn't exactly dislike it.

"I know what you're thinking about," she told him, "and I'm not going to explain that I do it to keep my lips from getting chapped. I do it to make them red. There is a white thing comes that would be much better really. I like 'em bright and threatening. If you kissed me I'm sure you'd like it too."

"I'm sure I'd hate it," he replied vigorously. "The paint would be horrid. But then I'm not going to; neither of us will be annoyed."

"Oh," she said, staring at him, "you're not. Don't you think that's a silly thing to say? It sounds so superior."

It had been a mistake, he admitted to himself, but he couldn't retreat now. He was under fire. "If we did, it would mean nothing," Plevorie explained.

He could see that she wasn't listening to him. What a direct and unpleasant gaze she had!

"You might find that it meant a great deal," Mary Dennis said at last. "You are pretty certain, aren't you? Pretty British. Except for your clothes. They could be Armenian or Turkey. What luck do you suppose you'd have if I wanted to kiss you? If I made up my mind to make you?"

He could only repeat, naturally, that that was not going to happen. "I don't care to," he was driven to explain. "I don't like you that way." A deep conviction settled in him that he should have said none of this. It was a mistake. But he was acutely annoyed and couldn't prevent it. A ridiculous scene. He was glad to see that her mood had changed. It grew light.

"I'm surprised you'd let a little thing like a—a lipstick upset you so frightfully. And I really am going now; you won't have to ring for the night watchman."

A tall, bony young man at the piano had taken the place of the phonograph, but the bridge table was as it had been the night before. Catherine and Fales Plevorie were on the divan in front of the fireplace. Catherine thought that Fales looked bad, grayer than usual. A bitter hatred of the war swept through her—Fales was only thirty-three, but just then, from his face, his attitude, he might have been sixty.

"You really oughtn't to go back tomorrow," she told him. "I don't think you are able. In its own way Washington, for you, is as bad as the Front." He replied absently that he was all right. He supported this by a deep drink. "And I wish you wouldn't drink so much Scotch," she added. "What a horrible time it is. Everything is wrong except our love for each other; and, do you know, Fales, I get afraid for that. I don't see how it can keep so perfect with what's around it."

Plevorie took her hand and said she must not worry. "The war can't keep on very much longer, and then we'll forget all about it. I want to get back to England—to the old England; the country. Not to do anything but just tramp about. Not even golf. Peace. Security. You're right about it now—it's all wrong, in a secret and dangerous way. Like Mary Dennis."

"Why did you say her?" Catherine asked. "You're being very unjust. She's nervous, but she'll get over that. Mary has been tremendously kind to me, to us. Fales, I thought you liked her."

"I don't," he replied viciously. "I dislike her very much. She's everything I disapprove of. And I doubt if she'll ever get over it. Something—you can call it the war if you like, or money—has spoiled her. She has too much power. I dare say you think all this is a little solemn, but I can't help it. We are different in England; but then, so are you."

Catherine tightened her grip on his fingers. "I know what you mean, and it does worry me, for I'm very fond of Mary. A girl knows things about other girls that men miss. Mary is splendid. She isn't mean and there's not a thing she's afraid of."

That was quite true, Catherine reflected; she wasn't praising Mary Dennis for its effect on Fales. The truth was that she had been very much surprised at him; she had thought Fales and Mary were getting along very well. Mary, as a matter of fact, didn't enter much into her thoughts. Their lives were so far apart. After she had left Long Meadow—after, perhaps, her wedding—she might never see Mary Dennis again, since she and Fales were going to live very quietly in the English country. Mary, she saw, had come into the room; she had on a bright red chiffon dress and wore a great many flexible jeweled bracelets. There, too, Catherine decided, she was wrong: jewels were out of place at present. She had on emerald and diamond bracelets, her pearls, and her lips were even more painted, more scarlet, than usual; her face was literally invaded by her eyes.

She cut in on the bridge; her cigarette cast up a thin, blue line of smoke by her elbow; she had a highball in an inordinately big glass.

"Mary hasn't played bridge for days," Catherine said to Fales; "and she doesn't like anyone there. I wonder why she did." Plevorie had no idea; none in the world. How could he? But he did add that he didn't care. Except that she was better at the card table than between them. As he spoke he threw away a cigarette he had just lighted and rubbed his mouth sharply with a fist. Catherine had never known him to be in such a bad humor. She leaned closer. "Fales, would you like it if we went in the room across the hall? It's empty and there is a fire. I noticed."

"Rather conspicuous, don't you think?" he surprisingly answered. His voice grew sharper. "I hate that room, it's so close and gloomy. I can't think where such hideous furniture came from. It's like an undertaker's chapel."

She was deeply distressed. "Fales, Fales, dear, I never heard you talk like that, and only about a room. It's really rather attractive. If you're tired, why don't you go to bed? The piano is driving me crazy too. Howard," she called, "get up and shut that lid! I can't stand another note. And if I could, Fales would be cutting my throat."

Mary put in, "Don't disturb my favorite piano player."

Minnie added, "You're absolutely right, Catherine. I don't know if a spade is red or black. I'm sure Francis Roberts hired Howard to ruin me."

"I would if he could," Roberts told her. "I've just bid four spades to seven from the king and a naked ace, and she doubled and ditched me three. Didn't Mary say something last night about sending her to the war?"

"Catherine," Fales Plevorie said in a low voice, "come away and marry me. Now. Get what you absolutely need and we'll be off in an hour. Mary won't mind about a car. We can send it back. I'm absolutely serious. I will admit to you that—that this is on my nerves. It has me frightened. If I get away with you I'll be all right."

"I won't hear of it," she told him. "I wouldn't let you. It would be a fatal mistake. Fales, I don't love you that way. It isn't hysteria. I want you for always, and so we must wait. I told you I'd be married at the embassy when it could be decently arranged. I told you that again yesterday. Your family won't like it too much as it is, and if I ran off with you they'd simply know I was a dreadful person. For heaven's sake, Fales, don't rub at your mouth so violently. You won't have any left." He began to tell her that it wouldn't matter to his family how they were married. As soon as they met her they would understand everything. Mary, she saw, had left the bridge table; she was sitting on the long stool with Howard Cummings by the piano. How thin and yet how round she was, and how strong! Catherine liked her figure much better than her own. It was apparently so flat. The figures she had once admired now filled her with distaste.

"If skirts get any shorter ——" She broke off, and Fales didn't look up to see what had caused her comment. His head was down between his shoulders, his heels as far away on the rug as possible. His right arm showed thin and twisted through its sleeve. A wave of angry tenderness filled her; Fales could be so difficult and Mary Dennis so annoying. She was glad now that he was going; Long Meadow wasn't really good for him. Fales was leaving tomorrow night and herself on Monday. The piano had at last fallen silent; Mary and Howard were talking. Cummings, she remembered, who was very successful as a composer of modern dance music, had been helped by Mary. She had brought him before the right and most difficult people and probably lent him money. Catherine changed the "lent" to "given." The fire was now throwing out an enormous energy of heat, and she noticed that Fales' brow was wet.

"Fales," she said, "let me have your handkerchief." He gave it to her without comment, and she almost cried out at the vivid smears of red on it. Then she realized it wasn't blood; it was thick and pasty and perfumed. Lipstick. Instinctively she folded the scarlet stains into the middle of

the handkerchief and sat with blank eyes. Mary laughed across the room, a metallic and defiant sound. Her hands, Catherine realized, were trembling violently; she made a determined effort to control them; then, leaning forward, she wiped off Fales Plevorie's wet brow.

"Wait." Mary Dennis said. She was alone with Plevorie, and she took all the paint from her lips. "Now." He kissed her so violently, so long, that she was lifted off her feet, held in air. When he put her down she wavered dizzily. "You're not very happy about it," she said uncertainly.

He stared at her in an angry amazement. "Happy," Plevorie echoed her bitterly. "How can you use such a word? Now. With us." The fire in the hearth had sunk, the logs were no more than a formless red glow. He sat on the edge of the divan where Catherine had been earlier in the evening. In reality he had gone up to his room when she had left; but, leaving, he had glanced at Mary Dennis and come back. It must be after three. She was standing close to him and he tore a piece of red chiffon from her skirt. "I thought it would burn me," he said. "It ought to burn into my fingers."

"You are so poetic," she complained. "I mean you're always saying things that sound impressive, but I can't tell what they're about. You know, I don't like poetry. It's misleading and I'm afraid of it."

He replied disagreeably that she had surprised him. "What about your reputation for being afraid of nothing?"

She studied him seriously. "Oh, but there are a lot of things that frighten me to death. A lie is one of them. That's why I'm unhappy about this and why it can't go on."

He told her that it wouldn't. "I'm leaving tomorrow."

She said, "Are you? I should have thought you had learned something about being positive. Why are you going like that if you're not afraid?"

"I am," he admitted. "I thought I was afraid in France, but it was nothing compared with this, with you—nothing. Mary, what has happened to us?"

She couldn't tell him. "I've read books that were supposed to explain it. I can understand the impulse to have babies. That's easy. What I can't see is why it must be so personal. I mean in an instant it was you or no one. I don't mean no one ever, but no one else would ever be so right for me."

Plevorie sat looking at the piece of red chiffon carefully spread on his knee. "I am engaged to Catherine," he said stubbornly. "I am going to marry her. Anything else would be dishonorable."

Mary Dennis wasn't upset by this; she continued to look at him with wide, considering eyes. "Honor is supposed to be a very important word," she proceeded. "But, do you know, I wonder if it is, in that way. I mean you're engaged to Catherine, up to that time she is more attractive than any other girl you know, she seems absolutely necessary to you; and then you see Mary, and she is more attractive, she really is necessary. Well, what is the thing to do?"

"Marry Catherine," Fales Plevorie said; "and in a year, with luck, you'll forget all about Mary. You'll hardly remember her."

"I wonder? But think of how frightful most marriages are; I mean the marriages of the people we know. There isn't anything in them; they are like flat soda water. Why, a marriage ought to sparkle, it ought to fizz. The soda ought to have a tremendous shot of Scotch in it. But it's all tepid. Your marriage with Catherine would be tepid, flat. And if you forgot Mary it would be because you couldn't remember anything any more. Because something in you—the fizz—was dead."

"I hope it dies soon," Plevorie asserted.

"It will," she assured him, "if you keep on being poetic instead of real. Do you love me?"

"I love Catherine," he replied.

"That's a lie and we both know it," Mary Dennis said. "And after all you're a coward."

He rose and confronted her. "I love you as much as it is possible for one person to love another, and I am going to marry Catherine."

She was making up her lips. "Then, in addition to being a coward, you are a criminal."

Plevorie sighed wearily. "Perhaps," he said. "It's not very important any more what I am."

"Don't be messy," she begged him. "I hate sentimentality. And of course you are not thinking of me at all."

He agreed. "I am afraid I'm only thinking of Catherine."

She said that then she would have to think of herself. "And I don't want to marry anyone else after this. I don't want to, do you hear? I would, but it will be hell."

He answered that it was hell all around. "The whole thing is that I have an obligation greater than myself. When I said it wasn't very important about me, that is what I meant. The obligation comes first. There wouldn't be any me if it didn't. I might as well have run in France. It would be exactly like that. If I married you, Catherine would be there, in my head——"

"And if you marry Catherine I'll be there," she interrupted him. Her hands were on his shoulders, her cheek against his. "Don't dare say I won't." An arm went around her and held her rigidly. "Fales, what are you going to do?" He didn't answer. "Fales——" She pushed him away. "I detest life; it's all so muddy. There isn't anything that is clear and simple that hasn't been spoiled. The honorable thing to do! The honorable thing to do!" She was mocking the word and him. "Nobody even considers the right thing. It's all been made false and pretentious and poetic. Poetic instead of real. Everyone is afraid of hurting someone else. You're afraid of the truth. You're afraid of what people might say. And most of all you are afraid of yourself. Fales, can't you be superior?"

"It seems not," he replied simply.

And then he used the word "duty." It drove her into a fury of resentment. "What duty? Who to?" she demanded. "That's another thing that makes me sick. If you have a duty, it's to be honest; it's to be hard. I'd have thought the war would show you that."

He told her that the war had showed him nothing. "Nothing," he repeated. "It was just everything exaggerated, out of proportion, like a dream. This is a thousand times worse. You'd better go to bed; you're a wreck."

Mary Dennis replied indignantly, "You are the wreck. And I'll go to bed when I'm ready. Or never, if I like." That, Plevorie pointed out, was silly. "Then you carry me." He smiled at her and shook his head. "Come here, Fales"; she was seated on the divan and, holding his hand, she brought him down beside her. Then she collapsed, with her head, her bare arms, on his knees. There was no sound in the room except the faint disintegration of the wood on the hearth. A vague flicker of light fell across the rug. When she left him this time, he thought, she would be gone forever.

A frightful cold pain invaded his arm; it was like the switching on and off of an electric current. It would be with him for the rest of his life. He bit his lip and his fingers interlaced tensely. Plevorie found that he had an amazing admiration for Mary Dennis. It seemed to him that she owned a spirit of bright steel, and a body so seductive that merely to see her gave him a shock of delight. She lay relaxed on his knees. The beat of her heart. Mary moved slowly, as though she were awaking from sleep. She smiled at him, and rose.

"It's cold now," she said. "Perhaps we had better go up." She shivered. Plevorie stood. "Good night, Mary; and good-by." She made no response; it was clear that she was untouched by the feeling, the meaning of his phrase. Almost at once she walked quickly out of the room.

Catherine woke up suddenly, with a sense of oppression. A voice—it was Mary Dennis—said, "It's me. I'm sorry, but I had to disturb you." That headlong attitude was remarkably, incurably like Mary. Knowing her still more exactly, she realized that Mary had come into her room to explain about kissing Fales. Honesty, of course, was a splendid virtue, but just at present Catherine felt that it was a nuisance. Useless. Personally, she had decided to say nothing to Fales about the vivid stains on his handkerchief. She had persuaded herself that it was not important. There was no reason why Mary and Fales—she had realized it was Mary—shouldn't kiss each other; and repeating that, she had made her successful effort to fall asleep. When now here was Mary Dennis in her room with a lot of awkward things to say.

Catherine switched on the light by her bed and half sat up. "Why, Mary," she exclaimed; "I believe I can see some light in the windows. It must be nearly morning. Aren't you dead?"

Mary said that, more or less, she was. She stood at the bottom of the bed, with her hands resting on the footboard. Her eyes were covered with shadows, but her lips were bright and hard. "Catherine," she said, "I have to tell you—I love Fales." The oppression weighing on Catherine increased. Suddenly she was wholly awake. "What a strange thing to tell me now; I mean it's very nice for Fales, but after all——"

"I love Fales," Mary Dennis repeated.

The oppression in Catherine sharpened to a sense of danger. "Oh," she said abruptly, "I see. I didn't understand at first. Then it isn't nice for anyone. It's so meaningless, isn't it?"

"I don't want it to be meaningless," Mary continued. "That's why I came at once to you. I wanted to see what could be done about it."

Catherine asked, "Have you discussed it with Fales?"

Mary spoke impatiently, "Of course, but that couldn't get us much, could it?"

"What did he say?" Catherine persisted.

"Why, that he was going to marry you. Naturally, he couldn't say anything else then. But it doesn't matter. Fales has very little to do with this. It depends on us; what we decide. I mean we'll really decide who he is going to marry, between us."

"You seem to forget that has been decided," Catherine reminded her. She was conscious that she was getting angry and that it was evident in her voice. "I'm going to marry Fales."

Mary said "Perhaps."

What did she mean? Catherine demanded. "You sound a little crazy, as usual."

Again Mary Dennis said, "Perhaps. I haven't explained it right. I love Fales and he loves me. We exactly suit each other, but he thinks his honor makes it necessary for him to keep his word with you. That's all wrong, naturally; it's simply a rather weak sense of poetry; but I can't change him, and so I want you to."

Catherine Langdon began to laugh, but the sound failed suddenly. "You want me to make him," she repeated; "to make Fales leave me and marry you. My dear Mary! Really." Her anger grew uncontrollable. "I wish you would go out of my room. I think you must be drunk. And you forget how well I know you; how well everyone knows you. You want everything that's not yours. You want it until you get it and then you're done. You're really unprincipled and bad and dangerous. You don't love Fales. You couldn't love anyone, but you couldn't let him or me alone. You saw that we were happy, and that annoyed you; just because you're Mary Dennis you thought you could spoil it. But you can't."

"I hoped you would let Fales go," Mary said.

"Well, I won't. You'd ruin him. In a year with you he'd kill himself. He was dreadfully injured in the war; it made him very old, and he wants to be quiet. Fales wants to go back to England and just stay out in the country, in a little place. And I'm willing to do it; I'm more than willing—with him. But you wouldn't be contented; in a week you'd take him to somewhere else—to Biarritz or Africa. You'd drive him mad and then leave him."

"That hasn't a thing in the world to do with it," Mary Dennis insisted. "We might be killed coming from the church. It's too frightfully bad, but we do love each other; only Fales has this sentimental idea about you. If we let him keep on with it we'll all be ruined. I don't mean right away, or so you'd notice it casually. But we would, inside.

"What you've said about me is all true. People don't like me, but there is a lot they don't see; that even you don't see. There has never been anything in my life that satisfied me; that seemed important enough to make the rest worth while. I think it's a silly show very badly put on. The wrong people in the best parts. There isn't anything for me to do," Mary Dennis cried. "I'm not domestic, and though I'd be glad to have Fales' children, I'm not very much interested in them. I can't help it, Catherine. It's not my fault. And whenever anybody has a chance they blame my money; but if they didn't think about it I wouldn't either. You haven't done so much, remember. Selling women's things in a little shop. I could have done better than that. I've got more energy than you."

"Will you please go out of my room?" Catherine repeated. "In the morning, if it's any news to you, I'm going to tell Fales I'll marry him at once. I'll have to do it for him."

"He won't like it now," Mary told her. "He'll agree, of course, and probably be very true to you; but you'll find that the country won't satisfy him. Fales will take you to Biarritz. I am damned sorry, Catherine."

"That is so like you." Catherine felt that in a moment more she would be screaming. "It was a terrible mistake being here with Fales. But I didn't think you'd get so low—with us. I had no idea you were so dishonest."

"It's as different from that as possible," Mary said. "I am more honest than you are; more honest than Fales. That's been my trouble. It always has. I might kill Fales, he might kill me; that isn't the point, as I've told you. We want to marry each other. What you want, really, is safety. You'll be terribly good to Fales all his life. But it isn't even goodness that is important, and safety will do when we're dead."

A sense of helplessness came over Catherine, of being trapped. She felt that she must break away, be free again with her love, or she would be lost. "Mary, do go to bed. In a year we'll all forget about this. We'll laugh at it. In a week you won't want Fales, but someone totally different. Try to realize that. Mary, be yourself."

Mary Dennis simply reiterated that she loved Fales and he loved her.

"You think I'm bad for him, but you aren't any better. You'll ruin him. You'll keep him old, because you like that, and he will get fat and lose all his edge. He'll just be something with a pipe and a terrier at his leg. Have a love affair in teacups with the vicar's wife. I may kill him, but he'll die running."

Mary spoiled everything, everyone she touched. She had spoiled her love, her life with Fales Plevorie. Catherine sank back into the bed, face down on the pillow. It was spoiled. Mary Dennis had killed it. Her confidence, her security, her happiness in Fales were gone—dead. Mary Dennis with her money and horrible painted mouth. Suddenly Catherine turned and put out the light. The room was totally dark except for a cold glimmer at the windows. The door closed softly. It was no use for the day to come.

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THEY DIDN'T SAY MUCH

(Continued from Page 15)

accomplished any great shakes in proving themselves the idols of the people, and the inevitable conclusion is that both of them did better than they deserved.

It was practically a dogfall so far as the Senate and the House were concerned. To be sure, the Republicans got two hard wallops in the Senate fights, but two hard wallops in a congressional election do not constitute that extermination we heard so much about in the first few days after election when the partisans were making their medicine for 1928, or beginning to. They lost Wadsworth in New York and they lost Butler in Massachusetts. Now the loss of Wadsworth was a considerable loss, but the loss of Butler was worse than that because there was a twofold loss with Butler—the Massachusetts seat that went to a Democrat and the loss of face by the Republican President of the United States. Mr. Coolidge, the titular head of the Republican Party, made a personal plea for Butler, which he refrained from doing for any other Republican running elsewhere in the country, and the voters of Massachusetts paid no attention to it and proceeded to elect Walsh. This, of course, has been explained on a wet-and-dry basis, but that doesn't particularly explain it. There it is. Massachusetts is a Republican state. A citizen of Massachusetts is President. That citizen called on his fellow citizens to give him aid, comfort and support by returning Butler to the Senate, called on them as Republicans and as supporters of his, and they turned him down. In reality that is the biggest Democratic thing that happened.

The effect it may have on the personal political fortunes of Mr. Coolidge will be discussed at another time. There is a point that does not seem to have seeped into the minds of the boys who rushed to the front on November third and gave their resonant views as to what had happened, why it happened and what must be done hereafter—must. They are all "musters," those fellows. They never use anything but the imperative. They "musted" all over the place as to policies, processes, compulsions, obligations and necessities. And the practical, political side of it—that it isn't at all necessary to do much of anything—never made a dent in them. That is, not necessary from a Republican viewpoint. Of course the Democrats were so excited over finally winning an office or two that they were mostly incoherent.

A Chance to Become Martyrs

Looking at it in the light of a party that has the Presidency and wants to retain it in the elections of 1928, it isn't so bad. Indeed, it is pretty good. As it came out, the Republicans have lost control of the Senate, or can be booted out of control any time the radicals in the Senate, nominally Republicans, feel like making a coalition with the Democrats. To all intents and purposes, the Republicans cannot depend on the Senate. But the Republicans control the House of Representatives. They have a clear working majority there. Thus we have a split Congress—anti-Republican, in a strict party sense, in the Senate, and pro-Republican in the House. Also, we have a presidential campaign coming on in 1928. The present Congress, which is Republican in both branches, will be operative until March fourth next, and the Congress elected last November will not go into session until December, 1927, unless it is called into extra session by the President before that time The odds are a thousand to one that that will not happen unless some great national emergency arises. You may trust President Coolidge to see to that.

Therefore, the Republicans can do what they think best, in a party sense, between now and March fourth, make as much medicine for 1928 as circumstances will permit, and then they can sit back with the perfect political alibi working for them. They will have the President until March fourth, 1929, anyhow. Nothing can deprive them of that. And they can propose all the nifty political measures, helpful measures, important measures, reforms, readjustments and reconditions they like to the new Congress, get the *kudos* for having the best interests of the people at heart, and go to those people in the presidential campaign with the strong claim that if it had not been for the Democratic and anti-Republican opposition in the Senate all these helpful things would have been enacted into law. They can be enormously virtuous and noble, and put the blame on the other fellows. They did what they could, but these darned Democrats stopped them.

The Republicans would have been lucky if they had lost both branches of Congress. Then, with a Republican President to propose all this popular stuff and a Democratic Congress to throw it all into the wastebasket, the situation would have been perfect. It is fair as it is. Politically speaking, the Republicans are not so badly off as they might have been had they retained the entire governmental responsibility. Not if they are smart enough to take advantage of the situation. There are evidences that one Republican at least is smart enough. His name is Calvin Coolidge.

Wild Wets and Defiant Drys

Observe that little maneuver of his, a few days after election, when he proposed an immediate reduction of the income tax. All through the campaign that ended in the November elections the Democrats made large boasts over what they intended to demand in the way of income-tax reduction. They stressed that point. They would make such a row over it that the Republicans would be obliged to come through and the Democrats would get the credit for forcing the issue. It was good stuff with the people. "Reduce taxes" is the greatest political slogan the world has ever known. And before the Democrats had the congressional theater ready for their show, before they could get the curtain up, Mr. Coolidge walked out and took the entire works away from them.

With a split Congress this sort of politics will be as simple as adding two and two. It will come right at the time when presidential politics is at its preconvention fever. It is politics that reeks with practicality. It is opportunist stuff of the most opportune sort. But needs must when the Democrats ride. And practical politics is the sort we play in situations such as this. The thing to remember, when considering the actions of Congress from now on, is this: Not one measure, plan, proposition, will be discussed, voted on, passed or defeated, not one step of any sort will be taken, save in the light of what its effect will be on the presidential campaign of 1928. That will be the paramount concern of Congress. Everything will be subordinated to retaining the Presidency by the Republicans and to regaining it by the Democrats.

Thus we come to prohibition, over which the hullabaloo of the past eight years was concentrated, to some degree, into vast excitements, clamors and explosions in various sections of the country, and whereby the wild wets and the defiant drys did more shadow boxing and ghost dancing than has been noted in any campaign in recent years. If there ever was as great a national nuisance as prohibition at any time or any place in the history of the world, historians have failed to record it. But there it is. There it indubitably is. And judging from what happened in November, there it is going to stay for quite a spell. Nothing that the people did at the polls brought wetness any nearer to us, or pushed dryness any further away.

There was one thing about it, though, that was unique, even in so vocal a country as ours. Never, since we grew our present enormous flock of *pro bono* publicists, has any electoral happening induced so colossal an output of interpretation, explanation, prediction, pronouncement and analysis as this wet and dry hocus-pocus induced. It was appalling. Every person, it seemed, who could construct an interpretative sentence waded out into the welter and broadcast his reactions, and the more fanatic he was the more frenetic were his communications. After the noise subsided and the communications had all been received and filed, it was observed by those who stood on the sidelines and watched the performances that, so far as prohibition as a legal and existing policy of this country is concerned, precisely nothing at all had happened. We were just where we were before the ruckus began.

The large and impressive fact that stood out like a lighthouse in a fog was that the Congress elected is practically as dry as the present Congress—politically, that is. As to the personal predilections of its members there are no details obtainable. However, so far as becoming wet again, or moist, even, goes, prohibition is a political question, and that is the congressional situation. We did a lot of shadow boxing and ghost dancing, took some straw votes, and never moved the main proposition an inch from its constitutional and legislative base. When the shouters had calmed down and counted up the new Congress they discovered that that institution, which will have control of all legislative doings after March fourth next, is practically as dry as the present Congress has been; which means it is so dry that it is hopeless from the wet point of view.

Foggy Spirit Messages

Grasping at their straw votes, the wets held that the referendums on various phases of prohibition in eight states were morally, politically and wetly significant and made it clear, they claimed, that there is a widespread demand for revision, rejection or renunciation of prohibition in this country—in short, modification of the Volstead Act, because even the most ardent wet cannot hope for action by thirty-six states to abrogate the Eighteenth Amendment. That is, he cannot hope for that if he hopes with any basis of reason. New York, Illinois, Wisconsin, Nevada and Montana lined up in their various manners with wet pluralities on the questions submitted, while California, Colorado and Missouri stayed dry so far as that expression went.

Omitting all discussion of the merits or demerits of any wet or dry proposition whatsoever, taking no sides, eliminating every phase of prohibition save its political phase; the bare bones of that incident are that these straw votes will have about as much effect on the action of the present or next Congress, or lack of action, as a lot of postal cards from Abyssinia. What these protagonists do not seem to understand is that the Congress, though national in its designation, is parochial in its determinations.

The average man in Congress votes on a proposition from the angle of his district if he is a representative, and from the angle of his state if he is a senator.

If a legislator's district is politically wet he will be wet, if his district is politically dry he will be dry, but in neither case because of any outside straw vote on the matter. His legislative scope may be national, but his legislative actions are local.

Moreover, the messages from these states, and from others, were as foggy as many of the interpretations of them. The people spoke with no clarity, with no decision, with no coherence on the matter. For example, the greatest stress of the wets is placed on the referendum results in two states—New York and Illinois—wherein our two largest cities are. I have not the complete figures at hand, but it is probable that not more than 60 per cent of the qualified voters in these states voted, but even so, what did they do? In Illinois the people adopted the wet proposition in the referendum, but they defeated George Brennan, a wet candidate for senator, who went all the way in his stand against prohibition and Volsteadism. In New York they defeated a wet senator with a wet candidate. In California they elected a wet senator and refused to repeal a dry law. In Missouri they did the same thing. In Massachusetts they elected a wet senator and a dry governor. There were other similar anomalies; plenty of them.

The Locks of Political Samsons

This sort of thing isn't a clear and decisive pronouncement on the prohibition question, or any phase of it. It is an incoherent, inconclusive fumbling around by about half the people on a question they are interested in personally, even rabidly, but on which they have no political bearings. Nevertheless, it is held to be a portent, a warning, a signal rocket to the leaders of the two great political parties. That seems to be the wet opinion, at least, which is most vociferous at the moment. It is pointed out that prohibition has now become a question that the political leaders no longer can ignore.

It is asserted that this puts it right smack up to both parties to take cognizance of this matter, and it is threatened that woe will betide the party that continues to brush prohibition aside.

Nevertheless, and although I long ago disposed of my prophet's regalia and am now content to await happenings rather than to anticipate them, I venture the modest assertion that in 1928 the managers and leaders of the two great parties will do some of the niftiest ignoring ever observed on this mundane sphere. What else can they do?

Which party will take the step of declaring in favor of a wet policy or a dry policy? Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler says the Republicans must be wet in 1928 or go down to disaster and defeat. Governor Al Smith of New York says the Democratic Party must do the same thing or suffer the same consequences.

That is perplexing, because the political facts are that the Republican Party has as many drys in it as it has wets, probably more, and the Democratic Party has a whole lot of drys in it also.

Now then, looking at the matter in the light of cold, hard, practical politics, which is the sort of politics that will prevail in 1928 and in all the time between now and then, which party will deliberately cut itself off from half of its support for the purpose of indorsing either the wet issue or the dry issue? Will the Democrats do it or will the Republicans do it? Which great political organization of this country has so much nobility of soul and so great a moral obligation as to become the dry party and tell the wets to go to the devil? Or which party has the fervor of purpose and the firmness of decision to slice off 50 per cent of its strength by telling the drys to go hang and espousing the course of the wets?

You answer it. Knowing both parties fairly well, my answer—which is neither—is undoubtedly cynical. But that is my answer: Neither. The two outstanding figures in the Democratic Party are Governor Al Smith and William G. McAdoo. Now, Governor Al Smith is as wet as all the combined wetness of the seven seas, and William G. McAdoo is as dry as all the sands of the seven times seven deserts. Which one will prevail? Will the Democrats go wet with Smith or dry with McAdoo? Provided, of course, that what the prophets say is true, and a real alignment on one side or the other is imperative for winning in 1928. Or will the Democracy

(Continued on Page 59)

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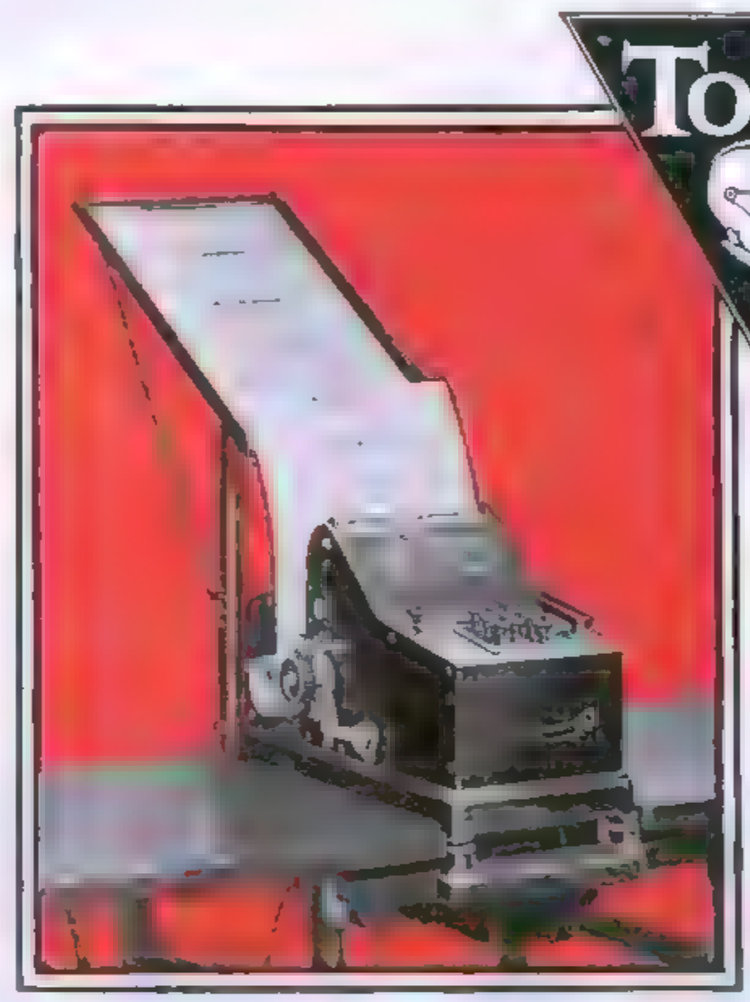

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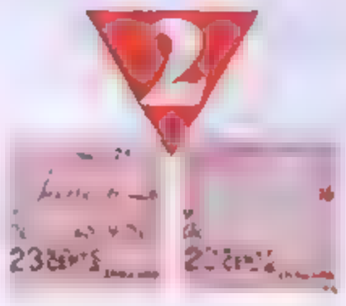

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split itself into two parties, one wet and one dry, and thus abandon every hope of electing a President? And how about the Republican Party? Will it cut off its wet nose to spite its dry face? I regret to report that the noes seem to have it.

This dilemma, which the wet protagonists and the dry protagonists peremptorily put up to the party leaders, will cause said party leaders much anguish of their political souls, if such there be, or, at any rate, of what they use for political souls, before a decision is reached. The insistence of the wet folks, especially, is understandable. They are, in their way, more fanatic than the drys, and here was an election where they figured there were results. Hence, jumping off the deep end, they shouted that the great political parties must take cognizance of them in 1928 because of these demonstrations in 1926. It was sort of Tailors-of-Tooley-Streetish; but they surely are wild, these wets, and serious and insistent, these drys.

None of these thought of these contingencies. All wets see always wet as all drys see always dry. It reminded me of the lad who showed up in London, at his club, on the morning after Armistice Day, bandaged from head to foot because of forty cuts on his face and body.

"What happened to you?" inquired a friend.

"I jumped through a plate-glass window last night."

"What for."

"I don't know now, but it seemed a good idea at the time."

The Sword of Damocles

So with the partisans who are now insisting that the great parties must come definitely to the front and middle on the prohibition question in 1928. It seems a good idea at the moment, but it won't be half so brilliant by convention time. Much can happen before then. We were in the war only nineteen months, but we won't be out of it for a hundred years.

Fancy Doctor Butler and his supporters walking in on the men who will be handling things at the Republican National Convention, or rather, handling the preliminaries, and getting things in shape, and walking in, also, on the candidates for the nomination, whosoever they may be, with the strong and concerted demand, that the Republican Party shall definitely, decisively and deathlessly come out against prohibition, against the drys and all their works, and align itself and themselves on the side of anti-prohibition. Fancy that, with the leaders and managers and candidates having the sure knowledge that there are as many drys as wets in the Republican Party, and probably a great many more. Fancy the trepidation of those managers *et al.* when threatened with desertion by wets if they do not go wet and certain of annihilation by the drys if they do. I fear the associated and aggregated intellects will not stand the strain.

"One party or the other must take, nationally, a decisive stand on prohibition," echoed across the country immediately after election. "Modification of the Volstead Act is an issue that cannot be ignored by the Republican and Democratic National Conventions of 1928," was heard here, there and yonder; and much more of the same tenor. So?

Well, brethren and sisters, you watch the next national conventions and observe closely whether you notice a Republican elephant committing suicide with the divided-party sword, or the Democratic donkey doing a hara-kiri for the same reason. Notwithstanding these clamors and circumstances, notwithstanding these straw votes, notwithstanding these ferocious threats and dire forebodings, the wets must become a great deal stronger politically than they have so far before there will be anything but straddling done by the present two dominant parties.

It now may be permissible to leave the area of actuality in this situation and go into the domain of speculation a bit. The facts of present conditions are as stated. This latest election was a mumble and a jumble. There was no clarity about it. It was mixed and meaningless in its larger aspects. The Republican Party was not ruined by the results of it, as set forth by the Democrats, nor was the Democratic Party rehabilitated, as set forth by the same authority. The prohibition results were as muddled as the rest of it, and proved only one thing—which needed no proof—and that is that the American people are of two minds on the question of hooch—some for and some against. However, it did have the function, in some localities, of setting in motion what may develop into a machine for showing how many are for and how many against—which should be done sooner or later, because the whole present situation is absurd, obnoxious and un-American.

The thing has been hanging along eight years now, and it is no nearer a satisfactory status, speaking nationally, than it was the first day after the law went into force. Congress will never do anything so long as each member of it, representative or senator, depends for his guidance on the sentiment of his own local territory, and that is inevitably and perpetually the case. The task of abrogating the constitutional amendment is impossible as the situation is now. What to do?

A Wet-Blanket Party

There are two ways of getting a decision. The first is to go to it frankly and nationally with a referendum provided by a special law which will establish the sentiment of the people on the matter and be an instruction to Congress to proceed accordingly. Of course the referendum could be advisory only, but it would be of some value, for at present the relative strength of the wet forces and the dry forces in this country is based on claims only, and not on any detailed or definite knowledge. We cannot make Federal laws by referendum in this country, but we might figure out a way to advise our lawmakers, to issue a mandate to them—inform them, so to speak. This would be merely an expedient, because the men who make the laws would still be beholden only to their own constituents. It is more theoretical than practical. But it might help toward an adequate understanding of just what these vociferous and insistent wet claims amount to. It might be worth trying.

The second way is to form a wet party from such wets of both old parties as feel deeply enough on the subject to take such a step, and see what that will amount to—a wet third party. It is manifestly impossible to expect either the Republican Party or the Democratic Party, *per se*, to take a decisive stand and thus suffer the immediate loss of a large portion of their present members no matter which side they took. If, as is so vehemently asserted, prohibition is the great overshadowing political issue in this country, then it is up to the wets to make it so, and organize a party to enforce their issue. The drys do not have to. They are sitting pretty, with the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act as their foundation. All such initiative must be from the wets.

Of course prohibition isn't the great, outstanding, overshadowing political issue in this country. It is a political issue only because the wets have made it so. Prohibition in reality is an economic and a moral issue. That is the real status of it. However, as the wets are trying to jimmy it into politics, why not do more than talk about it, and form a wet party and let the people see exactly what they have in the way of support? That would be a useful and a determining thing to do.

Also, it would be a laborious and an expensive thing to do. And if the wets are as good as they say they are, and as they say these New York and Illinois and other referendums show them to be, there is a simpler method. All the wets have to do is to elect a wet Congress and a wet President and pass an amendment to the Volstead Act changing the definition of permissible alcoholic content in beverages to whatever percentage they think will make joy water out of the soft drinks now allowed. That is all there is to it, because Congress passed the Volstead Act and Congress can amend any law it makes. If it wants beer to be 2.75 per cent alcoholic instead of .5 per cent alcoholic, that result can be obtained by this simple expedient: The election of a wet Congress to pass the amendment to the Volstead Act and of a wet President to sign the law after it is passed.

Thus, as was stated in the beginning of these remarks, although the voice of the people was heard at the polls on November second last, it was only half a voice, and it didn't say much. Immediately following that essay at articulation by the people, and continuing to now, there has been no lack of voices, all explaining, interpreting and elucidating. No lack at all. But, strange to observe, these voices haven't said much either.

THE SILVER CORD

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it only goes to show that he's really been talking to you. Will you turn out my light, please? I'm going to sleep."

XXII

THERE is no intention of repeating here all the details of the Harry Jones murder trial. Those interested in its unusual legal aspects can look it up in the Lawyers' Biannual for 1921–1922, and those morbid enough to want to peruse the depositions of a dozen witnesses as to just how the corpse looked after eighteen hours in the water are referred to the files of any metropolitan newspaper from New York to San Francisco, or from Detroit to the Mexican border. Joe Smith and a score of his fellow reporters left nothing out that was news; nevertheless, as so often happens, the tale most worth telling is the story behind the facts.

To present it properly, a certain amount of background is of course necessary; but any court room will do, any judge, and any average American jury. James Harrington stood in the prisoner's dock, as he had predicted, on trial for a murder alleged to have been committed by Harry Jones. Ben Brosnahan was in voluntary attendance, and D. T. Dobbs also was present, under subpœna from the state. In fact, it was Dobbs who had proved by a page torn from the thirty-one-year-old notebook of a clergyman that there had never been any Harry Jones in the Jones family of Leaming.

With the exception of the prisoner himself, and with a possible reservation as to Miss Frazier, the most interesting personality in the room, packed to the bursting point, was that of the young lawyer who had been charged by the court with the defense when Harrington had declared on oath he had no means to employ counsel. The name of this dazed young man was William Cosgrave, and he had become interesting only since establishing contact with his first major client.

He scarcely took his eyes off Harrington, and it is not an exaggeration to say that the look in his face was one of mingled wonder and adoration.

If the judge had waked him from his trance with the question, "Mr. Cosgrave, would you give your right arm to save this man?" he probably would have blurted out, "Your Honor, I would gladly give my life."

Yet Cosgrave spoke barely a dozen sentences during the entire course of the trial, and in a voice so low that he was twice reprimanded.

Upon summoning the prisoner to testify in his own defense, he said, "Mr. Harrington ——"

"I object!" shouted the prosecuting attorney, leaping to his feet. "The defendant's name is not Harrington, but Jones."

"Objection sustained," murmured the judge.

"James Harrington Jones, Jr.," resumed Cosgrave promptly, "will you please tell in your own words the complete story, so far as you know it, of what happened on the day you left Leaming for Haiti?"

"Certainly, Bill," began Harrington with a smile, and in a tone so natural that the prosecutor almost choked as he entered a second objection, based vaguely on the contention that that was not the way prisoners were supposed to talk.

"Objection overruled," decided the court.

"Your Honor," said Harrington, turning to the judge, "I would like, with your assistance, to tell my story without an interruption. After that the prosecuting attorney can shoot at it and welcome till he wears out his lungs. I have an unusual feeling toward truth which I can describe only as a sort of affection, and I can assure him that, once told, my story will not change in the slightest particular."

The judge bowed shortly. "Proceed."

Harrington faced the crowded room. "You all know what the boy accused of murdering Julian Detwetter looked like," he resumed conversationally, and went on to describe the animosity which had grown up between Harry Jones of the bulbous nose and his tormentor. Then, beginning with the premonition that Julian was in desperate need of money, he told of how he had put temptation in his way, and followed that statement with an exact and consecutive relation of every movement of Harry Jones, up to the moment of his boarding in some unexplained manner a ship which sailed from the port of New York during the afternoon of the same day, November 24, 1921.

"That is the entire story so far as it relates to Julian's death," he concluded. "He was never murdered; he killed himself in such a manner as to make sure ——"

"I object!" spluttered the prosecuting attorney. "Your Honor, I protest against the vile insinuation which the accused, as a witness in his own behalf, has attempted to plant in the minds of the jury."

"Objection sustained," murmured the judge, and turned to Cosgrave. "Do you release the witness?"

"I do." The prosecutor sprang to his feet, but Cosgrave also arose, holding up a trembling hand. "One moment, please." He faced the bench. "Your Honor, so confident am I that the state will be unable to shake the defendant's story in the slightest particular, that I waive my right to any further examination, nor shall I call another witness. In other words, the defense rests."

"What?" gasped the prosecutor.

"You heard me," said Cosgrave, and sat down.

Faced by an astonishing development, the prosecutor asked for an adjournment and got it. When the case was resumed he hammered for seven days at Harrington's story, making it appear ludicrous at times and incredible at others, but never succeeding in changing it in the minutest point of narrated fact. One incident was a decided

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Care which goes all the way back to the selection of seed, care which watches over the growing, care which dictates that the picking, cooking and bottling must all be done between sun-up and sun-down of one day. Such care is necessary to capture and hold the tomato freshness and that rich supply of vitamins in which tomatoes lead all foods.

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(Continued from Page 59)

setback to the state, and of considerable dramatic value.

"What about this precious premonition," nagged the prosecutor, "this hunch that Julian, the son of one of the richest men in Leaming, chairman of the board of the State Street National Bank, had more need to steal money than had Harry Jones, the almost penniless son of the former cashier of that institution?"

"Well, what about it?" interjected Harrington.

"Does the defendant offer any conceivable reason why such a man as Julian Detwetter, already established on a pinnacle of luxury and employed as treasurer by an important concern, should have been the one to run the risk which it would have been quite natural for Harry Jones to take?"

"I don't know what his need was," remarked Harrington indifferently.

"I do," said a clear voice from the middle of the audience. "I know."

Everyone within hearing, the judge no less than the prosecuting attorney, was startled, and people craned their necks to look at Midge, who was standing beside her father, holding him in his seat with one hand placed firmly on his shoulder.

"The jury will disregard that," said the judge sharply, "or I shall be forced to call a mistrial." He added automatically, "Any further interruption will oblige me to clear the court room."

"I'm sorry if I'm doing anything horribly wrong, Judge Benson," persisted Midge, "but I want everybody here to understand that I know why Julian needed money. If a little truth like that can force a mistrial, a lot of people are going to wonder what a trial is for." She sat down.

"I shall see that you are given an opportunity to offer your testimony in the proper manner, Miss Frazier," said the judge hastily, and motioned for the trial to continue.

But the prosecutor wisely insisted that the defense be permitted to put Miss Frazier on the stand forthwith. The defense, amid universal astonishment, refused; whereupon the prosecutor called her himself. The audience had suffered bitter disappointment when it realized that Harrington, whose story had stopped far short of an explanation of the miraculous change in his appearance, could not be forced to divulge his secret. Now it was to experience a thrill that would more than repay it for its dogged persistence. Midge Frazier, of all people, was on the witness stand. After taking the oath, she fastened her eyes on Harrington's smiling face and spoke to him alone, but in a clear voice which could be heard in the farthest corner of the silent room.

"I was tacitly engaged to Julian Detwetter for over a year," she began. "During that period he persuaded me to lend him from time to time Liberty Bonds to the extent of twenty-four thousand dollars, my entire inheritance from my grandmother. I was worried for weeks and months for fear my father would find out I no longer had the bonds. Finally I told Julian that if he was too much of a coward to make a clean breast of everything to old Mr. Detwetter and arrange to have the bonds replaced, I would do it myself, and tell my father besides. That's all."

She started to leave the stand, but the prosecutor stopped her. "One moment, Miss Frazier, if you please."

"Yes, Mr. Wilson," said Midge naïvely, and resumed her place.

He coughed and turned rather red, but managed to proceed. "I suppose you have proof for the extraordinary statement you just made?" he asked sweetly.

"Certainly," said Midge, without the slightest hesitation, to the particular amazement of Harrington, her father and the judge, and incidentally to the further confusion of the prosecuting attorney. "I will hand Judge Benson a list of the securities receipted in Julian's handwriting," she continued, "and you will find that they were disposed directly to his account with the brokerage firm of Post, Deckel & Post. Is there anything else, Mr. Wilson?"

"No, nothing more," he answered rather hurriedly.

The judge raised inquiring eyebrows at Cosgrave, who glanced at Harrington and then shook his head. "The defense waives examination of the witness," he declared, and motioned for Midge to come down.

As she passed Harrington on her way to the bench, he murmured audibly, "That was great, Midge. You were splendid."

After the tittering had subsided the prosecuting attorney resumed his argument: "Pending confirmation of the last witness' testimony, the state will grant its truth, for what it is worth, and proceed to show that the defendant's story still remains preposterous. He killed Julian Detwetter. He killed him because he hated him for the reasons he himself has explained. I am sure of it, just as you, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, will be sure of it when you realize that the defense has avoided giving us any proof that the defendant sailed from New York on the day of the murder, and not a week later."

He paused for an instant with an actual jerk, and from that moment on to the end his attack assumed a new vigor. He had long since abandoned hope of learning anything by watching Harrington's unchanging equanimity, and it so happened that as he made the point related above he was looking neither at Harrington nor at the jury, but at the youthful figurehead who was supposed to be conducting the defense. It seemed to him that Cosgrave paled or winced, but so faint was the indication that he could not say which. In either case, it was enough.

He began harping on this one omission to the exclusion of every other feature of Harrington's astounding story. He went so far as to let up on his repeated asseveration that what had really happened was that Harry Jones had stolen the bonds, started away with them and then lost his nerve, so that he did not even dare put them back where they belonged. His eyes wandered instinctively from Cosgrave to the faces of Miss Frazier and her father, the two persons most closely associated with and openly pledged to the support of the prisoner. What he saw there clinched his belief that his chance arrow had pierced the heel of Achilles.

"There you are, ladies and gentlemen of the jury," he concluded almost exultantly. "Here's this whole trial in a nutshell. All the trouble we've been put to, the huge expense that has fallen on a state already overburdened with taxes, and the life of the prisoner in the dock, hang on one simple little point. Did Harry Jones sail from New York on the afternoon of November 24, 1921, or didn't he? The prosecution has done its share, as you know. From crew and passengers of the only possible vessel it procured depositions and testimony that no such fright as Harry Jones could have been on board.

"Now let me expose the trick of the defense. They rested without argument solely on the absurd but ingenious story told with such insolence by the defendant. They might possibly have won you over by pleading self-defense; I admit it now gladly. They could have confused you by any one of half a dozen other well-known avenues of escape from righteous justice. But they did not. Why? Because they preferred to risk all in the hope that we might be so puzzled, so blinded, as not to ask of the prisoner this simple little question, 'Did you sail on November twenty-fourth, or didn't you? If you did, prove it, and walk out of this room a free man.' Think for yourselves, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, what is at stake and decide whether that request is unreasonable. Make up your minds now whether a man is likely to toy with the electric chair simply for the fun he can get out of making fools out of twelve honest men and women who are giving up precious time to do their duty."

He sat down, and during the half-suppressed hum of comment which broke out all over the room the judge looked toward Cosgrave with amazed insistence and Cosgrave toward Harrington with such pleading in his eyes that they became almost vocal. A disturbance arose in the extreme rear of the room, made up of gasps and then titters of nervous laughter. But it subsided almost immediately, overcome by the general atmosphere of throbbing suspense, for it was apparent to any observer that Cosgrave was in torment. Finally he started to his feet, only to be arrested by a mere motion of the hand from Harrington, who stood up himself and faced the bench.

"I have long since perceived that you are conducting your own case," said the judge with evident relief. "Have you anything to say?"

"Yes, Your Honor," said Harrington, looking steadily at Judge Benson. "I have something I would like to say through you as the presiding judge of this court. I am here more or less as a spectator, looking on from a point of vantage at a most remarkable demonstration of the bondage of the human mind."

The jury of twelve frowned as one; the audience as a whole caught a quivering breath at the astounding calm of the man who was being tried for his life, and burst into laughter. The clerk of the court called loudly for silence, and when he had obtained it the bench stated angrily that at one more such unwarranted outburst he would clear the court. Harrington alone remained absolutely unmoved, his eyes resting calmly on the judge.

"You are about to charge this jury," he resumed, "but before you do so I intend to stretch the liberty accorded by usage to a man whose life is in legal jeopardy, and charge you. I aroused the ribaldry of the spectators by speaking of myself as looking on at this proceeding from a point of vantage. Let me explain by saying that I am the only person present who knows with absolute certainty that my relation of what happened on last November twenty-fourth is the actual and accurate truth. Unless you grasp the importance of that statement, the sensible conclusion at which I expect to arrive will appear to you the ravings of an unbalanced mind.

"Inasmuch as I did nothing to avoid discovery, I stand here by my own free will. I will go further and say that, far from being arraigned by the orderly processes of august justice, I am here simply because I aroused the personal animosity of two unqualified scoundrels, Ben Brosnahan and D. T. Dobbs."

"Silence!" roared the clerk of the court, and gulped chokingly as he realized the breathless stillness which reigned in the room, broken only by a single faint sound—the suppressed sobbing of Midge Frazier, crying quietly from sheer love, pride and joy in the man who loved her.

"Two weeks ago," continued Harrington evenly, "Dobbs offered to sell out to me lock, stock and barrel. In exchange for what, Your Honor, since I have no money? In exchange for the mere promise that I would stop making a fool of him."

"Order!" murmured the clerk, this time with some reason.

"Four days later, with the more or less passive concurrence of his assistant, Mr. Williams, and the active help of his negro chauffeur, Dobbs very nearly killed me, when he knew that all he had to do was to inform me that I was under arrest. He could have done it at my house or anywhere else; but in order that the prosecutor might be able to introduce the ancient bunk that a murderer always returns to the scene of his crime, Mr. Dobbs chose to perpetrate a brutal assault on me on the spot where Julian Detwetter committed suicide."

"Go ahead!" muttered the prosecuting attorney. "Hang yourself!"

"The day before my arrest," proceeded Harrington, "Ben Brosnahan wired Mr. Dobbs the following message: 'If you don't come yourself and lead your bull away from what's left of this pasture I'll know the reason why.' Mr. Joseph Smith kindly handed me the transcript and assures me that the original is on file at the telegraph office. The reason Brosnahan took that action is that he found I was in the way of his engineering a steal of two hundred and fifty-eight thousand dollars on the construction of the proposed Drop-Lever Bridge."

The judge coughed, but before he could speak, Harrington continued: "I realize, Your Honor, that all this is pertinent only to my peculiar reverence for truth as a personal goddess that the minds of men should hold immaculate but who walks today not only smirched but carrying the ball and chain of ignorance and prejudice—loaded down with the preconceptions, formulas and shibboleths that men are pleased to call beliefs, when they are nothing more than the accumulation of the Dark Ages which have preceded our own. I stand here for the right of every man to his own horizon, his own interpretation of the highway of the soul. I told the truth—the whole truth—and it is by mere chance that I find myself unable to prove the point which seems of such importance to the prosecuting attorney. To me, it is a small matter."

The prosecutor raised his head and eyebrows, looked at the jury and smiled.

"It is a small matter," continued Harrington, "not because a malicious scrap of paper is the only reason you have for connecting Harry Jones with Julian Detwetter's death, but because it is dwarfed and overwhelmed by my realization that you, and the jury after you, are about to send an innocent man to his death in strict accordance with a mass of the worn-out definitions which obscure the face of justice. The knowledge that such a thing can happen seems to me of such tremendous importance that my own life has been reduced to the proportions of a pin point. If you so charge the jury and the jury acts on your charge, we shall have the ridiculous spectacle of thirteen apparently sane men and women sitting in judgment on a fellow being accused of murder and solemnly committing a murder themselves in the presence of a roomful of people!"

The jury stirred uneasily and the judge coughed again.

"Let me conclude with an interpretation," said Harrington, smiling as if with sympathy for the impatience of his audience. "I spoke of my own life as a pin point, and so it is, but I wish to affirm a belief in life as something separate from and above the fate of any individual—a sort of continuing and shining silver cord to which we all may cling, but that neither you nor I can break. It is my conviction that a man who dies for that belief dies well, whether it happens to be on the gallows, in the electric chair or on the cross. That is all I have to say, Your Honor."

"Members of the jury," began Judge Benson, with grave deliberation, "in the natural course of procedure, I would postpone charging you until tomorrow, but the circumstances are such that I am driven by a sense of duty to do it now, when your ears are still full of the most extraordinary speech ever delivered in my presence during my many years on the bench. For fear that it become distorted in your memories, and subsequently confuse you, I wish to analyze that speech. But first let me say that at several points in the course of this most unusual case I could have called a mistrial. That I did not do so is due to my regard for the swift accomplishment of the ends of justice.

"The speech to which you have just listened was preceded by, and predicated upon, the defendant's relation to certain events. I think we may grant the sincerity of the defendant exactly as we grant the sincerity of any fanatical preacher. It is for you to decide, however, whether he told the actual truth, as we conceive truth, in regard to his movements on last November twenty-fourth, or whether he told what a hallucination leads him to believe to be the truth. You know the history of this unfortunate man, stricken with a frightful affection in boyhood and miraculously cured

during a short absence of four months. Not only cured, members of the jury, but so transformed in appearance that not one of the friends of his boyhood recognized him. I beg you to note that point and to consider whether it may not be an index to an equal change within the mind, and as such the grounds for a recommendation to mercy.

"We come now to the speech. I unhesitatingly declare it to have been either the most sincere outpouring of the loftiest aspiration known to man, or the most ingenious pyrotechnic display in words that has ever startled the ears of a court. Let me make my meaning clear. Either the defendant is entitled to be considered in the light of a crusader, a cleanser of the temple of justice, or he deserves the opprobrium of having tried to blind and distract you with the rapid explosion of verbal bombs of insolence, scandal, sacrilege, menace and blasphemy. He declares himself a mere spectator, he names two well-known men unqualified scoundrels, he profanes our sacred conception of justice, he brazenly attempts to shake your integrity by a far-fetched counter-accusation of murder, and ends up by linking together the gallows, the electric chair and the cross of Christ.

"It is for you to decide whether this astonishing philippic is the clarion voice of a prophet assaulting the walls of circumstantial evidence; or whether it is the gorgeous flower springing from the plowed soil of a disordered mind; or, lastly, whether it was a mere blind to screen from your eyes the significant detail that the defendant refuses to establish a fact easy of proof, if true—namely, his assertion that he embarked on a boat which sailed from New York on the afternoon of November twenty-fourth last—a boat whose crew and passengers have testified that they saw nothing of him, marked as he was by a monstrous nose. Once you are in accord on any or all these three points, it will become your duty to decide whether the defendant is guilty of the crime with which he is charged."

The jury was out only fifty-nine minutes. During that scant hour the judge retired to his chamber, but not another person left the court room. For a time there was a violent hum of conversation, but gradually it steadied to a lower key and finally died out as the attention of every one present became riveted on Harrington. Into one isolated mind after another crept the conviction that the animated calm in that face was no mask, no diabolical dissimulation, but a visible and living spirit. In the silence people began to remember some of the words he had spoken, and as they recalled one more phrase, and then another, a look of terror began to spread evenly across their faces—terror not for themselves but for the man who was not afraid of death.

Only one face escaped the blight of fear. Midge Frazier's tears had long since been dried in the fire of an ineffable exaltation. She sat erect, holding her father's hand tightly in her own. A clear light shone in her eyes and seemed to reach out in the intensity of her desire to wrap Harrington in the mantle of more than her love—her adoration. But he did not look toward her. He was sitting a mile away in order that he might gaze back and sift the chaff from the one big thing that filled his vision. The jury filed in, but he showed no interest, nor did his contented expression change. The judge entered hastily; the foreman rose to his feet.

"Mr. Foreman, have you arrived at a verdict?"

"We have. We find the defendant guilty of manslaughter in the first degree."

XXIII

IMMEDIATELY pandemonium broke loose; women sobbed, screamed and fainted, men muttered and groaned. For a moment even Judge Benson was dismayed by the spontaneous outburst; it was as if he ceased for that moment to be a judge and became merely a puzzled old man. Then his long training, bolstered by the tradition of his calling, came to his aid, and in a loud voice he ordered the clerk either to quell the disturbance or have the court cleared. As soon as the sergeants at arms had expelled two or three offenders order was restored, but in the mean time a grotesque personage had pushed his way down the side of the room, forced himself into a seat beside Cosgrave and handed him a sheaf of papers.

Unfortunately the young counsel for the defense was in a state of utter collapse, both mental and physical. He fingered the packet of documents absently and almost let it fall to the floor. The stranger leaned over and rumbled in his ear, "Look what you have in your hand, you puppy, you cowardly quitter!"

People craned their necks to see where the vague sound came from. Cosgrave's senses leaped to life and he began to scan the papers, one after another. Harrington woke from his happy trance and turned his head with a quick jerk. As his gaze fell upon the Beard of God, first amazement and then a black scowl filled the face which up to that moment had been the shining mirror of his inner peace. He turned accusing and unforgiving eyes on Midge Frazier.

"Rise, James Harrington Jones, Jr.," ordered the judge.

Harrington looked around impatiently and started to obey, but stopped as he saw his attorney leap to his feet.

"Your Honor," said Cosgrave in a clear voice, "I submit a motion that this trial be reopened. I hold in my hand four affidavits, duly sworn and acknowledged over the seal of the United States, to the effect that Harry Jones landed in Port-au-Prince from the steamer Bellerophon, which sailed from New York at three o'clock on the afternoon of November twenty-fourth of last year."

"Affidavits are not admissible evidence," barked the prosecuting attorney automatically.

"I have also a witness to the truth of these assertions," cried Cosgrave, turning on him.

There was a long and profound silence, during which Judge Benson's face and the face of every juror turned ashen. Finally the judge began to speak, his voice gradually growing stronger. "I regret that under our procedure, the jury having rendered its verdict, it is impossible to grant your motion to reopen the trial for the admission of additional evidence no matter what the effect of the same may be."

A spontaneous groan which was like a rumble of threatening rage swept the court room.

"Please!" continued Judge Benson, holding up a trembling hand. "However, it is within my power to entertain a motion to set aside the verdict of the jury and grant a new trial. If the district attorney does not object, I will entertain the motion and consider the new evidence you propose to offer at this time."

"No objection," muttered the prosecuting attorney, staring blankly at the wall.

Five minutes later, formalities having been duly fulfilled, an extraordinary vision arose before the eyes of a stunned assembly. Beard was covered with dazzling white hair from the crown of his leonine head to his shoulders, and from the points of his pink cheek bones to his waist. From his neck to his shoes he was clothed in a bulky suit of freshly starched drill which was also startlingly white. Harrington shot a glance at Midge and saw such frank astonishment painted in her face that his own immediately lit up with a happy though somewhat puzzled smile.

"Who are you?" asked Cosgrave from his heart, and then hastily corrected himself. "State your name."

The bold blue eyes of the witness, inspired by a strangely twinkling fire, swept the court room as if with a broom. "I am the Beard of God," he rumbled in a voice that shook dust from the ceiling, "formerly Dr. John Beard, of Des Moines, Iowa."

Cosgrave caught his breath, as did every person present. "How long have you been established in the republic of Haiti, doctor?" he managed to ask.

"I have been practicing in Haiti for twenty-four years and a half."

"Look at the defendant, please. Do you know him?"

"Know him? Such as he is, I made him."

"What was his appearance when you first saw him?"

"He had the most advanced case for his age of acne rosacea that I've ever seen, heard or read of."

"Please explain to the jury just what that means."

"A bulbous nose as big as my fist."

"What was the exact date and hour of your first meeting?"

"The night of December first of last year at ten o'clock."

"Could he have reached Haiti by any later steamer than the Bellerophon on its voyage from New York beginning November twenty-fourth?"

"No."

"Who summoned you to this trial?"

"Nobody. I can read, write and add. I summoned myself."

"You need not answer the next question, doctor, if there is objection, as it calls for an opinion. Why do you suppose the defendant did not send for you?"

"Because he thought I wasn't old enough to look after myself."

"That will do. I release the witness."

Mr. Wilson, the prosecuting attorney, rose slowly, cleared his throat, and then stared with surprise and a puzzled frown at Beard's broad posterior, half the old man having disappeared.

He waited for almost a minute and then asked curiously, "What on earth are you doing, witness?"

"Taking off my shoes because they hurt my feet," replied Beard as he straightened.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Wilson rather vaguely, and turned toward the bench. "I have no further question to ask the witness, Your Honor."

"Even though the affidavits are technically worthless since they do not happen to be depositions taken under instructions from this court," said Cosgrave with a touch of sarcasm, "they do represent the truth. I request that they be read."

"Have you any objection?" asked the judge of the prosecuting attorney.

"No."

"In that case the clerk may proceed with the reading of the affidavits," murmured Judge Benson.

"'To whom it may concern,' rattled the clerk in a high monotone, reckless as to pronunciation, 'I, Jean Baptiste la Touche de la Ferriere, lawyer, domiciled in the republic of Haiti, hereby affirm, certify and swear that on the afternoon of November 29, 1921, as I proceeded outward along the jetty of the harbor of Port-au-Prince, I saw a closed motor car being landed from the steamer Bellerophon, just arrived. I further swear that as I passed the said motor car an individual, marked by a monstrous nose, stepped out of it and proceeded shoreward.' Certified to be a true translation by the American consul in Port-au-Prince. Oath taken before the American consul is in order; acknowledgment of signature by Haitian notary public also in order, and duly certified by American consul.

"'To whom it may concern, I, Suzon la Boule, street vender, domiciled in Haiti, hereby swear that on the afternoon of the last call of the steamer Bellerophon, preceding last Christmas Day, a young man with the largest red nose ever seen on this island threw himself on my mercy and I hid him until dark and guided him to the hills. He gave me five dollars. I pledged my faith not to betray him and I am assured by Papa Loi, the Beard of God, that in setting my mark to this true paper I do not betray him. I helped him, not because of the five dollars, but because he hated, as I also hate, the invaders of my country.' Certified to be a true translation; acknowledgment of deponent's mark in order; oath in order.

"'To whom it may concern, I ——'"

"Your Honor," interrupted the prosecuting attorney, rising to his feet. The judge acknowledged him with a nod. "The state withdraws its accusation against the defendant in this case," concluded Mr. Wilson in a lifeless voice, and sat down.

"Release the accused," said the judge in a hoarse whisper. "James Harrington Jones, Jr., you are honorably discharged." Then he gasped "Court is adjourned," and collapsed on the bench.

XXIV

MEN'S lives seldom end at the emotional climax of achievement except when stopped by a bullet, but there must be a last chapter to every book, and this is it. A hundred pages might be used to advantage to describe the progress of the Beard of God alone—to say nothing of his escort, composed of Harrington himself, Midge and her father—merely from the court room to escape in the spacious library of the Frazier home.

In all reason Harrington should have been the head and heart of that amazing pilgrimage, but he was not. Beard walked in the very van like a pillar of hair, his head uncovered, his stride free, his shoes slung by their laces over his shoulder, half the town of Leaming behind him, and his voice booming at Harrington in particular and the world in general.

"Poor, benighted puppy, wagged by your uncut tail, what the mischief did you think? That you had to look after me? Protect your maker, Papa Loi, the Beard of God? I'll have you know that I coddle myself in home-grown wool. I open my mouth and thunder. I use imprisoned lightning to get myself a pardon from the governor of the state of Iowa. I stride across the seas. I see a stinking motor car for the first time in my life and ride in it at fifty miles an hour. The wind combs my uncombed beard. Selah! I enter a court of justice—ha-ha—and look upon a suckling babe speaking words of wisdom. I perceive that he is a man, my own handiwork—flesh of my making and bone of my brain—and I say to myself, 'Not so bad, Beard, old boy, not so bad.' Only when I gaze upon his chosen mate am I humbled in the dust of my own poor job. For she is like a company of horses, her cheeks are comely with rows of jewels and her neck with chains of gold. She is fair, and she has dove's eyes. Marry her, boy, if you must, but put your trust in no platinum ring. Rather bind her with the hoops of steel of affection, and then sigh for the bed of green, for spreading beams of cedar and the towering rafters of the living fir. What I mean is, take her where honey can drip from the moon without hitting a roof halfway down."

"I will," said Harrington, thrilling to the steady vibration of Midge's hand, tucked within his own. Her eyes were glued on Beard, and she walked along in a sort of incorporeal suspension, so that she floated over curbstones and up steps without the consciousness of having to move her legs. "Beard," continued Harrington, "I'll bet you my house and lot against one hair from your head that you can't guess the only question I want to ask you."

"The earth is mine," bellowed Beard, "so why should I bet? But out of the milk of human kindness, I say to you, I give it up. Ask your question."

"How have you kept that suit so clean?"

Beard laughed enormously. "The ship docked only this morning," he answered.

"Have you another suit?"

"No."

"Do you mean to tell me you haven't dressed since you left home until this morning?"

"Traitor!" whispered Beard with a sound like escaping steam. "Take me where I can save the suit for tomorrow."

"Later," said Harrington, as they climbed to the pillared porch of the Frazier house.

"I like pillars," said Beard simply. "To look at them puts strength in a man's legs."

(Continued on Page 64)

NIGHT
AND
DAY
THEY GUARD
THE PORTALS
OF YOUR HEALTH
THE FULLER CORRECT-SHAPE TOOTH BRUSH, made with handles of different colors, in a year has stepped into leadership as one of the three largest selling tooth brushes in the world. First bought because of the confidence women have in the quality of any product marketed under the Fuller name, repeat sales have come because of the great merit of this different brush.
THE FULLER DENTAL PLATE BRUSH, with stiff, white bristles and Ivory Fullerex handle, ideally fits the need for a brush of this shape. It is made on the twisted-in-wire principle. The great demand for it reflects a keen appreciation by both dentists and public of a brush which does clean every part of the dental plate without slightest damage to delicate and costly work.
From twenty years' experience in designing brushes for personal and household use came the knowledge to produce these two fine Fuller Brushes. They can be bought only from the Fuller Man when he calls to supply you these and a wide variety of other brushes for personal and household use.
If you wish to get these or other Fuller Brushes before the Fuller Man's next regular call, 'phone The Fuller Brush Company Branch Office in your city, or write direct to The Fuller Brush Company, 1058 Windsor Ave., Hartford, Connecticut.
FULLER BRUSHES
Genuine FULLER PRODUCTS carry this Red Tip Tag and trade mark
Fuller
Look for both!

(Continued from Page 62)

When they were safe from the throng, in the library, which was also the Fraziers' favorite living room, Beard grew more and more silent, and as his eyes wandered slowly around he seemed to become depressed. Harrington wondered if the old man was not going to pay heavily, after all, for daring to come into surroundings which must remind him of the days of his triumphs as a surgeon. Mr. Frazier also grew troubled, and Midge nervously solicitous.

"Is there anything ——" she began, but Beard interrupted her.

"Is there anything!" he exclaimed. "My dear girl, do you know what I was doing?"

"No, Mr.—Doctor Beard."

"Beard—just Beard. Say it."

"No, Beard, I can't imagine," obeyed Midge.

"I was counting the things you don't need. It's terrible. It's a disease like Harry What-you-may-callum's bulbous nose."

"Now he's started!" laughed Harrington.

"No, I'm not," growled Beard; "I'm thirsty."

"What can I get you?" asked Midge, jumping to her feet.

"There's quite a little Scotch," said Mr. Frazier hospitably, "and I've got one bottle of rye I wouldn't open for any other man in the world."

"Nothing like that for me," said Beard promptly. "All I want is the cool milk from a green coconut."

There was a puzzled silence; was he joking? "You forget, Beard," said Harrington finally. "There aren't any green coconuts around here."

"No green coconuts!" gasped Beard. "You mean it? No green coconuts? Will you believe it, I'd forgotten that there was a house in the world that didn't have a pile of them outside the front door. All these rugs, knickknacks, and three sets of curtains on the windows, and no green coconuts!" He took out a cheap watch. "What's the next train?" he asked.

"Oh, please don't treat us like that just because we're short of coconuts," begged Midge.

"What do you mean, Midge?" asked Mrs. Frazier, entering from the hall. "There are two whole coconuts in the storeroom, and part of another in the pantry."

The men sprang to their feet.

"My dear," said Mr. Frazier, "this is Doctor Beard of Haiti."

"I'm very glad to see you, Doctor Beard," said Mrs. Frazier placidly, "and you, too, Mr. Harrington. I said all along they'd have to come to their senses and let you out. I hope you'll both stay for dinner."

"We will, madam," rumbled Beard, staring admiringly at the first person he had met in many days who did not stare at him.

"Then I'll leave Midge to entertain you," said Mrs. Frazier, with genuine pleasure at the thought of guests at her table. "But we'll be only five. Midge, couldn't you invite another girl?"

"No, mother, I couldn't," said Midge. "But you might call up Bill Cosgrave. I'm sure he'd love to come, and he's somebody we'd all like to have."

"That's great!" interjected Harrington. "Could you, Mrs. Frazier?"

"Of course. I'll do it at once."

She was a strange woman, often apparently stupid, but possessed of a not unusual passion. She loved to have people about her, and to feel that they were comfortable not necessarily gay, just comfortable. She ran her house so skillfully that nobody realized it was run at all, and at times it almost seemed as if she applied the same principle to her mind; for even when she was underfoot she was never in the way. As a result, if John Frazier had combed the earth, he could not have found a better wife, though he might possibly have given Midge a better mother.

After dinner Mrs. Frazier sat to one side, absorbed in a game of patience, while the rest of the party formed a circle centering on Beard, who half filled the couch. "Mrs. Frazier, do you mind if I unbutton my coat?" he asked. "I suppose I ought to warn you it's all I've got on above the waist besides my beard."

"Not at all, doctor," said Mrs. Frazier, without looking up. "I believe in air myself."

"Who's this man Brosnahan?" asked Beard presently.

"He isn't," said Cosgrave. "He was the boss of this town, but some of the people who held him on the throne asked me to tell Harry he could find them in Jack's Cellar, or they would be glad to come to his house any time he said."

"And Dobbs?"

"He's D. T. Dobbs, the once famous detective," volunteered Bill again. "He and Williams and their nigger chauffeur left town immediately after the trial with a bushel basket of eggs donated by Jim Kellner of the Corner Grocery."

"Why did Mr. Kellner give them the eggs?" inquired Midge indignantly.

"He didn't," explained Bill. "The crowd took them, but Jim encouraged everybody that made a good shot. You should have seen that car! Before they could wind up the windows it was an omelet, inside and out."

"So that's all of that," said Beard, and turned to look quizzically at Harrington. "How are your teeth?" he asked.

"All right, I guess," said Harrington. "I've never had any trouble with my teeth."

"That's good," said Beard, "because you've bitten off a mouthful. You think you've done something—finished a job—but you haven't. All you've done is to tell the entire world what you're going to do."

"I guess that's true," said Harrington slowly, "but at the time I didn't think I would ever have to do it."

"I believe you," agreed Beard. "I don't think there's anyone who heard your maiden speech that wouldn't say the same thing—that they believe you were heading like a mule straight for the electric chair and were willing to go the whole way just to make eternal converts of one judge and twelve apostles."

"No," said Harrington quickly; "of all judges and of every juror."

"What's your stuff?" asked Beard. "You'd better think it out now. Are you merely joining the ancient ranks of the opponents of capital punishment?"

"Look here, Beard," said Harrington, the glint of battle lighting in his eyes, "I'm not going to have you or any other god make a sentimentalist out of me, or a formulist, or a believer in any belief for belief's sake. To hell with the mind too lazy to fight for its own horizon, too cowardly to kick dogma in the pants and stand on its own two feet before the bugaboo of eternity. Of course I believe in capital punishment—I believe in it for all proselytizers, for every individual who turns from the noble aspiration of the teacher to pick up the tools of the hangman and the inquisitionist."

Beard nodded his head up and down and the crows'-feet at the corners of his bold eyes began to crinkle.

"'This is what I believe, and why'—that's fine," continued Harrington, "but 'this is what I believe and you'll believe it too or go to jail'—that's a capital offense. Here's a queer business—an offense that's about the best reason in the world for hanging any man, and it's practically the only pretext humanity has never used! It's always been Galileo dangling at the end of the rope, and the bullies of the mind at the hangman's trap."

He paused for a moment, but nobody spoke. "When you asked me for my stuff," he continued presently, "I didn't know what I was going to say, but now I can tell you the things I'm willing to fight for—the things I'm willing to teach by action if not by word. One: It's better that any crime should go unpunished than that justice should do injustice. Two: I'll go to jail rather than bow down to the golden calf of an unjust law or of a belief unfounded upon the liberty of reason. I refuse point-blank to appear in a personally conducted traveling tour before the judgment seat and hear the sickened tone in which the recording angel will say, 'These, Lord, were saved by legislation.'"

"At-a-boy, Harry!" exclaimed Bill Cosgrave impulsively, his eyes still containing their dazed look of wonder and admiration.

"Three," continued Harrington with scarcely a break: "A people is no longer free that turns from common sense and tries to ford the stream of national life carrying the ass of prerogative on its back."

"Example, please," murmured Beard.

"A judge who threatens to call a mistrial," complied Harrington instantly, "because somebody in the audience cries out, 'Why, I know why he stole the bacon!' Or a dry-as-dust procedure that refuses a bunch of affidavits as to a point of fact. Or an absurdity that demands a new trial because a jury made a fool of itself two minutes before."

"Good!" said Beard with a chuckle. "Now go on."

"No, I won't go on," said Harrington. "If I do I'll end up by collecting something to worry about."

"Then it's my turn," said Beard. "I want you people to take a good look at this promising pup and then go back with me to the moment when the carcass of Harry Jones slid off my roof and messed up my front yard."

For two hours he held them entranced, first with fascinated repulsion at his depiction of the last days of Harry Jones, and then with such a detailed description of the birth of James Harrington as Harrington himself had not yet heard. Once again he was the spectator, the observer from afar off, of a shadowy personality which had once been his—Harry Jones, crawling deeper and deeper into the night of a human soul only to burst from his chrysalis by an act of divine grace, and grow swiftly to manhood under the lash of the magic tongue of the Beard of God.

"Well," concluded Beard, "what about your name? What's it going to be?"

"Harrington—James Harrington."

"Going to make it legal?"

"I'll have to," said Harrington. "Didn't you notice something peculiar about the trial?"

"Yes, we all did," said Mr. Frazier dryly, "especially the judge, the prosecuting attorney, the jury and the audience."

"I don't mean that," said Harrington hastily. "I mean that everyone who said anything out loud spoke of Harry Jones as if he were dead."

"Why shouldn't they?" asked Beard. "The genealogy is quite clear—James Harrington Jones, Sr., begat Harry Jones, and Harry Jones begat James Harrington."

"By the way, mother," said Midge suddenly, "I'm going to marry Harry—Mr. Harrington."

"I thought you would," murmured Mrs. Frazier.

It was after midnight when Cosgrave said good night and Harrington piloted the Beard of God across the lawn to his house. He laughed as he took the key from under the mat and opened the side door.

"What's the joke?" asked Beard.

"I was just thinking," said Harrington, "that tomorrow I'll collect all the back rent I've been paying on my own house."

They had a hard time picking out a place where Beard would consent to sleep. In vain did Harrington remind him that a room was only a cave on stilts; the giant asserted that there was a vast difference—a difference in the mind. Finally they settled on the nearly flat roof of the kitchen extension, and after some trouble, a generous bed, stripped to a single blanket over its woven springs, was maneuvered piecemeal out of the window, set up and firmly braced. Beard slipped swiftly out of his one suit, draped himself in a sheet, threw himself on the bed, and rolled over and back again like an itching mule scratching himself in sand. At last he quieted down, his arms and legs stretched wide.

"Going out for a while?" he asked.

"Yes," said Harrington, surprised. "How did you know?"

"I thought you would," said Beard, "because she's such a wonderful girl, straight from the legs up and correctly rounded. She has also the spirit of a company of horses. Yes, sir, she's like a company of horses. Glorious words of a poet among kings, Harry, that take the mind for a gallop. If you have time," he added drowsily, "you can think of me as lying here, my head filled with dew and my locks with the drops of the night."

Harrington crept quietly away from the open window and downstairs. He went out under the oaks and looked at his house for a long time. Here was where he and Midge would start in to live as one, and he humbly thanked God and the Beard of God that he would have ten times as much chance of making her happy as would Harry Jones, had he never crashed on a rock. He looked across the lawns, and seeing no light in her window, he wished he had had the sense to beg her to come out if only for a moment.

There was no moon, but the summer stars were almost as brilliant as the stars of the tropics. They blinked at him, offered him their distant company and begged him not to go in. He thought for an instant that a long tramp might drug his restless mood, but the memory of the ghastly fight beside Jasmine Pool was still so fresh in his mind that it stained all walks with blood. There remained the circle of firs which had grown from shrubs to trees while he was growing from boy to man. He strolled toward it, and when he found Midge sitting on the central stump just as she had sat the night of the day of the finding of the bonds, he forgot to be surprised. It seemed so natural for her to be there, and for him to find her, that neither of them spoke as he sank on the carpet of needles at her side.

"You're too far away," he whispered after a long time.

She slipped to the ground and settled back against his shoulder. "Harry, am I a part of you?"

"You're the whole of me."

"Oh, no, I'm not. Today—this afternoon—you would have—you'd have gone all the way—if it hadn't been for Beard, and left me behind! I don't blame you, but it makes me into a little thing."

"I had a feeling in the court room that I was carrying you with me."

"You were. Oh, you did! That's why I can say from my heart that I don't blame you."

"Midge," said Harrington, holding her tightly, "I couldn't have gone even as far as I did without you. Think a minute. Even if I'd gone all the way, and beyond, I could never have left you behind. Don't you know in that funny heart of yours that you made me do what I did and stand where I stood? Can't you see that I won back today what Harry Jones, the coward, lost?"

"More," whispered Midge, "a thousand times more!"

"Yes," said Harrington simply, "a thousand times more. Never again will you or anybody else have to say to me, 'Why don't you fight?' I've won back all that I've learned, all that I've been and all that I'm going to be. But dead yesterday and alive today, I've never been away from the love of you."

"Oh, Harry," she gasped, turning to press herself against him, "don't call my heart funny! Help me to hold it in!"

"Like a company of horses," murmured Harrington.

Holding her close to his side, he knew that only in that moment had he been born to the full—the completed—stature of a man. No more need to win or explain, for she was in him and of him, the partner and guardian of his pride. "Shoulder to shoulder, Midge," he whispered. "It's always been shoulder to shoulder."

"Shoulder to shoulder, Harry."

(THE END)

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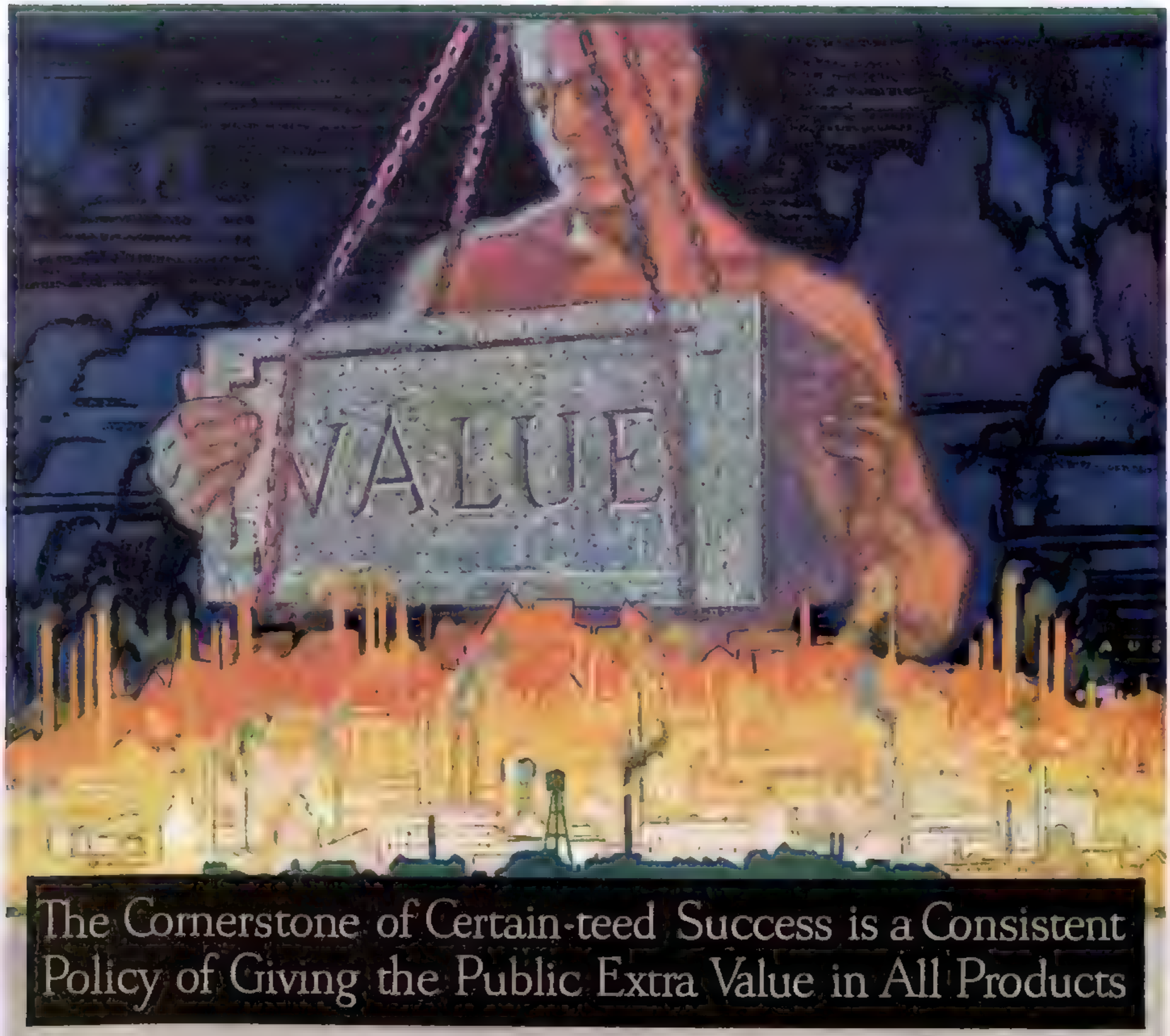

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A SAGA OF THE SWORD

(Continued from Page 9)

however, had been in vain. Wretchedly poor had been the kills made recently by the hunters. Affrightingly meager were the crops now showing themselves. And—a panic-inducing discovery—last year's poor hoards of grain were now exhausted. Something had, very urgently, to be done about it.

The solution advocated by Black Eagle and Grass Snake, and supported by Gray Fox, was another sacrifice of young men and maidens on such an overwhelming scale as to be surely irresistible. The rest of the tribe, however, by no means shared this view. Too many were menaced in such a wholesale immolation. If the earth ceased to bring forth and the forest was empty, it was because the last-year-wedded Grass Snake and Black Eagle had as yet no children—and their manifest sterility of course reacted disastrously upon the divinities they incarnated. Let them, therefore, be slain and Tree Blossom—who was already a mother—and Mountain Goat be chosen in their place. Had it not happened that Tree Blossom belonged to a branch of the hereditarily divine family with which old Gray Fox was at bitter feud, this motion would certainly have been carried with only two dissentients.

That day the crisis had come to its climax. Old Creeping Lizard, Gray Fox's hated rival, had harangued the tribe, had foamed at the mouth in his advocacy of a new incarnation of the god and goddess and a new chief magician in place of Gray Fox, now plainly impotent. And when Gray Fox and Black Eagle had instead ventured reasonably to suggest the anciently sanctioned holocaust of men and maidens as the one thing really necessary, they had been howled out of hearing and driven to the hut. The women had been especially vindictive. It had been quite impossible to argue with them. Gray Fox and Black Eagle felt strongly about it. The possession by women of full political rights was never anything but a nuisance to sensibly thinking politicians.

Grass Snake muttered over the bowl of blood into which she peered. She drew a long hissing intake of breath. The two men watched her anxiously, expectantly.

"I see! I see!" she muttered, staring down in autohypnotic vision. "The magic of the Great Mother begins. I see!"

"What seest thou, sacred one?" Old Gray Fox ventured the question in genuinely superstitious awe.

She replied without raising her head, "A strange thing I see—many men who run together and against each other, thrust with the spear and draw the bow even as against the bear and the spotted one of the forest, slaying one another—blood, much blood, do I see, blood for the thirsty gods—and women who run in fear, snatching up their little ones—women who beat the breast and wail—and bones, bones, bones, left whitening the ground"—she shuddered, and her voice came as though it were another who spoke; another who saw what earthly eye could not see—"the light of the sun is put out by the smoke of burning huts, and the leaves of the trees drip blood—I know not, I know not—strangeness I see—evils, great evils, and flames and rivers of blood ——"

"And us dost thou not see?" asked Black Eagle anxiously.

She drew another long breath, and her face was as though the vision changed.

"Yea," she answered, "I see thee and Gray Fox and myself in whom the Great Mother speaks—and the hunters and the women throng around us, offering us their gifts and hailing us as verily the divine ones in their joy. Great feastings are there round the fires and there is no hut that is not full of food ——"

Old Gray Fox looked at her, skeptically mystified by the contrasting incongruity of the scenes she evoked. He could perceive no connection between them.

"Seest thou no sacrifice?" he queried doubtfully.

She peered again into the bowl. "A sacrifice I see. The blood of many victims is wet upon the ground—and many others are dragged with bound hands to Him-Who-Makes-to-Grow—even to Black Eagle—and each he slays with the club of sacrifice. But not our young men are these who are slain. Our people stand, young men and maidens with their arms about each other, and watch the sacrifice, shouting with gladness; not ours are these who are slain. They come from afar—stranger men ——"

"Ha!" said Gray Fox, his crafty old eyes blinking at her. "And these stranger men? How shall they be known?"

She swept the loose tawny hair from a face that was drawn with nervous exhaustion, looked once more into the bowl, sat in silence. Suddenly she shivered, raised her head, her eyes disappointed, put down the bowl.

"I see no more," she said wearily. "The magic ends. The Great One has shown. She shows no more."

"Ha!" ejaculated old Gray Fox. "Strange things has she shown. Nor are they plain to those that seek."

For a while the three sat looking at each other, unable to interpret this cryptic revelation, if revelation it was, and outside the hut men and women came to jeer at them, promising them a joyously vengeful ceremony on the morrow. Suddenly Grass Snake leaned forward, her clever coarse-featured face eager with the thought which had come to her, interrupting old Gray Fox's muttered maledictions on Creeping Lizard.

"When thou, O ancient one, didst hunt, and when my mother's brother hunted, a man might follow the game through the forest beyond the great hill toward the seven stars, into a far great valley where bears were as many as rabbits and the deer might not be counted."

"Even so, O sacred one," agreed the magician without interest.

"Why go not our hunters to that valley now?" asked Grass Snake cunningly.

"Surely, as thou knowest, it is because the Green-Paint men dwell there and it is their hunting ground," he replied. "The Green-Paint men come not on our hunting grounds and our young men go not into theirs. Thus is the law among men, even as the Great Mother made it when the stars were born."

"But before it was the hunting ground of the Green-Paint men was it not ours?" demanded Grass Snake with emphasized cunning, her eyes glittering. "Even thus showed the Great Mother to me who am she among men. Angry is she with this foolish people who let her law be broken and stranger men hunt in the hunting grounds that were ours of old time, and thus stints she the grain and roots and the game in the forest."

"Rarely did our hunters go into that valley, so far is it," objected the old wizard. "And even so, what profits it, since the Green-Paint men are there?"

"Listen, O ancient one!" said Grass Snake impatiently. "Age hath dulled thy eyes and thy understanding. He-Who-Makes-to-Grow—even Black Eagle—shall lead the hunters to that valley and punish those that dwell therein for that they have broken the law of the Great Mother and hunt in grounds that were ours aforetime!"

"Punish them?" echoed Black Eagle, staring at her, bewildered.

"How are those punished who break the law within the tribe?" retorted Grass Snake, scornful of his stupidity. "Are they not slain and their lifeblood given to the gods? So shall the life blood of their young men be given to Him-Who-Makes-to-Grow and of their maidens to the Great Mother, and since they will be many for the sacrifice so shall the Great Ones be made strong again! Thus did the Great Mother show it to me. Thus shall it be!" She finished in high excitement, her eyes aflame, her unbeautiful face lit up with the cunning of her idea.

The two men sat silent. The thing was too utterly novel for easy reply. Men did indeed quarrel and slay each other when the anger fit was upon them. Isolated strangers were also pounced upon and slain. That was familiar. But never, in such traditional history as they knew, had one tribe of men gone forth into the lands of another tribe deliberately intent on violence. There was no reason, other than the immutability of custom, why it had not already long been done. Merely it had not been done. Holding themselves mutually aloof, the tribes had very little knowledge of each other. Only perhaps in this latest age, after immensely long ages of scattered savagery, had tribal cohesion become sufficiently established to make such organized action possible. The project feverishly outlined by Grass Snake startled alike the old man and the young in its flagrant violation of all that had hitherto been habitual among men.

"But how if they will not submit to the sacrifice?" asked Black Eagle, trying to realize the implications of this dangerously novel enterprise. "The Green-Paint men know us not."

Grass Snake laughed scornfully. "Have not our hunters spears and bows?" she demanded. "Even as the Great One showed me, even as they hunt the bear and the forest cat, shall they hunt them, slaying those who let not their hands be bound. Or art thou afraid? Shall I give thee to the sacrifice and claim Wild Bull to be the god who shares my hut? Shall he lead the young men in thy stead?"

Old Gray Fox blinked his bleary red-rimmed eyes and stroked his long white beard. His emaciated, crafty features were grotesque in a sudden grin.

"Truth hath the Great Mother shown to thee, O sacred one!" he exclaimed delightedly. "Even so shall our lives be saved and the people made joyous under our law. For so shall the lot for sacrifice no longer be cast among them." He turned to Black Eagle. "Sayest thou not yea, O chief?"

"Never has it been done," objected Black Eagle doubtfully. "And who knows if indeed Grass Snake saw that which shall be? Perhaps will the hunters not follow me into lands that are not theirs."

The grin faded out of the face of old Gray Fox. It went hard and vicious.

"He-Who-Makes-to-Grow is faint with need of blood," he said severely. "Thy feeble words bespeak it. Wilt thou that that blood shall be thine? Better is it that it should be the blood of the Green-Paint men. So shall the Great Ones be made strong and plenty, be once more among our people. For surely will they have stores of food we can bring back to our huts, and our hunters will have new hunting grounds. Truth has the sacred one spoken. The Green-Paint men merit punishment for that they have broken the law and taken hunting grounds that once were ours. So shall we proclaim it to the people and they shall know that such is the will of the Great Ones, even of the Great Mother and of Him-Who-Makes-to-Grow. Wilt thou or another lead the young men to the valley beyond the mountain? Or doth the god fail already in thee, O chief?"

Grass Snake smiled evilly, her eyes glittering.

"Wild Bull fears nothing," she remarked. "Great is his skill and great his strength in the hunting."

Black Eagle sprang vehemently to his feet. "Wild Bull has the heart of a rabbit!" he cried. "Before he is chosen will I myself slay him!" He turned to Gray Fox. "Speak thou to the people, O ancient in wisdom! And then will He-Who-Makes-to-Grow lead the hunters into the valley of the Green-Paint men that He may drink the blood of sacrifice; even He who is strong in me shall lead them. Ha! I have spoken, even I the chief!" And he glared at Grass Snake, who smiled again.

Old Gray Fox slowly raised his stiff and rheumatic body from the skin whereon he had been sitting.

"I go to call the people together," he said.

Highly exciting had been that assembly held just as the sun was dipping to the westward ridge, flooding the forest-filled valley with an atmosphere of gold, bright upon the faces of men and women running in a clamor of angry voices to the central space between the huts. At first since had not the sacrifice been already decided?—hearing had been denied to Gray Fox, Black Eagle and Grass Snake as they stood on a little mound in the midst of the shouting, screaming throng. Even the children had yelled derisively at them, had thrown deftly aimed stones amid general merriment. Tree Blossom had vociferated with especial loudness, jeering triumphantly at Grass Snake, and old Creeping Lizard had laughed mockingly at Gray Fox, mimicking significantly the act of sacrifice. But the old wizard had persisted, screaming at the top of his voice above the din, and at last the sense of his words had come to the ears of the crowd. No more sacrifice of men and maidens from the tribe! Plenty—great plenty—in the huts! The clamor had hushed suddenly, till only Tree Blossom still cried frenziedly, and then even she had been forcibly silenced.

Cunningly the old sorcerer had harangued them. Great magic had Grass Snake made and the awful Great Mother herself had revealed her will to her in sign of her favor of this most efficacious embodiment of herself, had revealed the cause of their distress. An awed murmur had greeted this intelligence. Why was the Great Mother angry so that the crops failed and the forest was empty of game? It was because these her people had permitted the Green-Paint men to break her law and steal hunting grounds that were of old time the preserve of this people she loved. Did not all men know that it was forbidden to invade the hunting grounds of others? What marvel was it that she was wroth? Only by much blood could she be assuaged. Properly every man, woman and child in the tribe should be sacrificed in expiation of the sin of permitting this crime.

But the Great Mother was merciful. For much blood was she athirst, and her consort He-Who-Makes-to-Grow also. Yet with the blood of the Green-Paint men, justly due to her since they had broken her law, would she and her husband god be henceforth content. Therefore had she commanded Black Eagle, in whom He-Who-Makes-to-Grow loved to dwell, to lead forth the hunters into the valley of the Green-Paint men and take them captive for the sacrifice. And for reward would be theirs the stores of food collected by the Green-Paint people and the hunting grounds of which sinfully they had allowed themselves to be deprived. And when the Great Ones had again been strengthened by the poured-out blood of the Green-Paint people, then again would the crops flourish and the game be plentiful for the hunters. But woe betide them if sacrilegiously they broke this command!

Thus, eloquently developing this theme in his crude uncouth dialect, had old Gray Fox spoken, and Grass Snake and Black Eagle had spoken after him, amid an increasingly clamorous enthusiasm, a superstitious eager obedience to the dictates of the dreaded gods. Verily was it beyond doubt that the Green-Paint men had broken the law and seized hunting grounds that were not theirs! It was a crime convincingly sufficient to explain their dearth, and immediately must it be punished lest all

(Continued on Page 68)

A Hint Worth Taking

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(Continued from Page 66)

should die. Above all, highly satisfactory was the proposal that the Green-Paint men and maidens should be slain in sacrifice instead of their own. That, especially, met with the excited and unanimous approval it deserved.

Only old Creeping Lizard had got up in opposition. Glaring with hatred at Gray Fox, he had dared to dispute the authenticity of this revelation. Let them beware, he had said. If they seized sacrifices to the gods from among the Green-Paint men, might not other men come among them and seize them as sacrifices also? Was it not the law of the Great Mother that they should have no dealings with other tribes? Once that immemorial law was broken who knew what calamities might follow? As for those hunting grounds, all men knew that their fathers had never claimed them. For his part, he was sure that the sole cause of all their woes was the disastrous impotence of Grass Snake, Black Eagle and Gray Fox. Let them be sacrificed and all would be well. This latter part of his speech he had screamed ravingly while he struggled amid the mob that rushed to pull him from the tree stump he had mounted.

Thus, in a great shout of enthusiastic acclamation, the thrillingly novel expedition had been decided upon. But there had been much to do before it could start. First, since it would be the hunters who would march forth under the direct auspices of Him-Who-Makes-to-Grow, that god had to be magically stimulated to his fullest activity. Therefore, the men had formed themselves into a great circle and solemnly danced the dance which assisted the crops to shoot up from the soil, leaping high into the air even as they wished the crops to be high. Even so, many thousands of years later amid the magnificence of Ancient Rome, the Salii Martiales—the priests of that Mars who was a god of growth long ages before he was a god of war—solemnly leaped and danced. Even so, perhaps, among all peoples, the war dance was originally instituted as the great male god changed his chief function with the changing times.

Much else, also, had to be provided for. Since husband and wife were sympathetically interconnected by their close union, it was obvious that any rash act on the part of the women must react maleficently on the distant-venturing men. Therefore old Gray Fox had impressed upon them that they must strictly observe the precautions normally taken when the hunters were absent. The women must remain in the huts, slinking out of sight, and thus would their men likewise be invisible. Never must they sleep during the day, for otherwise their men also might sleep inopportunely. They must sing cheerfully, for so would their men be happy. Careful must they be not to stumble or fall, lest their men stumble and fall also. Nor must they eat all the food, but always leave some in the pot, so that their absent men should not be hungry in a greedy devouring of their portions at home. Finally, they must be especially careful not to indulge in any amatory intrigues with men left behind, for if the bond of faithfulness were broken surely would the absent one die.

Awed and stirred to unusual affection for the men about to disappear from their sight in a confrontation of unknown perils, the women had shouted their promise. And Grass Snake had made a particularly potent magic to insure that the female part of the community should be immune from all sickness until the hunters' return.

Then had there been a great overhauling of weapons, and with many efficacious spells the spears had been newly headed or hafted and the bows restrung, the death magic had been made over the poison brew in which the arrow points were steeped, and men and women had volubly the while exchanged excited words of anger against the Green-Paint men. Though yesterday they had not given a thought to the vaguely distant existence of this peaceful people, now it seemed that they had always hated them. Were they not demonstrably the cause of all their woes?

At the next dawn, with the women dutifully hiding themselves in the huts, the hunters had marched out, Black Eagle swaggering at their head in happy enjoyment of his new popularity. Surely He-Who-Makes-to-Grow in person would strike terror into the hearts of the Green-Paint men! On his head he wore the bunch of plumes which symbolized the tall and nodding corn, and while his left hand held the hunter's pair of throwing spears, his right hand gripped the stone-headed club of sacrifice which was the prerogative of the officiating incarnation of the god; that most ancient weapon which, suitably transformed, in later ages was to become the scepter of the king and the baton of the commanding general. Freshly and hideously painted with red ocher was his face, as were the faces of his men. For the red paint was the magical similitude of blood, and since the blood was obviously the life, to put it on one's face endowed one with an additional vitality and in theory made death impossible.

So, with the furtive, silent footfall of stalkers of wild game, they marched through the gloomy forest where the great boughs interwove overhead and only a rare slant of sunshine came between the tall trunks; marched upward on the broad flank of the mountain where the forest became thin and stunted and at last ceased for a bare, bleak stretch of heather rustling in a chill wind; attained painfully and wearily the ultimate skyline and descended; came finally to where, far below them, they could see the long clearing and the hut dots of the Green-Paint men, a distant sharply delimited area of cultivation in the densely wooded valley. On the morrow would they burst upon it. One after the other as, hideous in their paint, shaggy-haired and brutish in the animal skins that left them seminude, exclamatory in suddenly revived excitement, they reached this lofty viewpoint, they cast themselves prone lest eyes keen as their own should discern them from below.

Curiously loud to his tensely alert hearing came the sound of happy voices, the jabber of men, women and children at their food—pungent was the smoke smell of the closely near cooking fires—as Black Eagle crouched just within the forest edge, awaiting a moment he had cunningly planned. In the first gray of dawn he had sent half of his men on a detour through the forest to the other side of the village. "Even as the hunters surround a herd of feeding deer when no wind blows shall we come upon them," he had said. At each side of him, similarly behind undergrowth and convenient trees, the remainder of his men crouched likewise. So, all but invisible and quite silent, their weapons held instantly ready, would they have concealed themselves for the hunt, when as yet their furtively surrounded prey was unsuspicious, had not yet rushed crashingly to break the ring of suddenly active, wildly shouting spearmen and benders of the bow.

But no hunt on which he had ever been engaged had evoked in Black Eagle such intensity of breathlessly repressed excitement, so curious a mingling of apprehension and fierce enjoyment, as that with which he quivered while he waited in suspense for the signal from his stealthily arrived detachment. Not a clumsily stupid wild beast did he now hunt, but men even as himself, men who would react swiftly and intelligently to his attack, but in a manner which, lacking experience, he could not definitely foresee. This novel sense of confronting a potential equality of menace was a subtly intoxicating stimulus to all his faculties. Transcending his superficially recent human consciousness, the life force in him—acting as it had acted for incomputable aeons of evolution through an ascending series of forms perfected by ruthless competition and egotistic survival—accentuated itself automatically in this imminence of conflict, like against like. For him, a creature in whom instinct still dominated, it translated itself as a fiercely sensuous delight, a thrill of enhanced vitality. Often, often, would he lead his hunters on such a chase!

Surely must those others be now already lurking in position at the other side of the village! Perhaps had they already given the signal and he had failed to hear it. Soon, very soon, now, the Green-Paint men would be getting up from their meal, would be dispersing on their occupations for the day. He agonized lest this should be so, lest this overwhelmingly advantageous opportunity should be missed. He had no illusion as to the consequences of failure. After all his boastings, bitter would be the mockeries which would assail him in those last moments before another succeeded him as He-Who-Makes-to-Grow. Should he wait no longer for that signal, but recklessly rush out with those hunters behind him?

He fitted one of his two spears to that hooked throwing stick which would give the leverage of an additional forearm, greatly increasing the force and distance of the weapon's flight, half raised himself to creep forward. From their places of concealment his men, imitating him, crept forward also, irregularly to right and left of him. He could see the Green-Paint men moving in the brighter light beyond the few trees which yet screened him, saw, very close, a Green-Paint woman standing erect at her cooking fire and laughing as she talked and ate. Would she perceive him, give the alarm? He checked, sank down among the herbage between the tree stems, invisible in his immobility. His men, needing no instruction in hunting craft, simultaneously halted and vanished.

A moment later, just as that woman seated herself again, turned her head away from him in vivacious chatter, the call of a wood bird came insistently from the forest at the other side of the village. It was the signal! Instantly Black Eagle sprang to his feet, yelling the hunting yell that was repeated all around him as he rushed forward, poising his spear in readiness for the throw. He emerged from the trees, found himself quite near a cooking fire from which startled Green-Paint men leaped up in consternation, hurled his spear with all his force at an arbitrarily chosen man, saw him fling up his arms and fall as the spear transfixed him—and never had he killed an animal with such a fierce spasm of exultation. He yelled again, loud above the yell of the men behind him, above the yell of the hunters now breaking from the forest beyond the village, loud above the sudden shrieks and screams from the cooking fires upon which a terrifying and deadly shower of spears, of whirring arrows, descended. What hunt could compare with this? Yelling like one possessed, he fitted his second spear, hurled it, plucked the stone-headed club from his girdle and rushed upon a huddled throng where two or three of the Green-Paint men had snatched up bow and spear.

In that intoxicating frenzy the sense of personal danger was obliterated. He saw one of those Green-Paint men lift his bow and take aim at him, and the gesture seemed unreal, without genuine menace. And even as that bowstring was released—he knew not where the arrow went—he had sprung at the man, had brought down his heavy stone club upon a thick-haired skull. After that there was a wild confusion in which, subsequently, he could distinguish no clear memory. He only knew that he smote and smote in a fierce ecstasy of killing, while around him there was a sense-blurring clamor of shouts and screams and yells, a frantic rushing to and fro as, shrieking in panic, men, women and children raced blindly now here, now there, in futile escape from the encircling onslaught of his hunters. He laughed and yelled as he smote—at first, men who lifted bow and spear against him; then men who cowered paralyzed and nerveless in their fear, who sank upon their knees before him, imploring him to stay his hand. He exulted in a primitive blood lust, never before so freely released in him, never before given full satisfaction.

For a little longer he glutted himself, and then suddenly he remembered the necessity of sparing some for the sacrifice. No more did any of the Green-Paint men resist. Flinging away their weapons, they howled and knelt for mercy, screaming words that—although the dialects differed—were recognizable as appeals to a wrathful god ravaging terribly among them, a god who was, splendidly, himself. He shouted to his men to cease from slaying, pulled back forcibly those who were too excited to hear. Before him the Green-Paint men prostrated themselves abjectly. He stood over them, thrillingly magnificent in a more than human superiority.

"Bind their hands for the sacrifice!" he cried. "And the hands of the women also!"

Not, however, amid the blood pools and blackened hut circles of that village—joyously had they watched the upward-licking, hungrily crackling flames in a last greedy gratification of the unleashed impulse to destroy—had the great sacrifice been made to Him-Who-Makes-to-Grow. Over the mountain had they returned to their own settlement; the men captives driven along stumblingly, their arms fastened behind them; the women docilely carrying on their heads the stores of food ransacked from the huts before the fiery brand had been flung—they wept and moaned for the little children left slaughtered behind them—the hunters shouting newly composed crude songs of triumph; Black Eagle swaggering magnificently in the new deference accorded him—had he not visibly been possessed by a furiously raging god in that brief battle which was rather a massacre? Who could doubt that He-Who-Makes-to-Grow was verily incarnate in his person?

Wild had been the enthusiasm with which the women had greeted them, swarming out from the huts as they entered in vociferously exultant procession, waving bow and spear. The children had run by the side of the tottering, stumbling captives, screaming derision at them, and Grass Snake and old Gray Fox had awaited them at the place of sacrifice, radiant with the success of their plan. Tumultuous had been the rejoicing as the spectators massed themselves for this solemn atrocity from which they themselves were now happily exempt. Afterward would come the gluttonous feastings on the food plentifully brought from the huts of the Green-Paint people; first must the Great Ones be fed with the blood for which they languished. One after the other the male captives had been relentlessly driven forward. One after the other Black Eagle had slain them, his own hand wielding the skull-smashing stone club, even as, in the most ancient representation, the divine kings of prehistoric Egypt are shown slaying the war prisoners for a strengthening of their god.

And then had occurred the event which must have repeated itself at many times and many places, as community after community, under the stress of similar circumstances, broke the ancient law and raided neighboring peoples for blood sacrifices to the all-essential gods. Grass Snake had stepped forward, the woman's stone knife in her hand, and cried for the female captives to be brought to her that their blood might be poured out to the Great Mother. Joyously and eagerly had the women swarmed out to seize them, to hurry them to the corpse-strewn place of sacrifice.

For a moment or two, Black Eagle, swaggering under his plumes, had watched the wild scene where woman struggled with shrieking woman, and then suddenly—he could not himself have analyzed that irresistible impulse which surged up in him from primevally savage, women-stealing ancestors, an impulse in abeyance since women had become at once more plentiful and more socially powerful in the transition to agricultural life, revived in him perhaps

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by the fierce emotions of war and conquest, themselves a return to the primitive, a violent throwing-off of slowly imposed law—he had rushed forward and torn a particularly comely maiden from the virago who dragged her by the hair. And after him, ceding to the same impulse, his hunters had dashed out, snatching each his prize.

Black Eagle had laughed at Grass Snake as she raved at him, had pushed her off from the maiden who clasped his knees, pathetically grateful—when she understood, and the first spasm of terror was over—that her life was spared.

"'The old ones mayest thou slay,'" he had said jeeringly. "But the young ones will I and my hunters keep alive. So, if our wives scold and drive us from the huts—even as thou sayest—shall they build for us huts that are ours."

In some such manner, primarily seeking sacrificial captives, if the archæologists are to be believed, did organized war first begin among those previously pacific Neolithic peoples from whom our present yet imperfect civilization remotely derives. And with the ever-widening tyranny of war did the anciently great Mother Goddess sink into comparative insignificance by the side of the blood-fed male god, and women coincidently relapse into a subject sex.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by Mr. Austin. The next will appear in an early issue.

SHARK BAIT

(Continued from Page 17)

plugs all right. Then what the mischief was wrong, anyhow? He cussed a little and scratched his head, and while he was standing there another flivver come tearin' along, lickety-split. A Jap was drivin' this one, too, and he had his wife and nineteen of their youngest kids with him, and there in the back sat the old woman as calm as an oyster.

"That ain't half of it. At the next village they stopped. And then you'd ought to've heard 'em, for there was no old woman in the car no more. She'd vanished—vamoosed. Of course they could easy of shed her without ever noticing it, that crowd goin' over the bumps, but the Jap swore it was a miracle and all the natives agreed with him. But he was very fortunate, they said, for the old woman was Madame Pele, and since he had given her a ride she would watch over and protect him. And it did look that way. When we get along farther I'll show you where the lava flow split into two currents and went clear around his home.

"And I'll show you another place that escaped too. In this house lived a native family, and one day while the wife was workin' up some taro for poi, a beggar woman drifted along and asked for something to eat. 'Sure,' said the woman. 'Come in and rest yourself.' She give the old woman some poi and also a coupla cigarettes and they sat there and gossiped a while.

"Then all at once the beggar woman was gone, although the wife hadn't seen her walk off. But she remembered it afterwards, when Mauna Loa busted loose, and what you see here come rollin' down like the Day of Judgment straight for her house, and stopped short at the fence and went around and clear into the sea.

"Then there was other signs of a different character. They showed up on the instruments in Doc Jaggar's office away up near Volcano House on the rim of Kilauea. The Doc is a volcan—now—well, anyhow, the American Government sent him there, and he's a sure-enough scientist. Say, you ought to hear him tell about earthquakes and things like that, and how there're tides of lava like tides of the sea, and how these catastrophes that wipe out cities and towns could be reckoned pretty close if we'd go about it scientific, because the earth tremors come in cycles, and one of these days the world'll have to study quakes and slides and tremors and eruptions, and locate or build according.

"Did you ever stand on the rim of a volcano and look away down into the smokin' crater? It sure makes you wonder how it all come about. You can see there better'n anywhere else how the earth cooled off from a molten state. But what beats me is how did life ever get started on bare rock? Huh? That's what beats me. Did you ever stop to figure that? It must've come from somewhere, and from that first spark every livin' thing is bound to've emerged. What is it?

"I'm here to tell you it makes a man feel funny. Here we are, makin' a big noise on top of a crust, and down below're forces strong enough to bust this old world wide open in two shakes. What if they are forty miles down? Sometimes she comes up with a bump, don't she?

"And say, did you ever stop to think how this globe of ours is only a speck in a world of planets? And maybe some of the others're inhabited, too, and those creatures may not be anything like us at all. Perhaps they're far superior—maybe they're as far ahead of us as we're ahead of cattle. Did you ever stop to think about that? No, it's better not to. Let's have a drink instead. Say, where the Sam Hill did you put that bottle?

"Well, as soon as Mauna Loa begun to get restless the bureau up at Kilauea sent out warnings, especially to the villages liable to get hurt, and told everybody to watch out for trouble. But do you think them natives paid any mind? No, sirree, not a bit of it. They just stayed where they was and never worried one particle.

"Hadn't Madame Pele always been the Hawaiians' friend? Had she ever damaged any native holding? No, never! Pele always stopped the flow before it touched a native home, no matter how much other property it destroyed. That's what they said, and they believed it too. They believed it in spite of the records, which were dead against 'em—but maybe they didn't know about the records. Anyhow, they calmly watched the volcano vomitin' lava and smoke and eyed this mass of stuff comin' down the mountain, and went on about their business, sittin' in the shade and enjoyin' of themselves.

"You've never seen a big volcano in action, have you? Well, there's no spectacle on earth you can compare it with. War? Shucks, the champeen battle of history would look like a kid's firecrackers alongside of a lava flow. Here's something no human power can stop or turn, and when you see it you wonder whether the end of the world's come.

"Yet that didn't stop a lot of us fool Americans from rubberneckin' right up in front. See this road we're on? It was black with cars for miles. If the lava had swerved ever so little—and it often does—it would have cut across the road in back of them. They couldn't have turned around, and the lava was crossing ahead. A lot of 'em got out and monkeyed around close enough to get singed too. Imagine a wall of red-hot clinkers fifty feet high movin' downhill on you! That's what they seen, and those people set in their flivvers and said, 'My, ain't it grand!' People like that is bound to give a heap of trouble on Judgment Day, dog-gone 'em.

"Well, we had to get the natives out of their places, and it was a tough job, I can tell you. Say, we had to carry some. They wouldn't budge an inch until the lava was right at their walls, and even then a few didn't want to go. This business sort of knocked the props from under their pet beliefs and they'd never feel the same again—so what was the use of livin'? I don't know as I blame 'em.

"Andy Tweedie did as much as anybody, I reckon. At least he did up to the time he went fishin'. Andy was among the first on hand when the big show started, and it looked like he felt personally responsible for all arrangements. The way that bird worked was a caution. I'll bet Andy must've walked forty miles before he even thought of a bite to eat.

"'He acts like he carried the insurance,' says Jimmy Dunbar.

"Just then we seen the lava reach a little hill. I expected it would sort of hesitate, or back up maybe, or go round. Say, listen—it moved forward as steady and smooth as though there wasn't anything in its way at all, and that hill disappeared. Same when it arrived at a house. You'd naturally expect it to flatten a building with one smash and then pour over the ruins with a rush; but naw, sir. It never hurried, and it never paused neither. It just shoved forward with that terrible, slow, sure power which scares you more than anything else about it, and the house begun to slant, then bent some more and flattened out, and joined the other burning stuff underneath a million tons of slag.

"By this time the natives were throwin' offerings to the goddess into the flow. There was little roasted pigs and beautiful leis and bowls of poi and bottles of *okolihau*, and a sight of other things they thought she'd like. But I reckon Madame Pele was too busy to check up on these gifts, because the flow kept right on comin', and we figured she'd never stop now till she reached the sea.

"Andy Tweedie wandered up to where me and Dunbar and some others was standing, and he was a sight to look at. The prespuration was runnin' off him like he'd just come out from a swim, and his clothes and shoes were ruined, but he was as earnest and anxious to help as ever.

"'Well, laddie,' says Dunbar, 'you're sure playin' in hard luck today.'

"'How? Me? This won't hurt me. It's these poor natives I'm thinkin' of.'

"'I wasn't speakin' of the flow,' says Jimmy. 'I meant the shark.'

"'What shark?' says Andy, stoppin' his handkerchief halfway round his neck.

"'Why, the shark! The granddaddy of all sharks! The biggest shark ever seen in these waters.'

"'Go on! What're you tryin' to do—kid me?'

"'It's the Gospel truth I'm tellin' you, Tweedie.'

"'Where'd you see this shark?' asks Andy, kind of suspicious.

"'A Kanaka saw him. So did a Jap. He's twelve feet long if he's an inch.'

"'Go on,' says Andy, but there was a queer look in his eye.

"He didn't say nothin' for a minute, but watched the flow, and then he says, 'You're trying to string me. Where did they see him?'

"'You know that cove over where the cliff falls sheer down ——'

"'Just beyond where the bent tree is?' cried Andy, all excited. 'Sure I do. That's a fine place for sharks. The water's twenty feet deep right up to the cliff.'

"'Well, that's where they saw him. He's been hangin' round there since yesterday too. This Kanaka told me he was fourteen feet long if he was an inch. Nobody on the island has ever seen as big a shark—not the oldest inhabitant.'

"'Well,' admitted Andy, 'that certainly is tough.' And when he looked at the lava again you could see he bore it a grudge. He stood like that for quite a while, Andy did, and now and again I could hear him mutterin'. It seems like he was sore because the blow-off had to come just when he'd got the swellest chance at a shark he ever would get in his life again—and the volcano could easy have waited.

"That was the last I seen of Andy during the entire performance. Yes, sir, those light words of Jimmy Dunbar's lost us the champeen relief worker right there. It seems like he went back and joined some other guys who were helping the natives, but his mind wasn't on his business no more, and pretty soon they missed him. He just drifted off, and his next appearance was somewhere along the road—Andy was legging it for home as hard as he could go.

"Ash Austin, I think it was, who give him a ride, and Ash reported the Tweedie as being in a deplorable state of excitement. Ash could tell because Andy spoke to him twice of his own accord before they'd gone five miles. First he asked Ash what ailed his old machine anyhow, and why not step on her and show a little speed; and then, after a few minutes, he inquired whether Ash knew anything about sharks, and did they stick around a place long? This made Ash plumb worried over Andy, for nobody had ever heard him so loquacious, you might say, but he figured maybe the terrible sights he'd witnessed had upset Tweedie and he'd come round all right in a few days.

"Well, I got the whole story later. The first thing Andy done was to make certain Jimmy Dunbar hadn't been stringin' him. Sure enough, the shark had been seen outside this cove, and what's more, he was still hangin' round there and acted like he had a date. According to some he was fourteen feet long, and according to others he was thirty. Anyhow, they all agreed he was the biggest shark ever seen in these parts.

"Now, this cove was Andy's favorite hole. The cliffs must've been sixty or seventy feet high, and they dropped straight into the water, which was deep. It would be a snap to roll a carcass over the edge and float him out—the place was really ideal for shark fishin'.

"But Andy had no carcass. He wanted to get a live animal for a shark like this one, so as to make sure of him, and they couldn't be had every day of the week. But after nosin' round he heard about a Jap who owned an old horse that was on his last laigs, and he went to see him.

"Sure, the Jap was willing to sell the horse. A little old maybe, but still a fine useful horse. He would never dream of parting from so valuable a work animal and true a friend, only that a devil seemed to have entered into the creature and he would no longer partake of his honorable food.

"You bet Andy pricked up his ears when he heard that. He spent maybe half an hour lookin' over the horse and pretending like he didn't want it. Wouldn't eat, hey? Must be sick. Yes, the Jap admitted, possibly that was the trouble; the obstinate beast had refused all nourishment for several days now, and Andy could see for himself how weak he was. Yet still a thing of value, should he recover from this spell. The Jap would part from this faithful associate with bitter reluctance.

"Right there was when they really begun to trade. And say, you'd ought to've heard 'em. How much did the Jap figure this shark bait was worth? Well, he was a noble horse and of exalted ancestry—the Jap despised himself for doing it, but he would part with him for the insignificant sum of forty dollars, purely out of respect and friendship for Mr. Tweedie, who'd always been fair and just in his dealings and deserved concessions he would never make to anybody else. Andy just smiled when he heard this and remarked very polite as how he didn't want to buy out the Jap, but only this one bag of bones, and hadn't he best take another squint?

"Well, the Jap done so, and also a squint at Andy. 'How much,' he inquired, 'would

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BY ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF SIX CYLINDER CARS

(Continued from Page 70)

Andy pay?' The Tweedie walked all around the staunch friend of mankind again and opined it would be crim'nal extravagance, but he was willin' to pay fifty cents.

"Each saw then he had a man after his own heart to deal with, and they spent a very pleasant afternoon dickerin' back and forth. Sometimes Andy would start to walk off, but the Jap followed him every time. And at last they come to a sort of sporting agreement. Andy planned to go fishin' next mornin'. Well, if the horse was no better by that time and still refused the honorable nose bag, he could have him for a dollar, but if the animal showed signs of returning appetite Andy couldn't get him without he paid twenty dollars on the barrel head. And he didn't have to take the Jap's word about his feed; he could make the test himself.

"O. K. The brute looked to be on his last laigs and Andy agreed. It would be an act of mercy to shoot him, and only a dollar. Him and the Jap shook hands and then off he went to hire him a boat. There was a coupla fishermen he'd transacted some business with and Andy got a boat mighty reasonable. It was to meet him next day at the cove.

"But his worst troubles was still to come. When he got home the wife was very much surprised to see Andy, because she never expected he would leave the scene of the flow.

"'What on earth're you doing now?' she asks, when Andy went to rummagin' in a cupboard.

"'Tryin' to find my hooks and harpoons. Where'd you hide 'em, wumman?' says Andy.

"'What'd I be hiding your old fush hooks for?' she wanted to know. 'Just like a man! I never touched your old hooks. But for heaven's sake, what do you want with them now?'

"'To fush with,' says Andy, and the battle was on.

"'Awndruh Tweedie,' says his wife, and her voice carried a solemn warning, 'you're thinkin' of goin' fushin' at such a time as this? Tak shame to yersel'—with hundreds made homeless, and that volcano only just started! Why, it may blow up the whole island for all you know!'

"'Then it's my last chance,' says Andy. 'What good could I do by stickin' here if it did blow up the whole island? Put me up a lunch, wife, for the mornin'.'

"'I'll do naething of the kind,' Mrs. Tweedie tells him. 'If you've no sense of what's right and proper, Awndruh Tweedie, I have. And you'll no go out of this hoos for any such purpose.'

"'Peace, wumman,' says Andy. 'My mind is made up.'

"She seen then there was no stoppin' him. Yet she made one more try. 'The wee bairn's sick too,' she says. 'You knew that?'

"'Aye,' he admitted, 'but it's naething. And if he don't get better soon you can call the doctor.'

"Well, she just stood there and looked at him. It must've been terrible for Andy, but the blood of his ancestors was workin' strong and he never weakened

"He told Jimmy Dunbar afterwards that it was the worst night he ever put in. They'd never gone to sleep before with anger in their hearts, but Mrs. Tweedie wouldn't even speak to Andy when he asked her if she'd put the cat out; and then little Andy woke up and begun cryin' for a drink, and instead of shakin' his father and tellin' him to fetch it, she got out of bed herself and brought the pitcher. Andy said her manner was like that of a queen when she done it, and made him feel awful no-account.

"The boy'd never been so restless neither. He must've woke up a dozen times, and every time he'd yell. Jimmy says he hates to entertain such unworthy thoughts, but he feels plumb sure Mrs. Tweedie was pinchin' that infant.

"However, Andy hadn't changed his mind when he crawled out of bed next mornin'. His face was gray and set, but the very first thing he did was to examine his hooks and harpoons again.

"'I'll be troublin' you to get my breakfast, wife,' he says.

"'At this hour? Why, I never heard of such a thing in my life!'

"'A man has to eat,' says Andy.

"'You're quite able to get it yourself,' Mrs. Tweedie tells him, and Andy never lets out another word. He goes out into the kitchen and heats up the porridge in the pot, and cooks himself a mess of eggs and bacon and boils some coffee.

"'And you'll wash those dishes before you go too,' his wife calls out from the bedroom.

"She was wrong there, though, because he didn't. Maybe a lesser man would've done it, but you can drive a Scotchman only so far and no farther. Andy dumped the dishes in the sink and then he picked up his outfit of harpoons and rope and a gun and started for the door. There was no lunch for him to take along, but he couldn't wait no longer.

"His wife come out into the hall. 'You're determined to go?' she says, her face pale.

"'Aye,' says Andy.

"'Then I'm goin' to leave you, Awndruh Tweedie. I'm goin' back home.'

"Andy sort of gulped and looked at her real pit ful. 'You've been a guid wife to me,' he says, 'and I'll be grievin' to lose you.' And then he opens the door and walks out on her.

"Jimmy Dunbar seen him a few minutes later, and Jimmy said anybody could tell Andy was all tore up. The prespiration fairly dripped off of him, and now and again he made low moanin' sounds, but in spite of the fearful struggle ragin' inside of him the heroic spirit of the man was shinin' through so it looked like he wore a halo, Jimmy says

"Yes, sir, in that supreme moment all that was fine in Andy Tweedie done rose up—deep callin' to deep, Jimmy says—he seen his duty, and he aimed to do it spite of hell and high water.

"They run into Ash Austin up the road apiece, and he seemed plumb surprised. 'What?' says Ash. 'Goin' after shark, with Mauna Loa tearin' the insides outa the world? Why, you could live a thousand years and never see such another sight! Besides, there's your wife and child to consider. It ain't right, Andy. You stay behind and help, and I'll go kill that shark for you.'

"'No,' says Andy, though he was touched. 'It's too great a sacrifice to ask of any man, Ash. But I thank you for the thought.'

"'Well, how about me goin' along, anyhow? Two's better'n one,' Ash says.

"'No,' Andy tells him, 'not this time, Ash. Your duty's here. Besides, this is the biggest shark ever seen in these waters, they say, and I aim to kill him myself.'

"Well, Ash, he argued a while and then he drove off, merely remarkin' that that was a fine way to treat a friend, wasn't it, and wait till he ever offered to do another favor for Andy, that's all!

"'Good-by, Jimmy,' says Andy, when they got to the Jap's place. 'Here's where I leave you.'

"'Why, I'll go along, too, Andy. They don't need me back there and it's no trouble.'

"'You won't want to harpoon him yourself?'

"'No, of course not. I just want to watch.'

"'All right then. Come along. But see you don't get excited and forget.'

"They found the Jap standin' beside his horse very mournful. He could see twenty dollars slippin' away fast, and it hurt, I'm here to tell you.

"'How're you fixing to get him there?' Jimmy says. 'That plug can't walk.'

"'Yes, he can. You watch him. . . . Has he eaten anything yet?' Andy asks the Jap.

"'No, sair. I give him grass, I give him oats, I give him banana, but he no eat. I think he lose his appetite. What you think?'

"'I think so too. Let's go,' says Andy.

"It took 'em near two hours to lead that poor old plug to the place they wanted him. He was so weak his laigs shook, and every so often he'd stop and pull a deep sigh like he wasn't sure if he'd make it. The Jap didn't come with 'em. He said it was worth more'n a dollar to walk that far, but as he was goin' that way in his flivver, he would bring along the ropes and harpoons

"Well, at last they got to the bent tree, and then the cove, and there was the boat all ready to start whenever they was. They drug the horse close to the edge of the cliff, though he didn't want to go, and Andy says, 'As soon as the Jap gets here, we'll shoot the horse and shove him over. Then those guys in the boat can tie the ropes on and float him out.'

"They sat down on the grass to wait for the Jap, and pretty soon Andy seen a fin stickin' up out of the water about four hundred yards off shore.

"'Gosh, there he is now! Look at him, will you? He's a monster.'

"'How big do you figure he is, Andy?' says Jimmy, beginnin' to get excited

"'That shark,' replies Andy, 'is fifteen feet long if he's an inch. Gee, isn't that guy ever going to show up?'

"Just then the Jap come chuggin' along in his flivver and got out. He dumps the rope and harpoons on the ground and they could see he had somethin' on his mind

"'A dollar!' he mutters. 'Only a dollar! 'Tain't right.'

"'Hurry up!' yells Andy, dancin' about. 'Think we can wait here all night? He's out there now. You can see him. Hold this plug till I load my gun. If we don't get a move on, maybe he won't stay around.'

"The Jap didn't say nothin', but took a hold of the rope while Andy slipped a shell into the gun.

"'All ready?' says Andy. 'Gimme room. Stand back just a little, boy, so I can crack down on him.'

"He pulls up the gun and squints along the sights. And right at that very moment the horse sort of twitches his ears.

"'Hi,' yells the Jap. 'Wait a minute! Wait a minute, sair!'

"And before Andy could pull the trigger that dog-goned horse ducked his head and begun to nibble at the grass!

"Well, sir, Jimmy Dunbar told me Andy went and set down on the edge of the cliff and watched that shark swim about for hours. He set there most all day, and his suffering was terrible to see."

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CLASSICS OF A RING RECOLLECTION

(Continued from Page 7)

the ring. I have written of the ring, surrounding my fictional characters with the human traits I have filched from real fighters. It will be a relief to talk frankly and tell of the ring as I knew it and as my fighting friends know it.

Now and then I will mention names, but not often. My ambition is not to be a fighter; it is to be a writer. I'm sliding by just well enough so that my fighting name and my fighting identity will be of no aid to me, though I am by no means ashamed of it. I never was a fighter because I could write. I'll never be a writer because I could fight.

My theory is that to know a profession one must know the men who make it. The profession can be no greater than the men in it. I am not an authority. I will not argue the point with those who take exception to my ideas, beliefs or expressions. They have theirs; I have mine, drawn from the dripping water bucket, the moist towel, the smelly leather of boxing gloves. I want to tell things as they happened to me—some tragic, some amusing, all authentic.

Phil Schlossberg and myself still laugh over the days aboard ship. We laugh about the time I fought the marine aboard the Connecticut and won where Eddie Rector of our ship, a kid who hit at least four times as hard as I, lost on points. All that I did that night was prod a left hand into the devil dog's face, and marathon with a will and endurance that would have made Nurmi turn green with envy and scream "Plagiarist" in Finnish, which, I can imagine, must sound even worse than in English.

But I made the grade that night. I won money in small amounts for the members of our ship's company, because a sailor will bet on a shipmate if he knows the lad will lose!

The Way of Secrets

Where I really learned to hit was boxing, in secret, with Joe Saring. Joe was as sweet a fighter as he was a fellow. I know of no more popular lad alive than Joe Saring. We were working in secret, as I said.

We were in a compartment on the berth deck of the New Hampshire and there were present only a chief master at arms, newly come to the ship, and a seaman whose name I have forgotten, but recall as Goodwin. Joe Corbett was the chief, and we were quite friendly.

Joe Saring was championship material and, but for the duties of his mail-orderly assignment, would have been Navy champion, I know.

Imagine then the thunderous silence that followed my dropping Joe clean for the first time in his career! I caught him coming in with the same punch that had dropped Mike Pollman. He laughed queerly as he sagged to the deck. I caught him in my arms and held him up.

"All right, Joe?" I queried, as much surprised as he was.

"Sure, all right," he grunted. But I knew that he was not. He insisted that we continue after a moment or two, and within a minute from the second start I dropped him again. This time Joe was beyond speech.

We kept that secret aboard ship. Joe Corbett was a cinch not to talk, and we assured the seaman in the friendliest of tones that we would, if he ever told it, break the heart of all his friends through his own sudden death or permanent injury.

I would not even tell of this except that, some three or four years after it happened, I met Joe Saring in front of the Hotel Astor in New York. He was with two men in uniform and he hailed me enthusiastically with: "Holy gee! You!" Then he whirled to his friends and said: "This is the guy! This is the one that knocked me kickin'—the only one that ever did. Remember, I was tellin' you?" So Joe has beaten me to the telling of the tale.

The two nodded understandingly and looked at me in a quandary. I could see in their eyes that both of them felt certain he could paste me into submission and wipe out that stain. I never looked the fighter somehow. My friends swear that I do not now. Sometimes, when I meet old-timers I've fought and they belligerently recall our meeting, I wish I did.

I have never seen Joe since. I hope this falls under his eye and that he writes me his whereabouts. I would travel long and far to shake his hand—the hand that pounded me plenty through two long and glorious years of training together. We never met in the ring, for which I have always been glad. One of us would have had to win.

The passing of the years made me what might be called a successful fighter. I made money, which I spent as proof that I was successful. I made friends, which surpasses the money of the mint itself; and I learned that a man is a man, and if he is not that, he lacks certain things that every fighter I ever knew possessed.

O. Henry's Original

The ring has seen its great and near great. My friend Bob Davis has chronicled the doings of Ruby Robert Fitzsimmons with a pen of fire. It is worth mentioning that when Bob had his first galley proofs of that great tale he brought them to me one night when we were resting in the balm of the Adirondacks and I stretched out in bed and read them, every word of them, while the still night spent itself and dissolved into the shadows of gray dawn.

The wonder of that tale is that Bob caught the spirit of the fighter himself. Few men do. Probably I cannot. I can only portray their actions and let you be the judge. I can give you plainly and simply the things they think, the things they do and the things they want.

Are they roughnecks?

You must judge. A capitalist often has become such because, in his youth, he has stretched a point of credit, perhaps slipped across the line of solvency but got back before any suspected. Later he admits it and smiles through palms and laurels. He is said to have possessed vision and courage.

A fighter often sticks a wandering elbow into the throat of an opponent, or bangs his chin with the back of a hard head, or mugs him with the palm of a glove, or shoulders him into a position where he can rub bristly hair into lips and eyes. But when the fighter slips back across the line of solvency he is called a roughneck—a dirty fighter. I presume it is life. For the first time draw your own conclusion.

Fighters fight to win. They are goaded on by physical perfection and a natural instinctive impulse to emerge with a scalp at their belt. I speak, of course, of fighters that are on the level. There have been other kinds. More of them later.

But I have never known a fighter to be really vicious outside the ring. I have seldom known a brawling fighter, and I have often known fighters, and good ones, who would run a mile rather than fight in a street. The reason is simple.

Fighting is a business. Why risk hands for nothing? Why hazard injury for passing anger? Why give away that which can be sold? Bear in mind that your real fighter is a cool customer who thinks a good deal and who is not apt to lose his head.

There have been exceptions, however. I recall a night on Fourteenth Street in New York when a fireman from one of the battleships in Brooklyn crossed arms with a truly great ring man. He had the boxer licked until he caught his name, sung out in encouragement by admirers.

Right there the fireman ran for his life and remained, I am told, in the bunkers of the ship he served until the wash of the sea and the throb of the engines told him that the ocean was, for him, a moat of protection. However, after three days at sea to cool off, he became suddenly fractious and thumped the heads of four men in a single day! Realization made him tough.

It developed, in time, that I had to meet that same killer in the ring. There was much talk of his prowess and I confess to trepidation. The result of the fight was little less than farcical, but amusing.

The fireman stood in the center of the ring and regarded his gloves for a moment after the bell had rung. The crowd set up a cheer of anticipation and he immediately crouched behind his crossed arms. It was a perfectly simple matter to reach out with a left hand, press his outer arm against his body, thus imprisoning his other fist, and drop him completely with a right to the chin. There was nothing to interfere with the program at all. He lay on the floor of the ring with his arms still crossed. The crowd and the lights took all the fight out of him.

We dragged him to his corner and I could see that he was not really out. He could have gained his feet after that punch. But in the corner, when his seconds scowled upon him and the boos of the crowd shamed him and ridiculed him, he said, "He fouled me! Did'nya see that?"

In London I once boxed a lad heralded as the New Zealand welterweight champion. I had never seen him until I stepped into the small ring, and the two weeks preceding the bout I had spent in Paris, where there were many things to see, even for a boxer in training.

My first glimpse of the New Zealand champ was disconcerting. He was the sort of fighter the artist likes to picture. God would have been kinder to have bowed this lad's eyes that he might see around his hair. It grew in a black bristling point directly down to the bridge of his nose; then, as though still unsated, spread obliquely into shaggy eyebrows.

He scowled at me, but achieved little. There was nothing that could be done to embellish his anthropological vestments. Darwin was right; I knew it that instant. The lad had a banged nose which had been left to its own devices after being broken, two tin ears, and lips that could have served as a parapet to any crater I ever saw.

Applied Psychology

His arms hung to his knees and his eyes glittered with a hatred that was luminous. I gazed at this specimen of the manly art and, frankly, was afraid. For a few seconds I peered past the portals of death and realized that, with my record, and Paris such a few hours agone, this gentleman was but the forerunner of a sad eternity that was reaching out to embrace me.

"Where," I muttered to my handler—"where under heaven's sun did they trap that?"

Psychology as a fighting factor exists. His reply proves it, to say nothing of the mastery of it which he attained in that tense moment. He regarded the nether champ in surprise, but he spoke with a rare nonchalance.

"See them ears?" he asked. "That nose? Them lips?"

"How could I miss 'em?" I queried.

"Well," he announced matter-of-factly, "somebody hit 'em! If somebody did, you can! If you do—well, that's all, ain't it? Go and take that hand-organ ape, kid! We gotta get back to Paris, huh?"

At the clang of the bell the champ was across the ring with the ferocious rush of a tiger. He flailed his great right arm in a sweeping punch that roused as much cheer as ever an English fight fan offers honest effort. I side-stepped quite safely into the ropes and slipped free of a clinch. He looked strong.

From the comparative safety of ring center I watched his moves. Confidence came to me. In front of his battered ears there were lines which stretched downward onto the cheek. That told me—pathologists may laugh if they wish—that the New Zealander had passed his thirtieth year. It is an unfailing sign.

The muscles of his shoulders were not smooth; there were stringy indentations in the flesh outlining sharply their contour. The muscles had been strained and would never again show a quick, short, darting punch that had real power behind it. Again, the base of his neck showed deep indentations where heaving lungs had been on the point of collapse, and the ridges across his stomach had quite disappeared into flesh.

Not that he was fat, not that he was not trained. He was. But he had trained too long, I believed. He had trained away the superb fires of youth. He fought with his heels on the mat and his right hand held back for a haymaker.

He charged in close and I met the attack by ducking under his right arm and catching his quite impotent left in such a manner that it wound up behind his back. Sometimes, if a wrist is twisted at just the right moment, ligaments are hurt that way, and hurt ligaments have no part in knock-out punches. My shoulder sank deep into his stomach, because the force of his own attack carried his body there.

He grunted and floundered. I found that I could hold him quite easily. He was not strong past the strength of the average well-trained man. I stepped back and glanced at my corner. The champ rushed in again and threw a terrific right swing at my classic brow.

Said brow ducked again. I timed a short right hook to the chin and the championship of New Zealand, supposedly, rested upon my shoulders.

The Nose-Biting Champion

The wild man folded like an Arab's tent under the first smack he got. His glittering eyes took on the lusterless chill that dead fish affect so strikingly. We gathered him up and carried him to his own corner. There we revived him readily with cold water and massage.

He glanced about him, caught my eye and gladly seized my hand and muttered congratulations. That over, I turned away, the happiest and most relieved lad that the British Empire ever saw. But as I went I heard the faded champ's seconds express amazement at his sudden and complete passing.

"What yuh gabbin' about?" the champ demanded angrily. "He 'it me under the chin so 'ard I bit me own nose!"

Are fighters roughnecks? That night, in a little pub that serves wonderful ale and 'arf-an'-'arf, I found the fallen champ of New Zealand and he threw his arms about me and laid his battered face on my shoulder, assuring me that unless I "tipped an ile" with him he would feel grossly offended and hurt.

He had fought to win and lost; what matter now? What harm?

A great winner is always a good loser. I recently heard that a man I had fought in 1910 was dying. It was said that the old gladiator was having a hard time of it and that he was much alone. Loneliness means a great deal to one who has heard the bellowing approval of the crowds, and been met at trains by adulating asses who cling to his hands and seek a mere word from his bunged lips with which to brighten their lives. Such as these die hard alone.

Quietly I went to his bedside. A glance sufficed to tell me that his race was run. What a face! Swollen, distorted, scarred; ghastly white; staring with eyes that knew all too well that the last great count was being tolled over him.

Week of January 3rd

Which player bids a four-card suit in the hand below? How much does he make? Try the hand yourselves—then tune in on the Radio Game and see if you played it as well as the experts!

E. J. Tobin, Chicago, dealer, South
Spades .. .. A, K, Q, 4
Hearts. . . None
Diamonds 10 9 7 6 5
Clubs 8 7 3 2

Wilbur C. Whitehead, New York, West—
Spades 8, 7, 6
Hearts K, Q, J, 6, 4, 3
Diamonds..... ..... K, 2
Clubs..... ..... Q, 9

John R. Thompson, Jr., Chicago, North—
Spades ..... J, 10, 5
Hearts..... .....10, 8, 2
Diamonds..... A, J, 8
Clubs..... ...A, K, 6, 4

Milton C. Work, New York, East—
Spades 9, 3, 2
Hearts ....A, 9, 7, 5
Diamonds..... .. Q, 4, 3
Clubs . . . . J, 10, 5

Tues., Jan. 4, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

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WGY.... Gen'l Elec. Co..... Schenectady
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KTRH Houston Post-Dispatch Houston
WSMB Saenger Amusement Co. New Orleans
WSB Atlanta Journal Atlanta
WMC Memphis Commercial Appeal Memphis
KTNS New Arlington Hotel Hot Springs, Ark.
WDBO Rollins College Winter Park, Fla.
WDAE Tampa Daily Times Tampa
WHAD Milwaukee Journal Milwaukee
WOAW Woodmen of the World Omaha
WDAF Kansas City Star Kansas City, Mo.
KOA General Electric Co. Denver
KGW Portland Oregonian Portland
KPO Hale Bros. San Francisco
KHJ Los Angeles Times Los Angeles
KOMO Seattle Times Seattle
CFCF J. R. Booth, Jr. Ottawa, Can.
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[illegible] Ferry Street, New York.

"Hello, kid!" he greeted happily. "Glad yuh come over!"

I had gazed into those eyes when they were aflame with the will and the courage to battle. I had seen that face when it was set in determination and suffused with a glow of virile health and fighting power. It was a shock to regard it now.

"I just heard," I told him, "that you were sick. How goes it?" I seemed stumped for words, a strange clutching in my throat serving effectually to render me mute.

"You can see fer yourself, kid." He smiled wanly. "I'm all done. I don't care much, though. I'm broke ——"

"Don't be foolish!" I tried to laugh reassuringly.

"You neither!" he grinned. "But it's swell of you to come, kid. Good to see an old buddy." I sat on the edge of his bed. "Remember that scrap we had in the West?" he asked suddenly.

"I'll never forget it!" I assured him.

"We went pretty as far as we went, kid," he mused. "I knew you'd get me if I didn't get you before the sixth round."

"It just happened that way," I told him; "you were all done then too. I was the lucky one to get you after you'd slipped."

"Not you, kid," he muttered. "You outguessed us all. Outsmarted us—that's it. Educated, ain't you? Anyhow, you knew enough to quit before you got all marked up."

I did not answer. There was something infinitely sorrowful about it all. After a moment he went on: "That was some fight! Remember when I rushed you into my own corner and worked on you on the ropes?"

"I sure do! I still carry the scars of the ropes on my back," I assured him. "They weren't wrapped in canvas, if you remember, and the strands were as hot as fire when you rubbed against them." The latter was the truth, and I can say honestly that, since seeing the end of that warrior, I hope I always carry the scars!

The Final Knock-Out

"Yeah," he mused weakly, "some fight. I shot my bolt in that corner. I never knew a mug that rolled on a rope like you could."

"It just happened," I said foolishly.

"Yeah," he sneered; "it just happened that you pulled me in after you and pasted me on the kish-kish with a right uppercut that straightened me, too, huh? Nope. You were too good fer me, kid. I knew I was gone when you come out of that corner fightin'. You remember, it was inside twenty seconds after that yuh laid me out—that one-two punch of yours!"

So we talked for half an hour before a nurse came and motioned me away. I rose to go, grasping his hand warmly. He smiled up at me, then he turned to the nurse.

"He don't look like an old fighter, does he?" He grinned. "Don't look like me much! But he is—a good one too. Ask me, I know!"

I laughed uncomfortably. The nurse smiled; that sort of professional smile that must linger in a dying man's mind when he crosses the last divide; the sort of smile that will, I think, tell me when hope is gone and the race run.

"We boxed once," I explained.

"We sure did!" The old warrior grinned wanly. "An' this kid knocked me so cold he froze the water in me bucket!"

That night he died. I hope I do it half as well.

It is such incidents as these which cling to my memory, and such as these which, it seems to me, must form your opinion of fights and fighters. Each one has an individuality of ring style which sets him apart. Each one fights his own way. Were this not so, there would be no fight game; there would be no outsmarting of opponents and no originality of style.

Once I met a boxer who was just as clever and tricky as boxers come. It so developed that, in my trudge down Fistic Highway, I boxed this lad twelve times. We got so that neither could hit the other before we finished.

But it is of the first bout of the twelve I would write. It took place in a large city, and a fine attendance greeted us as we climbed through the ropes. The other lad was well known at that time. My work was just beginning to create transient rumblings in fistiana.

My handler had warned me repeatedly about a certain shift my adversary had developed. Ninety per cent of his victories were traceable to this maneuver. It was a mystifying affair which seemed to end in a missed left and an invitation to step in and hit.

Woe be to him who stepped! Cocked and ready against his chest my opponent held a wicked right for steppers.

The only hint he gave of his intention of slipping into the deadly shift was a faint outward motion of his left foot. My handler warned me of that.

I spent the first three rounds boxing him at long range. We were both the type which relies upon speed rather than strength or the ability to assimilate punishment. I imagine the crowd soon tired of pure speed. They set up a booing which, I could see, bothered my opponent.

"Come in an' fight!" he snarled at me.

"At the right time, kid," I assured him, feigning a confidence I by no means felt. "I'll be in there looking down at you."

When Two Fists Landed

I believed the urging of the crowd and my own taunts would lead him into trying the shift so that I could see it in action. In that I was correct.

Out went his left toe and like a flash he shifted. His right shot upward and missed; his left swept into a beautiful hook for the chin and missed. To all intents and purposes he was guilty of two clean misses, the last of which had carried him completely off balance and made of him a target for a right hand.

I winked, grinned and stepped back. I wanted to taunt him. "You missed that one, eh, smart guy?" I sneered disparagingly.

Quick as a flash he was up and after me. Both his fists darted out together in perfect straight blows. No science, no precedent, just no sense in the move at all! It violated every precept of boxing. But both the fists landed, one in each of my eyes, and I sat down as abruptly as an unwary roller skater and, I am sure, with greater violence.

"Yeah?" The opposition grinned in answer to my own taunt. "How 'bout that one—miss, did it?"

Individuality. One of the newspaper men told the whole story later when he said that "Blank pulled it at exactly the right moment and in exactly the right way." What I thought would breed chagrin in the enemy spawned two beautiful black eyes and a three-round séance of meekness and humility in myself.

For that very reason, given my choice, I always selected the bruiser type of fighter to meet in the ring. A bulldog is the easiest thing on earth to beat if rules make him let go when he gets his hold.

The shifty, quick, roped-action and quick-thinking lad with a sharp punch and an ability to do the unexpected is the most dangerous of foes. Brains win more fights than fists.

Recently I was told what I believe to be the inside story of a battle in which a champion figured. I think it at once the most amusing I've heard in years and the most illustrative of the psychology of a certain type of fighter—the dollar fighter; he who fights solely for money.

The lad who met the champion had managed, a few weeks before, to gather some $2000 in cash. With that sum he promptly got married and undertook a honeymoon which ended in a Midwestern hotel with insufficient funds to pay the bill.

Providentially, it seemed, the fighter got a forwarded telegram from an Eastern promoter asking if he was willing to meet the champion and how much he considered such a fight worth.

Blithely, though he knew himself to be completely out of condition, the lad wired:

Am in great shape and will meet champion for ten rounds. Fight to come off within ten days. My end three thousand. Answer.

The promoter answered that $2000 seemed enough and they finally compromised at $2500—$500 payable at once. The newly created challenger grabbed his bride in one hand and a train in the other. He was to fight the champion in nine days and he trained not nine minutes for the bout!

Let him tell what happened:

"I knows," he said, "when I climbs in the ring that all I do is going to be done inside three rounds. I'm so fat I feel oily, and if I'd had to carry my own bucket to ringside I'd of had to rest before climbing through the ropes."

Two Inches Shy of a Million

"So I plans a big shot in the first round. I made it too. I took the champ a sock on the lung that bent him under. But I hit too high. I misses a million by two inches!

"I tries to follow it up, but he's smart and the bell stops me. In the second he comes up for murder. It don't go far before he bangs a right into my rich food area.

"It didn't knock me down—I sat down. As I was going, he raps me on top of the head so hard the soles of my feet stung. I sit there. What a feelin'! All my fat was hurting at the same time, and I had plenty.

"The referee is counting and I can see the champ kinda grinning to himself. I sorta half grins back and mebbe the referee seen me. He was at 'four' then, and he counts 'five' and leans over and says to me, 'Smatter, kid, ain't you gonna get up?'

"And I thinks it all over quick-like, and finally I says, 'Uh-huh'—that's all—just 'Uh-huh!'"

The purse was a guaranty and he had it anyway. The crowd meant exactly nothing to him. In his heart he knew that fickle crowd—that crowd which boos a fallen fighter and cries "Yellow!" and "Bum!" And knowing them, he cared not a whit what they thought or did. Next time you are booing a fighter think of that if he's known as a business man. Think of it and save your breath. He considers you merely one of many paying suckers anyway!

But more of the fighter's attitude toward the fans later. You probably have come to see in the average fighter a philosophical chap with a sense of humor and considerable heart both in the ring and out of it. If you have, you have a true picture and will the more easily understand some of the tricks I hope to recall in another article.

Merced River Canyon, Yosemite Valley, California

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Coe. The next will appear in an early issue.

In Humanity's Name

will you help us banish

THE GRAY SPECTER OF INFECTION

from the cuts and bruises of childhood

"It's only a tiny bruise, honey. Let Mother kiss it and make it well!"

. . . .

"Only a tiny bruise!" Yet countless germs may nestle on a pin-point . . . *"Only a tiny bruise!"* Yet septic poisoning and even *tetanus* (lockjaw) often need but a scratch to find their way into the system . . . Despite the recent great advance in public First Aid knowledge, there are still thousands of mothers content to dismiss the minor wound with a kiss of sympathy and a dressing of unclean soap and muslin . . . You who know from personal observation the dangers of infection . . . will you help us awaken these mothers? If someone in your family, or among your friends . . . has paid the penalty of First Aid ignorance, will you write us the facts? . . . Will you tell us in a letter the story of the wound and the cost of its neglect? For each of the twenty-five most effective letters received before April 1, 1927, and considered acceptable for publication, we will pay $25. Address Bauer & Black, Chicago, U. S. A., or in Canada, Bauer & Black, Limited, Toronto, Canada.

Your doctor advises these
4 simple-things-to-do for cuts or bruises

1. Sterilize the wound with a Mercurochrome or an Iodine Swab . . . . 2. When antiseptic is dry, cover with Sterile Gauze . . . . 3. Bind with Sterile Gauze Bandage . . . . 4. Fasten with Adhesive Plaster.

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UNEASY CHAMELEONS

(Continued from Page 21)

The American who told his concierge never to admit anyone with an American accent; the Boston girl who hasn't, after four years abroad, met a single French family; the artists from the Middle West who will never go to the right—tourist—bank of the Seine, the unhappy people who sit and read month-old newspapers from their home towns—all are members of the same uneasy group. Essentially it is the feeling of not being at home, complicated by the pretense that homelessness is what they want. Homelessness, frankly confessed, is pathetic and sometimes amusing.

I recall a conversation with a French writer in which the name of George Sand's novel, Indiana, occurred several times. As we were leaving the restaurant a man from a near-by table came over to us and said gently, "I couldn't understand what you were saying, but I heard you speak of my state. Do you gentlemen come from Indiana too?" He was disappointed, but the fact that I had stopped one day in Fort Wayne proved a bond between us; he was tremendously moved by the syllables which meant home to him. I thought of the Americans whose hurt of homelessness is so deep that they never admit it, never utter the sounds which might bring memories of home.

Who are these Americans who prefer to live abroad? Why do they go to France and how do they succeed when they get there? In numbers they are not impressive; but they have their importance, because they, far more than the tourists, have contact with the intelligent people of France; they create the picture of America in the French mind. Is it an accurate picture? Are they proper representatives? Or does the solitary circumstance that they found America unpalatable to their taste disqualify them?

You will find a clew to the answer in the workings of the one universal law of expatriatism—that Americans living abroad usually hate all other Americans living abroad. Superficially they seem always to cling to one another; they do; they cling as wrestlers cling. They are as close as duelists; they cohere like the elements of certain chemicals, by being infinitely repellent particles. Hate is as great a bond as love.

Let us say that a year ago you knew in Paris six men and women who seemed the best of friends. You return. The first one you meet rushes to your arms, and before you have straightened your tie you have heard an insupportable amount of venomous gossip and complaint about the other five—all of whom, with your informant, will meet at dinner that night; and each of whom will take you aside and divert the slander and the malicious attacks of the others. Of the six, no five, no four, are on mutually good terms; they have split into angry, backbiting cliques of twos and threes. They surround you, they try to incorporate you on their side, they are pathetically eager for your support, and terribly uneasy. But stay a month, and you find the universal law operates against you as well.

The Americanization of Paris

The permanent inhabitants despise the three and six year leaseholders in the student quarters; the students will not traffic with the right-bank six-month divorcers; the divorcers take it out on the early tourists, the April and May contingent; and these, joining with the early June birds, declare in August that Paris was divine when they came, but now it's so full of Americans it's insufferable. Really, they are thinking of going to Rouen!

They always explain that they dislike their fellow Americans because the Americans spoil Paris. This is another of the great self-illusions of expatriate life, and as it hides a real tragedy, it can stand examination. Obviously all tourists spoil all places worth seeing except Coney Island, because guides, post cards, lunch rooms in the royal stables and the other advantages of chamber-of-commerce initiative are not natural parts of historic sites or lovely views. But the city of Paris has for generations been an international capital; its right bank lives for—and on—tourists; it has always managed to absorb a few hundred thousand foreigners per summer and to eject them, without permanent injury, in the autumn.

The net result of the periodic Americanization of Paris is that the American resident now begins his day with his favorite breakfast food and American coffee, followed by an American cigarette and an American newspaper delivered at his door; he can ride in an American taxi—there is one—while he chews American gum, and go to a haberdasher who will sell him American underwear instead of shapeless bags of wool; he can see Elsie Janis in vaudeville at a matinée and hear American negroes sing and play jazz at night. None of these things are forced on him; it is easy enough to avoid them. But if he does want them, and pasteurized milk for his babies and reasonably sanitary plumbing and a hundred other comforts of life, he has to thank the American invasion for creating the demand which Paris had to supply.

Pioneering Along the Riviera

Why then the intense dislike? Simply this: That every expatriate American is afraid that his countrymen will see through him, will recognize the false pretenses of being happy abroad. So long as he is with French people, the American can freely praise his own country, or freely damn it, depending on the way his passion of homesickness takes him at a given moment. There is no one to check his figures and no one to probe his motives. No one knows his type at home and no one knows why he exiled himself. But the moment another American appears the bluff breaks down. I have experienced it myself a hundred times. In the company of Frenchmen I can speak French with an inaccurate fluency surprising to them and to myself; but the moment another American with a similar command of the language appears, my French begins to sound like a first lesson. I cannot carry the bluff.

In a vast majority of cases the expatriate is a man who runs away from a country he cannot or will not face. It follows that he runs away from his countrymen, as far as he can, in the land of his adoption. You will find the American exile avoiding even such restaurants as maintain their standard of cooking, merely because Americans go there, and frequenting "a little place no Americans know," where the cooking is decidedly second-rate. And once in a while you will discover them in such a farce-comedy as the French Riviera recently staged.

Since the days when Edward VII, as Prince of Wales, smiled approvingly on the smiling waters of the Mediterranean at Cannes, the French Riviera has been the winter paradise of "those who know how to live." The Azure Coast from Cannes to the Italian border is one of the few places in Europe where the familiar phenomenon of sunlight does not totally disappear from November to March; and although it is generally too cold to swim, the fog and moist chill of the rest of Europe can be avoided. In April, or thereabouts, the princes and card sharps and millionaires and their servants depart, leaving forwarding addresses to the capitals of Europe and preparing for Deauville and Aix.

At that precise moment, as an American divined, the Côte d'Azur begins to become the most attractive summer resort in Europe. A deeper blue suffuses the sea, an easy and relaxing warmth settles over the cypresses and the palms, the winter prices are substantially reduced, the enormous hotels and the Paris dressmakers close their shutters and the whole Riviera becomes French again. Up over the Grande Corniche road, Monte Carlo keeps its Casino open through the summer, in deference to the tradition that money can always be taken from fools; but the smaller casinos of Cannes and Nice shut down. Four years ago, as you looked upon the drowsing coast, you felt assured that this was the one place to spend your summer in, away from the rush and flurry of city life, doing nothing but lie in the sun, swimming a little, and sailing, loafing in your old clothes and enjoying life.

To this enchanted place there came, about four years ago, a half dozen Americans, seduced by the beauty of the spot, and particularly attracted to it because no American had ever before set foot on it in summer. As a summer resort, it was as obscure as it had been more than a hundred years earlier, when Napoleon had landed near by for his Hundred Days. It had its disadvantages. The hotel, with its perfect view, served very bad food; it was a long overnight trip from Paris; the movie played only on Mondays; the telephone system shut down for two hours at noon and expired entirely after seven at night; there wasn't a doctor at hand if a child got a pain; the beach, after the spring storms, was a solidly packed mass of wrack and weeds. But there were no Americans! At last a sanctuary had been found where the vulgar herd could not enter. Here would be no constant chatter of money and business and New York theaters and Long Island society; here one could live in the more rarefied atmosphere of culture as practiced by the French! The higher values of life would at last come into their own!

And now charmingly the dream came true! As you enter the suburban hamlet of Juan-les-Pins, a great signboard exclaims, "How pleasant summer is in Juan-les-Pins!" At one end of its glorious beach stands the Municipal Casino, financed by an American expatriate, with a bar serving old-fashioned French drinks, such as Bronxes and Manhattans, to bathers dressed in suits made by the old-established Riviera house of Spalding. Opposite, and up the street, an apartment with elevators and plumbing is being sold—very rapidly—on the tenant-owner plan; a little way farther on an entirely new hotel duplicates the cabaret and the bar of the Casino. A half mile of beach is crowded with men and women, and every once in a while a French word makes itself conspicuous by mispronunciation.

Paradise-by-the-Sea

Across Golfe Juan the Antibes cape lies in its exclusive grandeur, without a square foot of land untouched by the builder and the land speculator. Out in the port lies a yacht ready to take prospective buyers on a free sail to the development at Bouches-du-Loup, and promises, under the guaranty of a British major, to show you Venice with its gondolas in France. To the west lies Cannes, itself developed to the limit; but the range of hills behind it is available, and there, at the head of a nonfunctioning funicular railway, are the sites and scattering villas which will ultimately create the city of Super-Cannes—with a Super-Super-Cannes already predicted.

From there to Nice the ancient towns of the Riviera, Cagnes and Biot grapple themselves to the hills which rise a mile from the sea; facing them, directly on the shore, the same names are applied to developments financed by the Wookeys and Taylors and Kings whose young French and American salesmen have motor cars ready to take you anywhere, from the Italian border to Marseilles, if you will only stop and look at a lot; even to Azurville, with electric lights,

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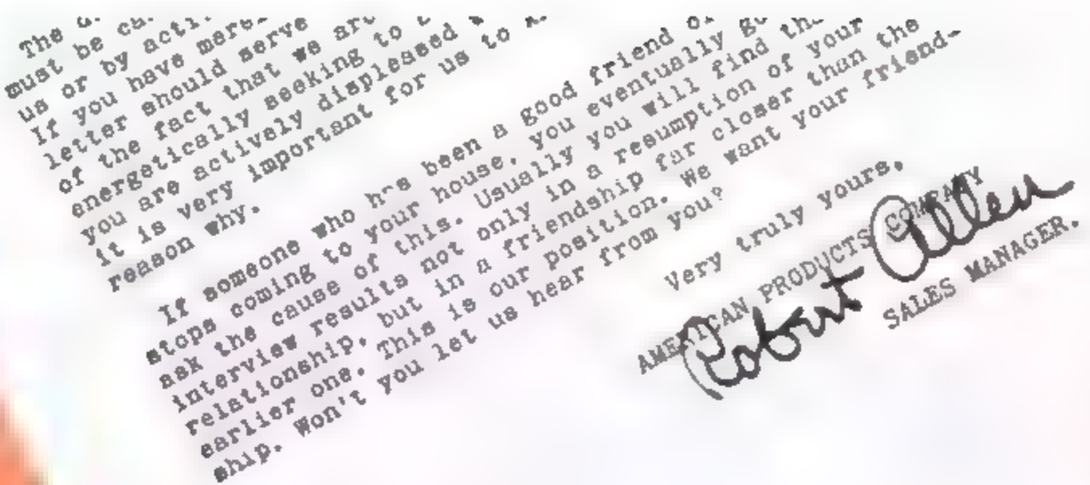
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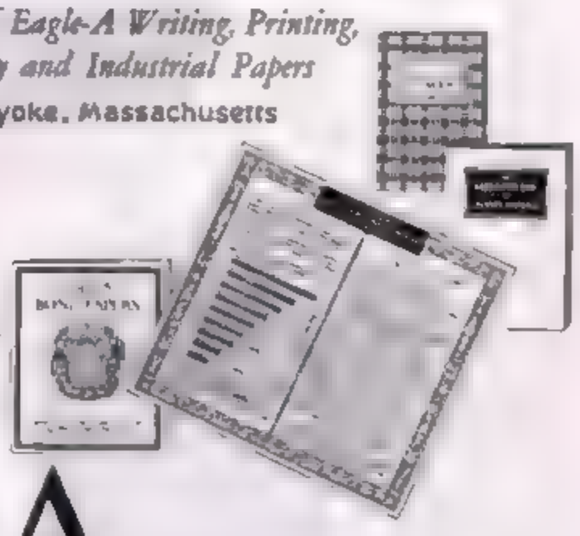

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(Continued from Page 78)

running water, a drainage system, schools, only fifteen minutes from City Hall, busses every ——

Familiar sounds in this last refuge of the non-Americans. There are other aspects. For the first time in the history of the region ground is being bought not for building but for speculation. To the Frenchman real estate is something sacred. A servant girl earning ten dollars a month adds to the fifteen earned by her department-store chauffeur husband; they live on nothing, and presently they own two houses in the suburbs, choosing this form of investment because it is not speculative.

Now this has changed; the Americans have taught the French to buy for resale, and to let the ultimate buyer, who holds the bag, build if he must. It is a sacrilege, but a profitable one. The stories you hear at Juan-les-Pins are word for word the stories we all heard two years ago from Miami and Palm Beach; the real-estate guide supports the stories.

Villas run from a shack at three thousand dollars to a palace at three hundred thousand English pounds. And every speculator will explain the outstanding blessing of the investment—that you can live on your own property, in your own house, all summer, then rent the place for the chic winter season for a sum representing your interest, taxes and a sinking fund to pay off your investment.

Ten Tags for Exiles

The expatriate pioneers did not give up without a struggle. As wave after wave of Americans beat down on the shore they withdrew farther and farther from the points of attraction. They huddled themselves finally into a little cove where, combined against the common enemy but quarreling internally as bitterly as ever, they were safe—for another week. The weather and the scenery were as beautiful as ever; the comforts of life had increased a thousand times; but paradise was no more. The Americans had found the Americans out as usual. The pioneers are trekking again, with indications pointing to St.-Tropez, a day's journey away, as their next hiding place.

The American expatriate is not a new phenomenon. Before the ink was dry on the Constitution, there were those who found this country too new, too crude, and returned to England or the Continent. The history of our literature and art is strewn with the names of men who found themselves more at home abroad and established little artistic colonies in Rome or London; Whistler, Sargent and Henry James indicate the success which exile can bring; the failures are not numbered so tidily.

There was a time when unconvicted manipulators of other people's money used to go abroad to grace a French salon or a London pub; and the excessively rich have always managed to feel as much at home at the Ritz in Paris as they do at the Ritz in New York. There are also more or less permanently living away from home, our diplomatic and consular corps, the representatives of American business houses and a few serious students of the arts. In a sense none of these are true expatriates. To be one you have to make that desperate effort of the will which allows you to say, "I am not for my country and my country is not for me."

Expatriates differ one from another as any individuals do; it is only their exile that makes it possible to group them. The following may stand as fairly typical examples:

1. A notorious case, almost always cited as the typical self-exile. A young man once credited with the keenest mind in liberal journalism. He frankly announced that he disliked the Eighteenth Amendment—his frankness in this respect is refreshing—objected to certain repressive tactics of the Government in regard to free speech and preferred to live "in a free country."

2. A moderately wealthy bachelor, who went to France for a trip, met an American heiress who "adored" Paris, and married her. Is under no compulsion to work, does no work, and comes home for an occasional trip.

3. A widow with a small fixed income. Her money goes a great deal further in France, and her loneliness is matched by that of hundreds of other women also living "on the branch."

4. Chorus girl in a small opera company; was told that with training she could make the Metropolitan. Had heard that a small easily arranged success abroad counted heavily at home.

5. Painter with moderate income. Liked French painters, went to France to study and discovered that his real talent was for architecture. Two years later imported his wife and child; she discovered a talent for singing.

6. Wealthy young man; found America blatant and crude. Preferred to live in "a country with traditions."

7. Real-estate operator whose first independent development broke down. Went abroad to laugh it off.

8. Young woman of twenty-seven. Found the young men in America too engrossed with stocks and bonds. Prefers French manners in love-making.

9. Composer. His modernistic work hooted in America. Went abroad. Two leading American orchestras now squabbling over right to play his symphony first.

10. Moderately wealthy couple of fairly good social standing. Decided it was cheaper to wear high hats in Paris than in Newport.

Even in this surface description of ten one sees the complexities of the American social group abroad. The individuals vary in wealth, position, interests, ambitions, and in the degree of happiness they experienced at home. But the underlying motive for exile appears in every case. From the man who wanted a drink to the man who did not want to face a jury, from the chorus girl eager to star to the spinster eager for a polished love—all of them betray a dissatisfaction with America and a disability in themselves; all lack the capacity to make the best of their world. To fall back again into the jargon of psychoanalysis, they are all victims of maladjustment. In every case they assume that the fault is with their surroundings; each expatriate is buoyed up with the assurance that everything will be perfect if he gets away from a country which neither appreciates him nor makes life easy for him.

Serious Thinkers and Drinkers

Consider two famous cases, one an individual, the other a type. Henry James, the novelist, lived abroad; after a certain age he never came back, except for visits, to his native land, where his tougher-minded brother, William James, managed to practice with enormous success the not particularly American art of being a philosopher. Henry James is the supreme instance of an American unfitted to live in the America of his time. He was interested in tradition, not in pioneers; in what is perfectly finished, not in what is brilliantly beginning. He liked to dissect the emotions of delicate people in delicate situations, to study the slightest variations in the color of human beings; nothing was more foreign to him than the push and noise of America just after the Civil War. He went to live in a country where the things he loved could be found, or at least could be imagined without too great a shock when you came up against reality. He went to his spiritual home if any exile ever did. And although he wrote novels which are considered among the rare glories of English literature, he was never wholly happy, never completely at home, never without a pull toward his native land.

The second case is the Type Drinker, as far removed as possible from the subtle novelist, yet exhibiting the same characteristics. We may omit the pretexts provided for themselves by most of the professional drinkers now living abroad—and omit also any discussion of the rights and wrongs of prohibition. Imagine only the case of an otherwise law-abiding business man who liked his liquor in abundance and who, when prohibition began to be stringent, was confronted with three possibilities—give up, or diminish, his drinking; acquire bootleg, or go abroad.

Henry James, lacking both the raw material and the favorable environment for his work, was in the same predicament. Of the three courses open to the drinker, the first and second presented difficulties; the third is the evasion which betrays the same incapacity to face the facts of a situation and somehow conquer them. The drinker who stays at home may be a lawbreaker; but outside of morals, he exhibits a dauntless character. The drinker who goes abroad betrays a lack of guile or of courage.

A Question of Taste

The drinker has the usual exile's illusions. In nine cases out of ten he adds to his violent desire for liquor an entirely specious eulogy of moderation in drinking. He tells you that when people can get liquor easily they do not get drunk; the French do not get drunk; he even goes so far as to say that Americans in France fall under the spell of French decency and taste and they also do not get drunk.

You will not be in Paris two days without meeting the great American institution of the cocktail party, and thereafter you are qualified to judge. It exists in every group of Americans I have known save one; drink for drink, it is exactly what occurs in New York and Palm Beach and Bangor, Maine. I have met it among artists, business men, society idlers, pillars of the church and divorcees. It is composed of Americans, with a scattering of other foreigners; its principal ingredient is Gordon gin; it lasts from five to seven or eight or any hour thereafter, and ends in dinner or at a café.

The proportion of those who get good and drunk seems to me to be exactly the same as at home. Milton, I believe, summed the whole matter up in a phrase about those who change the clime without changing their temperament. The people who are moderate drinkers in France are moderate drinkers at home.

There is a final way in which Henry James and the Type Drinker can stand for all the other expatriates. In spite of his real European temper, James was never able to feel entirely at home in England, and his critics insist that he tried to overcome his homelessness by being a little more English—to wit, snobbish—than the English. The drinker, in his way, also fails to get the best out of his adoptive country; for the best in France, where drinking is concerned, is wine, and the American in France invariably spoils his palate for wine by importing the whole repertory of American cocktails.

The story of the wine waiter at Paillard's who refused to serve wines to an American party which had ordered cocktails first is apocryphal; but I have myself known wine waiters who refused to bring out a good year of Beaune or anything but the cheapest Bordeaux for people who drank cocktails before and smoked during their meal. To a Frenchman, a cocktail before a good wine is blasphemy; and the American, unable to sacrifice the tang of his native cocktail, misses precisely what he came to get—the flavor of France.

The painter listed as Number 5 above is another type of uprooted American, and illustrates another dilemma in which the exile finds himself. When he discovered an aptitude for architecture he naturally chose French Gothic as the type least American. In the footsteps of Henry Adams, he went to Chartres and dreamed himself farther than ever away from the hustle and materialism of America, into

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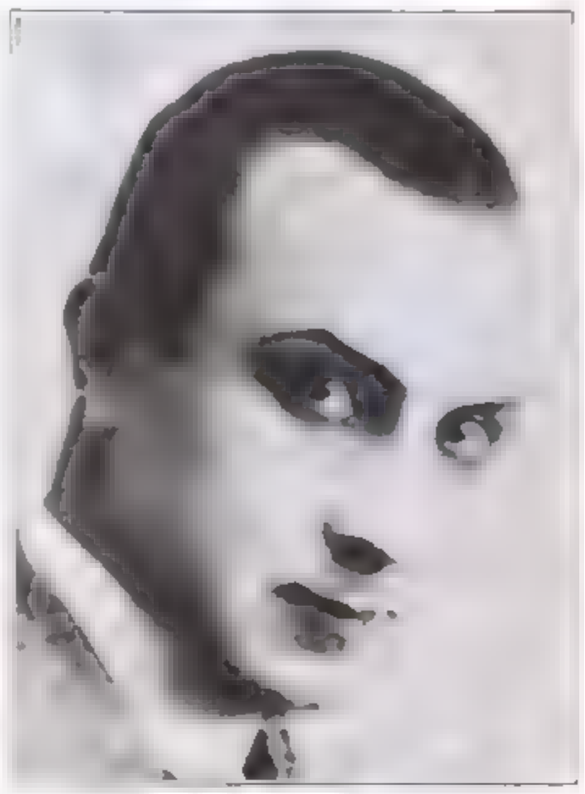

IVAN MOSKINE in *"Michael Strogoff"*

IF I were to use the adjectives, "Magnificent," "Stupendous" and "Dazzling" in connection with *"Michael Strogoff"* now receiving its New York premier at the George M. Cohan Theater, you might accuse me of excessive enthusiasm. Yet, those words occurred to me when I saw the picture in Europe, which explains why I secured it for the American presentation.

When *"Michael Strogoff"* was a stage-play years ago, it was the leading spectacular event of the times. And elaborate as it was, the stage-play pales into nothingness when one sees the picture with its thousands of screaming Tartars and the stirring scenes which no stage could ever present.

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IVAN MOSKINE who plays the courageous young soldier entrusted with an important mission, is an actor of wonderful merit. In those scenes where he is threatened with instant destruction, he is especially good.

Will you do me a favor? I am very anxious to have you send me a list of the five favorite classics that you would like to have Universal do in pictures, listing them in order of preference. These lists will help me greatly in giving you the sort of pictures you want to see. As I am at work on future production plans now please let me have the lists just as soon as possible Thank you.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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the heavenly peace and human gayety of the Middle Ages. He came back brimming with his discovery; he wanted to tell all his French friends—for he is one of the type which admits no American intimates—about their miraculous Gothic. And he found to his dismay that the French are immortally weary of Gothic and admire above all things the architecture of the American skyscraper.

The matter was brilliantly summed up by a French painter who was telling me about a moving picture of New York. "The Americans," he said, "applauded whenever a skyscraper looked like a cathedral; but the French applauded when a skyscraper looked like a skyscraper."

The business of running down America occupies a great many people, some of them foreign. But they get their cue largely from expatriate Americans who, having failed to get on in America, revenge themselves by belittling everything American. The average intelligent Frenchman, in spite of this, is beginning to find admirable things in our country. Jazz, for example. There must be a dozen young composers of American birth now in France, all of them driven out by the sour sounds and evil noises of jazz.

Three-Weeks' Criticisms

One of them said, before he left, that America cared for nothing but jazz, and found, after being a year in France, that Stravinsky and Satie and the group known as the Six, the leading composers of Europe generally, cared for nothing but jazz—at least cared more for jazz than for the polite imitations of Europe turned out by the expatriates. And there could be no better example of the shiftiness of the exile's soul than in the turnabout made by this American; for he who had sneered at the American jazz mania, now turned and sneered equally well at America for not encouraging jazz sufficiently and for allowing a Frenchman to be the first to give a jazz concert. The Wiener concert of jazz anticipated the Whiteman concert by a year or two.

We have grown accustomed to the criticisms of Europeans based on a three-weeks' stay in this country; from them we learn that we care nothing for the finer things of life and that we are gradually corrupting the rest of the world through our machinery and through our crude ideas. There are no statistics available, but it is a fair guess that a large proportion of our unhappy visitors are predisposed to faultfinding by their familiarity with American expatriates.

The expatriate, with his underlying rancor against the United States for not being his ideal country, for "driving him out," and with his intimate knowledge of our defects, can hit home and teach others to hit home. Yet Americans ought to know that the hostile attitude is by no means universal. Foreign business men admire our business methods, sometimes admire even the less admirable ones, artists find something energetic and fruitful in our arts, even to the point of exaggerating our virtues.

And precisely the qualities of crude vigor and loud optimism which send the expatriate scurrying from America send intelligent foreigners to us, not as expatriates but as enthusiastic observers.

The American exile might well ponder over the fact that while the Americans who leave their country seem weak in will and lacking in decision, artists of profound strength like the French sculptor, Lachaise, come to this country, not to make money but because they feel a sympathetic atmosphere, and that they make themselves part of the America and interpret in art the America which the exile feels is too undignified to be even raw material.

There is a visible breakdown in character in many Americans who live long abroad. It comes from the struggle between an ineradicable loyalty to their native land and a vast ambition to succeed in their adopted one. The young chorus girl noted above came to Paris shortly after the war with a lovely voice, a fine figure and an ambition. She is still in Paris; you can see her at nine in the morning finishing off a party in the neighborhood of the Boulevard Raspail, the saucers stacked on the table and black with cigarette stubs, her companions black-visaged and quarrelsome, her voice harsh and torn, uttering unfunny wise cracks. The brilliant young writer became a copy reader, perhaps the least independent of all newspaper jobs.

The people who went to Paris because it is the center of culture scramble for invitations to the dance given by Princess X and try to prevent their fellow Americans from getting invitations; into a country which is miraculously without snobbery, they import a snobbery which failed them at home. The art, the intelligence, the amenity, of French life are drowned in the small talk and rancorous gossip of a provincial town. The visitor returns to America, where he knows hundreds of people more aware of what is going on in France, more intelligent about it, and more sympathetic.

The expatriate stays on. His failure abroad makes him dislike his own country more; he cannot return unless he is sure of a brass band waiting at the pier. He stays on and drifts; he scrapes along, either financially or socially. The wreckage of talent is impressive.

A successful expatriate would be one who became almost perfectly foreign. I have known some of these successes; usually they are people brought up in France, with a capacity to think French thought in French words, to understand French people and to like them. They are the rarest exceptions. Rare also are the Americans born and bred who withstand transplantation.

I know a family of Americans who, being relieved of all financial pressure, have succeeded in France; they keep a balance between French and American friends, between society and business and the arts; they live well and are happy. Their success marks the degree of failure of the others who are perpetually unbalanced, hating and loving America, hating and loving France, getting the good out of neither. They are uneasy chameleons whose destiny it is to take on the color of their surroundings, yet who struggle fitfully to maintain their own character.

Again and again they pluck up the tiny roots they have managed to send into French soil, to try transplanting again, in Italy or Spain or the Black Forest.

Half and Half

As they grow older their basic character becomes overlaid with several other characters; they are always shifting from one emotional gear to another. You see them baffled and unhappy and unsettled, yet powerless to make a decision; they remind you of the members of a vast house party gathered for a week, quarreling at the end of four days, and then finding themselves marooned with one another for life.

In two special ways the expatriate faces problems of the gravest importance. The first is private. Although a certain number of expatriates go to France because they hope to find there a charming easiness in the relations of the sexes, many marry and bring up children. A child born to American parents in France must be declared an American citizen shortly after birth or become subject to French citizenship, with its taxes, regulation, and, in case of a male, military service. This dramatic necessity before the child is even aware of its existence points to the dilemma which will continue through life: Is he to be American or French? He is excluded from being perfectly French by his inheritance; and no sane American parent subjects a child to the French system of upbringing, with its casual science and its intense but French-centered educational system, its fragmentary interest in health and sport, its tendency to make fops or civil servants.

The usual compromise is to make the child bilingual and binational, trying to combine the best features of both, with the usual result.

I have seen little children who spoke both languages prettily—the English having a faint foreign accent—but who never said the same thing in both languages. "*Je suis très contente de vous revoir,*" a little girl once said to me with infinite charm and an apparently real pleasure in greeting me, and a moment later added, in English, "You're always coming to our house, aren't you?" Many of them, when they reach the age of ten or so, when children brought up in their native land express themselves clearly and with emphasis, struggle between the two languages, grow befuddled and shy and lack the simplicity and poise of childhood. Once I saw one of them reading, with intense boredom, Alice in Wonderland—but it was called Alice dans le Pays des Merveilles. I didn't have the heart to ask the child what the Jabberwocky sounded like when translated into French.

Better and Bitter Americans

The second problem is a public one, and to see it at its acutest point one must leave contemporary France and revert to the London of 1916, the year before America came into the war. There was then a group of Americans sincerely eager to bring us in on the side of the Allies; many of them worked honestly and devotedly and were applauded by intelligent Englishmen. In addition, was the group always alluded to in the newspapers as "the better Americans," whose chosen method of action was to ridicule and belittle the United States at every opportunity. They uttered venom about the United States which made liberal Englishmen of my acquaintance slightly sick; they called us cowards and traitors and materialists.

Nothing that England then or Germany later said about America equaled the vicious vituperation of these self-exiled Americans. Most of them were circulating on the fringes of the upper classes; they had influence; and the picture they drew of the United States was an accurate account of perhaps fifty thousand people out of our hundred million. They reduced the United States to the position of a rebellious colony, and there were Britons whom this attitude flattered and pleased. One of them showed me once the copy for an advertisement scheduled for publication in a hundred American newspapers. It told us that we were taking blood money from the country which had always protected us; it cried shame on our character; it threatened us with the vengeance of Great Britain after her victory.

It was composed by an American and was to be paid for by a group of Americans; it would probably have alienated the sympathies of 90 per cent of its readers. I stole the copy and turned it over to the proper authority, who promptly quashed it, informing me that it was one of hundreds which were becoming a formidable difficulty in the way of an Anglo-American understanding.

When we did enter the war the better Americans took all the credit. They exist still; they are active at this moment in regard to Europe's debts. In England and in France, and wherever two or three Americans are expatriated, you will hear "the truth about America." To the foreigner it must be the truth, because it is an American who speaks.

But the foreigner does not know that it is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, an American who has somehow failed in America—failed to understand it or to turn its tremendous opportunities to his purpose; and that it is therefore an American who has tried to succeed again elsewhere and also failed; one of those unhappy people eternally suspended between earth and sea, pretending that they like the sensation, and destined to die unless, like Antæus in the Greek fable, they can set foot on their native soil.

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GUINEVERE

(Continued from Page 13)

It came like a dark wave lifting and beating her down, bewilderment, pain, terror, shame. The fear of unsteady footsteps on the walk. The fear of the ragged roughness of his voice, swearing at her for trying to quiet him because of the neighbors. Fear of meeting knowing, pitying eyes. Fear of Judge North's face. Fear of her own increasing shabbiness that told too much. Constant, unrelenting, pitiless fear of this figure that came home to her, times without number, after a week of absence with no word—this cold, withdrawn, bitter-eyed, brooding Jason, whose very times of soberness grew to be as terrible as his drunkenness. He never struck her; she could be grateful for that. He was not wild or destructive or turbulent. Perhaps she was lucky that at the worst he did not come home at all. And yet she thought sometimes that she would have been glad of any violence, to have broken the inhuman chill.

What he thought, on what he brooded, she could not guess. There had been only this month of June in which he had seemed roused from that self, a month in which his typewriter had clacked happily upstairs and hope and a kind of pride in him had crept shyly into her heart. He had spoken to her, helped her, even looked at her once or twice, as if she were at last realer than a shadow or a dried leaf on his coat. Now, in the hot sunshine, terror of what she must again endure struck at her suddenly, so that she choked back a little cry and stood up, overturning the peas, startling the hens, taking one or two steps in a ragged flight that was the beginning of panic.

There was a long car coming up the drive. It was a long, gleaming, opulent car, floating like an illusion in her disturbed gaze. In it a man made a gesture of stopping, and smiled at her; a round-faced man with bristling blond hair and pleasant eyes; a man whose face was still somehow that of the boy he had been. He was Albert Manwaring. This had happened—why, this had happened once before!

"Well, hello, Gwenny Fisher," he said slowly, grinning at her just as Albert Manwaring would. "It's little Gwenny Fisher, almost grown up. They told me you'd be here. Gwenny, don't you know me?"

It was that time he had caught her under her own apple tree, sitting stiff and rapt and unsmiling, with petals in her hair, being Guinevere at a great court of Love and Beauty. Arthur was beside her. Lancelot's lips had been firm upon her hand—and Albert Manwaring had laughed. It was just what Albert Manwaring would have done, the fat thing. But Albert Manwaring was not laughing now. She saw that his eyes concerned themselves with her face, although his mouth grinned and spoke genial words. "Gwenny?" he said again doubtfully.

So she made her stiff lips say "Albert" faintly as she reached to the big hand he held to her. It was warm and strong and well-cushioned, and it quite surrounded her small cold paw. "Albert," she said again, and suddenly her face unstiffened, and she could smile. "I was so surprised," she heard herself repeating. "I was so surprised." And then—"Yes, of course, I live here. Isn't it a nice old house? We got it so cheap." And then—"But, Albert, didn't you know I married Jason Burke?"

She was clinging to the edge of the car now with both hands, like an exhausted swimmer. Her gaze left emotion quivering between them.

"Gwenny—Gwenny," he almost groaned, "why did you? Why did you marry him? Didn't you remember that I ——"

"I don't know," she said, and the sweat started on her upper lip. "I don't know why. And now he's up there—in that room. He's ——"

"It's unthinkable, Gwenny," Albert burst out, both his hands over hers. "Why, you were the brightest, the loveliest, the —— I —— Look here, I've got to talk to you. Judge North told me this morning. He said for heaven's sake to get down here and bring you back. He said there was nothing more you or he could do. Ethel's here, Gwenny. We got here yesterday. Ethel says please, please come back with me. The house is all open. You know how sis is. She's always loved you. She always knew how crazy about you I was. Won't you please get in with me right now and let me take you back to her?"

"Now?" Gwenny said faintly. "Now?" And she looked around her, at the hens crowding over the spilled peas, at the blistered bareness of the house walls in the heat, at the dust under her feet, at her soiled hands on the car door. Was there bread in the house?

"But Jason," she said, not looking at that upstairs window where the sun beat on the dusty screen. "What will he ——"

"When has he ever thought of you?" Albert burst out under his breath. "Let him sober up by himself if he can. Why should you —— Please get in, Gwenny, right now. Let me open the door. Please, Gwenny, please get in."

It was so hot, and she felt so weak and shaken. She stumbled up into the car, with Albert's comfortable hand pulling her, and sank into the seat and closed her eyes and felt the weak, scorching tears come without trying to stop them. She couldn't remember when she had cried before. It felt good.

When she opened her eyes again Albert had turned the great car around, and they were out of the sandy drive between the uncared-for apple trees and were flying down the road under the cool high-arched tunnel of the elms, and Albert was driving intently, with a look of solemn exultation on his round tanned face.

He was so solemn and so exultant that she almost laughed, ragged and quivering as she still was. She sat looking down at her faded lap, at her broken, dusty shoes. She could not quite see how things like this could happen.

Ethel Manwaring, rising hastily from a long chair on the broad Manwaring veranda and running across the lawn to her brother's car, did not seem like one of the things that could happen either. She was so tall and gray-haired and whitely clad. She had always seemed so much older and so aloofly distinguished, and yet here she was reaching in the car to put her arms right around Gwenny, with her face all disturbed as if she were dreadfully sorry about something. Her long bony arms were amazingly kind.

"Dear little Gwenny Fisher," Ethel was saying. "I am so thankful you have come straight to us. Just think how many years it is, and what haven't you gone through since then? Oh, Gwenny, why did you marry that man?"

There was that question again, which Gwenny had not the slightest idea how to answer, the question which had been running in her own head for hours. But Ethel did not stop for that.

"Your room is all ready for you. I'm sure you'll want to bathe your face and lie down a bit. I'm so thankful you came straight to me. There are some people with us whom I know you'll enjoy, and we'll all be so happy together again. Mercy, isn't it hot?"

It was really extraordinary, Gwenny considered indolently very much later, how almost completely she had forgotten about the kindness of the Manwarings, in spite of the way Albert's mother had always asked her to his parties and even to some of Ethel's, and for tea and tennis and quiet Sunday suppers. Somehow they had always seemed too rich and grand and remote for her ever to have considered them as actual elements in her life. They came to Edgebury in summer from the dim grandeurs of Boston, and her father had crammed Albert for his college entrance examinations with results which had pleased old Mr. Manwaring very much.

But it had been years since Mr. and Mrs. Manwaring had died, and the house had been opened. Here was Ethel, gray and elegant and sophisticated, from all sorts of capital cities under the sun, and Albert a little burly and quietly dominating, like a man of very large affairs. Yet they had seemed to have remembered her better and more thoughtfully than she had remembered them, Gwenny was thinking, calm and immaculate at last, watching herself in the mirror, in a pink satin dressing gown of Ethel's, having her hair waved riotously by one of Ethel's stern elderly maids, who had just manicured Gwenny's nails to a rare sea-shell delicacy.

Gwenny stared at her hair, turning into a fluffy crest of gilt curls, piled high over her slender, gentle face, where her eyes burned in a sapphire that she had almost forgotten. To be rested and unafraid and luxuriously cared for seemed an extraordinary thing, an apotheosis little short of witchcraft. She watched herself turning lovely under her own absorbed gaze, a kind of warm haze of thankfulness languid in her mind. She had slept soundly all afternoon. There were pink roses from Albert on her tea tray. Now behind her head Ethel and the other elderly maid were agreeing that turning up the hem of the silver gauze, with just a stitch or two at the waist and shoulders, would make it fit Mrs. Burke like a charm. Gwenny exhaled slowly a little relaxed breath and stopped thinking about anything but roses and silver gauze and the feel of silk against her skin and her own altered image in the glass.

When Ethel led her downstairs to the great white and rose and green living room, crowded with black-and-white figures and figures in filmy frocks, where candlelight reflected in many mirrors and the scent of wide bowls of roses blew across the room, Gwenny held her head high over her round bare shoulders, trying to remember that she had walked with queens. The silver gauze shimmered about her deliciously, and she met men's eyes and nodded at names and smiled at Albert, very smooth in black and white and authoritative at her elbow, as if the past was not and no future could be beyond this bright perfumed place where one was welcomed and quite safe.

It did not occur to her to think of Jason until the lamb and peas, and then she wondered dreamily if he would think to look for eggs if he felt hungry. But it was only a breath of a thought. He was like someone she hardly knew, whom she could see only hazily beyond the candlelight. The thin gentleman at her right, when Albert would let her speak to him, was ponderously charming on the subject of early American maple, as if he and Gwenny had been arguing about it for days. She could respond only with her gentle smile and her shining, abstracted glance. However, that seemed to be everything that the thin gentleman required. Albert had to interrupt him three times.

At the other end of the table Ethel caught her eyes and smiled briefly, turning her cool gray gaze back to the gentleman at her left. Seen from here Ethel was almost frighteningly aloof and distinguished again. Gwenny could hardly believe that those long white arms, out of the emerald satin, had ever hugged her. Yet, of course, she knew she was being silly to feel a little chilled, seeing herself for that moment in Ethel's eyes as only one of many guests. For here was Albert, whose blue eyes said things far more personal. Gwenny smiled at him gratefully.

After dinner there were three tables of bridge, with the coffee cups on them, and cigarettes, and Gwenny sat in the corner of the huge rose-colored couch and smiled delicately at anyone who looked up at her, and at Albert, springing to her with more coffee and foot cushions whenever he could between hands. Gwenny was glad she could not play bridge. Cards always mixed her up dreadfully, and tonight she could not have thought at all. She let her eyes drift among the absorbed profiles of the women, with the clean graceful lines of their clipped heads, heedful of their curt speech, their impassive glances through wandering blue wisps of smoke, the flash and flare of their diamonds, dots and bands and streaks of cold fire, on their straight brown arms. If Gwenny had died and had been buried and found herself suddenly in a paradise in which the angels and archangels used lipsticks and played cards and cried out against one another in hard, bright speech she could not have felt more like a gauzy little silver ghost in a world utterly unknown to her.

One other extra, nonbridge-playing ghost wandered about on the terrace outside, and presently he came in irritably to the lights and newspapers on a table, and Gwenny watched him, too, without any opinion or emotion beyond her rapture of well-being. He seemed a tall, bony man in a dinner coat, with black, bushy eyebrows that he seemed to jerk by the long black ribbon on his glasses, and a jerky, contemptuous mouth. He rustled and crackled and tossed among the papers and lighted cigarettes and let them go out and said "Good heavens!" quite loudly and explosively to himself.

But, although people looked up daggerishly at him, they never said anything: their daggers seemed to turn quite meek against his complete aloofness. One lovely, insolently languid girl in clinking crystals left her table and sat on the arm of his chair and looked at him lingeringly.

He shoved her off and said, "Good heavens, Lydia, do get away," without even looking at her, even while she was petulant about it.

Albert, coming over with the sugared almonds to ask how Gwenny was getting on without him, said that the man was Austin Parrett, the editor. Gwenny did not quite like to ask, "Of what?" because from Albert's tone it appeared that Austin Parrett was so important that even she should have known. She thought he was a little too cross and a bit silly. But presently Ethel swam over through the smoke mist and said she was going to send Gwenny to bed early, because she must be sleepy, and Gwenny was grateful for Ethel's attention, and said good night to Albert, who kissed her hand so that it tickled, and was glad to go. The more stern of the elderly maids put her to bed as if she were a sick child, and she lay for a while in the wide cool bed still vaguely grateful, but mostly quite blank, as if she would never have to feel anything any more.

It was queer how the blankness continued all next day. Gwenny did as Ethel told her to—had her breakfast tray late, was dressed beautifully, walked out on the sunny terrace with Albert, smiled gently at the absorbed casual other guests, whether she remembered them or not, ate luncheon, sat in her corner of the couch while people argued about American literature and boxing over her head; was sent upstairs for a nap, was dressed for dinner, all as if she were nothing more substantial than the charming, wide-eyed reflection she saw passing in the long mirrors.

Even the mist of gratefulness was gone in the queer automatic sense she had that past and future were not, and the present was a world she could not quite feel or understand. But it appeared that Ethel thought she was behaving perfectly. The guests treated her just as they treated one another, with a pleasant if impersonal casualness, and the eyes of Albert Manwaring were there constantly, warm and faithful and a little suppliant. It embarrassed her a little that Albert Manwaring's eyes should seem suppliant. Yet

(Continued on Page 86)

Baked Bananas—a year-round favorite dish

The fruit that can be a vegetable

How the tropics' greatest explorer lent his name to the tropics' greatest export

HALF a century ago one of the most interesting men in the world was Sir Henry M. Stanley, famous explorer, author, and lecturer. His name was on every tongue. Children and things were named for him.

The banana, now the tropics' greatest export, was then just becoming known in Europe and America.

Some unknown chef served steak a new way—with cooked bananas—and, in honor of the tropics' greatest explorer, named it Steak à la Stanley.

A correct instinct led him to cook the bananas. For the banana is a carbohydrate food; it is like a vegetable, for it can be served baked, fried, or with meats.

Eaten uncooked, a fully ripened banana is easy to digest. That is because the carbohydrates change from starch to sugar as the fruit ripens—the same change made in carbohydrates by cooking. Fully ripe bananas are easier to digest than many of the other foods you commonly eat.

Remember that you want these bananas to ripen. That means, don't give them chills by putting them in the refrigerator or ice chest. Put them in a bowl and let the ordinary temperature of your dining-room or pantry bring them to a rich and mellow ripeness.

A banana may be yellow and still be unripe. Wait until that yellow color changes to a deep and creamy gold. Wait until every trace of green has disappeared, and the sides are flecked with brown. Then the fruit is fully ripe.

There are many ways of serving bananas. Eighty-three of the best have been compiled in a cook book called, "From the Tropics to Your Table." Merely fill in and mail the coupon below, and this recipe book, including a collection of menus, will be sent to you free.

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YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE

(Continued from Page 84)

it was no more than faintly noticeable in that blankness.

Almost the only person she did notice with the slightest prick of interest was that man Austin Parrett, who was always noticing nothing at all but his own petulance. Ethel sent her downstairs before dinner in white chiffon and brilliants, and she sat docilely while Austin Parrett hurled extravagant bad words at the thin early maple gentleman, quite over her head. He was talking about the future of the writer in America, as far as Gwenny could hear among the explosions of language. She was doubly astonished when he suddenly shook the paper at her and went on: "Scandal and a bad smell, Mrs. Burke, when a mind like that, edged with blue steel and a style like mandragora and dynamite, must be shut in to ——"

Gwenny, quite bewildered that he should even know her name, saw him stop suddenly, with a sort of saffron light growing up his face because Ethel was looking at him from the doorway with her eyebrows lifted and a bit stiff. She asked Austin Parrett if he had seen the New York paper, and he went to get it for her with a sudden meekness. Presently they all went in to dinner again, and it was just like the night before, only perhaps a little more blank. Albert was attentive on one hand and, on the other, tonight a gentleman with red hair spoke at length on the subject of early American apple wood.

After dinner there were coffee and auction bridge, as there had been before, with Gwenny sitting in her corner and Austin Parrett rattling and exclaiming among his papers.

Once or twice she caught the gleam of his glasses around the edge of his paper, either appearing or hastily disappearing, as if he had been looking at her. She was sent up to bed presently and was again faintly glad to go.

But in the dead of that night Gwenny sat up suddenly, broad awake in her bed in the big, quiet, sheltering house, where all the guests were sound asleep in its wide rooms. A tiny owl whickered outside in one of the elms over the rose garden, and she was really awake at last, all the blankness gone and her heart hammering like a thing that has just begun its life.

She had remembered why she had married Jason!

Strange that she had forgotten it. And yet not strange, when it had been no reason at all, but only something flashing, an instant of shared mood, an exultation, a recognition. It was the sort of thing you could not remember unless you felt it over again. She sat up in bed, in the unfamiliar house, as if she had been blankly asleep for years. Of course—that was why she had married Jason.

She had been going home in the late spring dusk of the day that war was declared. Men who had enlisted or were going to enlist were standing on the street corners, talking loudly. There was the stir of spring all about her, underneath this stir of warfare, to make her pulses tremble a little, going home along the white picket fences of Washington Street, with young lilac leaves brushing her shoulder and a pale moon up behind the elm boughs. There was that sense that spring gives, of moments budding into some grave great beauty, too abiding to be felt without tears. And that sense which war gives women, of hopeless exaltation and hopeless pain..

She had passed a man walking slowly along the curbing without noticing much that he was that Jason Burke, although in the green twilight she felt his black glance. His footsteps had gone past her. Yet after she had stooped on her own porch to fumble under the mat for the key, and had turned with the door knob in her hand to look up again at the haunting moon, she saw him standing with his hand on the gate pickets, looking after her. She recognized him instantly, although he was only a silent dark shape. Somehow the burning intentness of his eyes reached to her and drew her down the walk. She went gently, thinking that it was curiously familiar to see him there.

When she came nearer to him she said "Jason," and waited for him to open the gate and move slowly up the walk toward her. His hat was off, and she could see the brilliance of his eyes in the whiteness of his face. There was a light on things from the full moon.

"I saw you go in," he said suddenly. "It's a long time since I've seen you, to notice. High school, I guess. A long time. Your father died. I was sorry for that. He was—there was something fine about his mind that —— Do you still live in Camelot?"

Any light but this glimmering moon, any man but this one, and she would have startled and shriveled to hear the word spoken. But now it was only part of the familiar feeling that Jason should be speaking to her.

"How did you know?" she asked breathlessly. "Nobody else How could you —— I ——"

"I could see it in your face when they talked about King Arthur's court in school. You used to speak pieces about it, like 'Willows whiten, aspens quiver.' I used to think then you were more like the Lily Maid than Guinevere. But you liked Guinevere best, didn't you? But what did you think about her running away with Lancelot, at the end, leaving the king to ——"

"But she loved him just the same," Gwenny said vehemently. It was the part of the story she had sobbed over and tried to forget, but now because she had been Guinevere, she had to explain: "They were so different, Arthur and Lancelot. Arthur was the king—and noble—and remote. His thoughts went on without her, shutting her out. Any woman would have ——"

"You wouldn't," Jason said. They were peering at each other through the half dark now, speaking astonishing things urgently, because of the press of that feeling of spring around them, and war, and the clean light moon, all one troubling loveliness. "You wouldn't, Gwenny Fisher, if you had been she."

"I would—I would," she said, blinking back sudden tears, defending something that was—that was—what was it? "Only, in my Camelot, it has never come to that. Arthur and Lancelot and Guinevere, they never come to the unhappy part at the end."

He laughed, a dry, short laugh. "Can loveliness endure more than a moment? Can beauty be made steadfast?"

"Yes, Jason, yes." She was triumphant now for no reason—for no reason. "Yes, really it can—really, because I make it so."

"You?" Jason Burke had said, coming nearer, hanging over her with that dark, intense face. She had suddenly the feeling that it was a jealous look, a searching, jealous, hungry look. "You can," he said roughly. "Maybe so. But I —— Look, I've enlisted. I'm going away tomorrow. I don't think—I don't mean to sound silly—but I shan't come back. There's things in me that ought not to be allowed to live."

"Not even Athens, Jason?" she had said. "Not Athens?"

"Gone," he said, and his gesture held the rags of an old despair. "All that sunshine—gone. No loveliness, little Guinevere, that can be made permanent. I ——" Then he stopped short.

It was an incredible conversation, the sort whose meaning you could not possibly remember, unless you felt—unless you felt ——

"So when I saw you tonight," he had gone on, "I knew it would be the only time I had to talk to you—really talk to you tell you that I used to sit and watch your face in school when you were living in that secret city that you had, where you made beauty endure. You and I were the only people like that in this whole town. It would be queer if we couldn't speak of it on this one night. Only—mine has gone."

He had stood there looking down at her, and she gazing up into his face, into his

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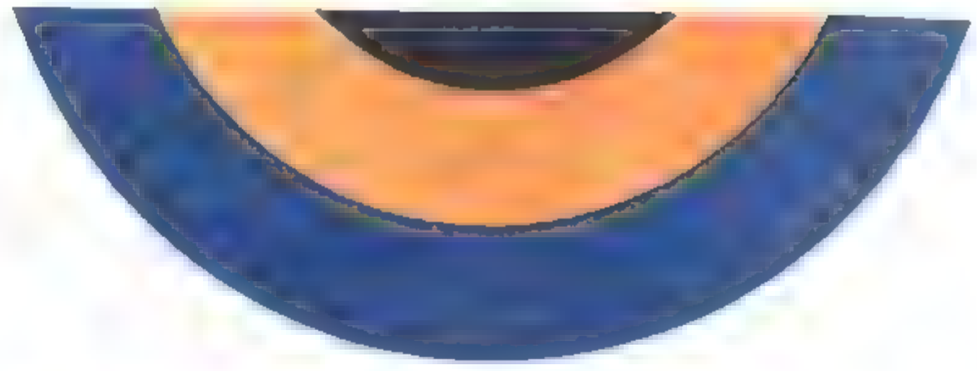

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desperate eyes that let her in behind them to a desolate country where her pity ached. Somehow his hands were on her shoulders and his mouth lay hard upon hers for a moment, more real than any imagining, poignant with a recognition deeper than the dim night. When he drew back they peered at each other still and clung with their hands. He had put his arms around her fiercely, and she had clutched his shoulders and felt his cheek on hers, so strangely close, so strangely, piercingly dear. There was the spring, and war, war, war, shakingly all about.

So they were married later on that night, after vague people had signed things and said things and shook hands because he was going to be a soldier.

And in the morning he had gone away, and she grew to forget that she had not even seen him very clearly in the moonlight, standing at the gate.

What sort of reason was that to get married on? What sort of reason was that, when she had forgotten it so completely, when she had brushed by the flash, the poignance, the long moment of recognition as if they had not existed, unless as a sort of trap for her, bait for fear and dreariness and shame that inevitably were to follow? Sitting bolt upright in her big bed Gwenny argued with herself to make the memory that had come to her now less insistent. But there it was and she was quivering to it, and to the memory of that groping, hungry, desolate look in Jason's face.

But in the bright commonplace morning, with Albert's rose on her breakfast tray and subdued sounds in the big house of other trays passing the door, and early energetic guests pounding downstairs for scrambled eggs and golf, Gwenny was no longer disturbed by the significance of feelings that come in the dead middle of the night. She was aware only that the blank had given way to firmness and clarity. She could think now. And she saw quite clearly that she could not go on living indefinitely here on the kindness of the Manwarings. She would have to do something. She could teach school in the fall. Perhaps Judge North would let her work on the paper. First she must go back to the house by the river, collect her few dresses, and move up into town.

But when she walked downstairs later, in her own blue-and-white print, miraculously freshened and mended, she could find neither Albert nor Ethel to tell her mind to. In the breakfast room, agitated over a paper and a cup of coffee, she caught sight of the eyeglass ribbon of Austin Parrett and fled immediately out of doors. In the distance, speaking firmly to the gardener, she saw Ethel's gardening hat and one white-linen shoulder. Ethel received her absently with a long arm and went on being firm with the gardener.

But after that, on the white bench behind the gazing globe, with the dark clipped hemlocks behind and the garden laid out broad and sunny before, it appeared also that Ethel wanted to talk to her. Ethel held one of Gwenny's hands in her slightly dry but very kind ones, and was so extremely delicate and considerate of speech that it was five minutes before Gwenny knew what she was talking about. Ethel's large hat was slightly askew over her earnest, high-nosed face, but she did want Gwenny to understand how very deeply she was understood. It seemed that Mr. Austin Parrett had seen some of Jason's work in the Journal—old things, evidently, which were still being printed—and wanted him to do a series of articles for his new magazine.

He said the man showed remarkable, if undisciplined, brilliance, and Albert was going to take him to see Jason this morning before luncheon. Ethel felt it was very important that Gwenny should know this, because, though it meant only an opportunity for Jason to earn a certain amount of money and perhaps more in the future, it would undoubtedly release Jason's wife from a certain feeling of concern and responsibility. Wouldn't it? Ethel concluded.

Gwenny drew a deep breath. It certainly would. "It means that I shan't have to feel guilty about coming away from him. Mr. Parrett is wonderful. And it means that I can—oh, yes, it does."

Gwenny sat still a minute, thinking how completely this snapped the last link, if there were any link left.

But Ethel was not finished yet. From the faint flush on her cheek bones, the impressive steadiness of her gaze, from the more intimate pressure of her hand, Gwenny saw there was something of greater significance to come. It came. Ethel wanted Gwenny to come and live with her until she could divorce Jason and marry Albert.

Ethel had taken it upon herself to speak of this before Albert did, because she felt that under the circumstances it was the decent and dignified thing to do. Gwenny must be protected at all costs. Albert, if he could be so happy as to feel that Gwenny would marry him, was prepared to leave immediately for Europe until after the divorce was obtained. Ethel spoke at length on the discretion and ability of the family lawyer. And Gwenny was made to feel subtly sure that Ethel's own desires, even interests, were concerned in Albert's marriage to one so charming, so reserved, so incapable of misunderstanding the aims and ideals of the Manwarings as an institution. It was faintly evident that there had been a time, now happily past, when Ethel had been a little concerned lest Albert allow himself to be attracted in directions quite otherwise. Gwenny was made to feel that the entire Manwaring family, ancestors and descendants, were grateful that she had reasserted her old attraction for the present heir.

So Ethel brought Gwenny in to luncheon with a little the manner of one who has found a seraph incognito among the peony beds, and Albert was permitted to grow a little redder in the face and a little moist around the eyes, while the luncheon table gathered an aroma of festival much appreciated by all the bright sure lady guests and all the bluff brown gentleman guests, with the possible exception of Mr. Austin Parrett, who was late and got his eyeglass ribbon in the hollandaise sauce and was in the worst possible temper. Gwenny herself, sitting small and very quiet at Albert's agitated right hand, was trying so hard to see herself at the foot of the table as Mrs. Albert Manwaring that the festival air did not reach to her either. She felt like a small moist bird unexpectedly hatched into so glary and astounding a world that it can do nothing but blink at it.

After all, if she could not quite see herself at the foot of the table, behind the Manwaring silver coffee service, it was perfectly plain that Ethel would be delighted to maintain her usual place there if Gwenny wished. Ethel would be delighted to do everything like that, ordering things, directing things, speaking to the butler and the gardener and remembering on which days the floors must be waxed. Gwenny knew she could be sure of peace and quiet, calmness and assurance and charming gowns and—oh, safety, as Mrs. Albert Manwaring for the rest of her existence. It was enough to turn anyone quiet and wide-eyed and a little pale when spoken to unexpectedly. At the same time she could not help wondering what Mr. Austin Parrett had said to Jason, if he had found him capable of any communication whatever.

And yet what difference did that make to her now? She was to be Mrs. Albert Manwaring. Albert marched her out to the rose garden after luncheon, to receive her verbal assurance of that. In the full sun he was quite red, and Gwenny could see his pink scalp glistening a little between the sleek brown hairs as he bent over to kiss her hand. It was the only expression of joy that Albert would permit himself. The solemnity which had come upon him showed with what true Manwaring tone Albert had resolved to carry himself in a situation so delicate. "Dear good Albert," Gwenny thought, patting his arm. To think of all this marvelous devotion that she had hardly been aware existed.

But there was one thing that had been growing clearer in her mind since Ethel had spoken to her that morning. She was grateful, overwhelmingly grateful, to them both. It was as if they had saved her from an icy drowning. But she must go back to the house by the river and tell Jason exactly how it was. It was only the decent thing to do. He probably wouldn't say anything, or care. But she had to tell him, reasonably and honestly. And besides, there were some things she wanted—a picture of her father, some books ——

The fat green volume of her Idylls of the King. She thought of that, perhaps lying on the Manwaring library table among Ethel's first editions. That would never do. She would have to keep the shabby thing in some secret place of her own, to be looked at once in a great while, quite by herself.

At dinner again, gazing about the long, bright table, Gwenny had a flash of wondering where in this house, or in the fabulous Commonwealth Avenue house, she could possibly find a place of her own that would be secret enough for the Idylls, hidden from all this—this Manwaringness. Perhaps it would be just as well not to bring it, after all. It could lie on the parlor table in the dimness of the house by the river, under the glassy stare of ancestors who were none of hers or Jason's, queerly at home. For, after all, in this new, bright, carefully planned, carefully decorated existence, where was there any need for Guinevere?

Albert had agreed, reluctantly, to take her down to the country after dinner. He hated that she should have to endure, even for a moment, the shadow of her old suffering. And yet his own claims were yet so slight that he could not really protest against it.

It was delicious to be tucked into the front seat of Albert's long car, with an elderly maid bringing a wrap and the butler closing the car door as carefully as if it contained already the young Mrs. Albert Manwaring, going to the opera in the Manwaring sapphires. It was delicious to feel pampered and precious beside Albert's solid bulk, within touch of his solicitous hand, and feel the cool flow of the summer night over her flushed face, see overhead the long slide of stars and fireflies among the leafy branches. There was the warm gold half of a moon, too, the mellow summer moon, splashing white on the black flow of the river water, when they rumbled across the bridge and turned up the long tunnel of the road under the elms.

She made Albert stop halfway there, and left him uneasy in his seat, while she went forward on the road edge where his headlights lay bright arsenic-green upon the grass. She had made him promise to let her go alone. But when she turned up the curiously familiar sandy driveway, the lights could not follow her, and she went forward lightly and in silence between the shadows of the apple trees. The moon was bright white now, white on the films of mist rising from the river, mist which hung about her like gleaming veils, and in which she moved, thrilling to the whiteness and the softness and the silence, among the sleeping shadows. When she had come nearer, she saw the dark bulk of the house under the high fans of the elms, and in the shimmering misted light it looked not frightening any longer, only old and shabby and a little desolate.

She walked more slowly, shaken strangely by the lovely unreality of that light, not conscious so much of what she was to do as of the exquisite poignance of the moment which rose about her like a fugitive dream. She found herself hoping quite simply that Jason was all right now, because it was the sort of night whose magic might lay hands upon him also. Then she saw him, standing clear of the shadow of the syringa bush, standing tall and silent, looking at her, hardly more than a shadow himself in the imperceptible drifting of the mist. He was staring at her, quite sober. She could see that plainly, even from where she stood.

"Jason," she said, and moved forward quickly under his gaze, until she stood quite near, peering up at him in that delicate and eerie light.

"I thought you'd gone," he said slowly, half murmuring, as if on such a night one could speak only in whispers.

"But I came back to see you," she said, hardly any louder. "Are you all right now, Jason? Are you really all right?"

It was strange how, as she peered up into his bleak dark face, into the burnt eyes, she saw suddenly deep into their waste and desolate country, as she had seen once, once only, that other time before. Only now it was not her pity that ached to see that, but something deeper, something suddenly hot and powerful and strong, like a new body and a new will, rising about her heart.

"I thought you'd gone, Gwenny—Guinevere," he said again, and moved nearer to her, until he could stare down into her face.

"Come here," she said suddenly, quite aloud, and went forward to the old bench by the syringas and sat down there, gazing up at him. The hot strength was a great tide in her, stronger than her knees could bear, lifting and lifting. The tall shadow that was her husband dropped beside her on the bench, and she put a firm warm hand on his wrist, holding it tightly.

He said, after a little while: "After that man Parrett went today I got to thinking how you'd gone. Gwenny, I don't see why you hadn't gone before. I hadn't realized how much —— Maybe it was the chance to do this work for him. It—I'm going to work like the devil for him. He's magnificent. I can give him what he wants, and more too, Gwenny. He's broken a dam for me. And then I got to thinking—I hoped you'd know. I wanted you to know. Gwenny, I remembered that I've only told you once that—that I love you. Did you mind?"

"Hush!" she said, and drew his forehead down to her shoulder, his dark head into the curve of her shoulder, and she felt suddenly his full relaxed weight against her, quivering a little, like a child that has worn himself out with a misery he cannot understand. "Hush!" she said again, her eyes on the misted moonlight, her cheek upon his forehead. What was it she had been going to tell him?

"But even now," he struggled up to say, looking at her at last with eyes that saw her wholly, saw her and knew her, as nothing else could know her all her life long, "I can't promise a thing, you know. I may go bad again dozens of times. But most of the time I'll be working, drowned in it. It's the only thing that matters, the chance to work and to know that you are somewhere near and not too frightened. You mustn't be frightened, Gwenny—Guinevere—ever any more."

"Hush!" she said again. "I won't be. Hush!" And when his head went back into the hollow of her shoulder with a great relaxing breath she smiled a little, secretly, and dropped her lips to his forehead. It was quite true. She would never be frightened any more. She would never feel timid or forgotten or unreal ever any more. She would have had that first moment, years ago, and now this. She would have Camelot to live in freely, to be a great shield between her and the dreary times. She could be Guinevere again, with Arthur, the king and citizen of a country even stranger than her own, safe at last against her shoulder. This beauty that was perfect she could make endure. She was rich, rich beyond the dreams of women.

She dropped her lips again on his forehead in the misty silence, holding fast his weight in her arms, hoarding in every cranny of her mind, in every hidden fiber of her heart, against whatever was to come, the peace and triumph and the shaken glory of this moment.

From the river road sounded faintly the horn of Lancelot, distant and unheard.

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THE PASSING STRIKE

(Continued from Page 37)

two-day-for-each schedule. These increases would bring about a larger demand for all products, thus furnishing more work and providing the volume for higher pay.

Even with these limitations, the problem of redistributing so many workers may seem rather complex at first thought, but I am convinced we shall come to it before very long. We already have the machinery in the form of labor organizations. As I have tried to show in preceding articles, the unions have passed through revolutionary changes of policy, tactics and attitude in recent years. And though I have not heard of any labor organization going in for the distribution of workers on a national scale, I am convinced that this will be one of their chief functions in the future. The fact may not be known to those who have not come in contact with union labor, but the truth is that finding jobs for members is and has been for years a routine local activity of every union.

A Pair of Shoes for Sunday

It may not be amiss for me to say here, in passing, that I speak with an intimate knowledge of unions and their methods, based on forty years of experience. This had its start when at the age of eleven years I became chairman of a local union of newsboys in my home in Wales. Since that time my record of union affiliation is unbroken. I have been in nearly half a hundred strikes, in every capacity from participant to leader. Experience had taught me years ago that every strike is an economic waste and that nearly all strikes might have been avoided. I held -and I still hold—that the worker should have the right to strike, but five years' experience in the Department of Labor has given me a national picture which has completely altered my point of view as to when a strike is justifiable.

If I were the head of a national union today I should not order a strike under any circumstance. Instead I should go in for the distribution of labor, and rather than pay strike benefits I would invest my war chest in a fleet of small automobiles and motorbuses. When conditions arose in any community that in the opinion of the workers justified a strike I would endeavor, through a coördination of other locals, to find jobs elsewhere for that part of my membership which could be shifted without hardship. The mere existence of the power to take this step would automatically eliminate or remedy the conditions that made a strike seem desirable, when these conditions were due to human elements.

I have outlined this situation first because it presents the extremity feared by every labor leader. If the experience of the past ten years is worth anything, however, it is the one situation which is least likely to occur. In other words, most of the causes which seem to make strikes justifiable today are economic in their origin. If 10,000,000 workers in this country are getting less than a saving wage it is because of economic conditions, not because some employer or group of employers has said that these workers shall get less. No one man or group of men is responsible. Employers may feel in some instances that the plan I have outlined would put too much power in the hands of a labor leader. They are answered by the statement that strikes have been reduced by more than two-thirds in ten years.

In other words, even the workers who are getting less than a saving wage are coming to a mass understanding of the part economics plays in their lives. The extent to which strikes are being reduced is a measure of this understanding. In predicting that labor unions of the future will become distributors of workers I am simply counting on a repetition of history. Business men and economists, a few years ago, explained low wages and lack of enough work as the consequence of overproduction or lack of demand. Today the most astute thinkers in business refer to these things as underdistribution and excess costs. The application of the same idea to labor, the essential element in all production, is inevitable.

While I am on the subject of distribution I should like to point out that a 25 per cent increase in the number of consumers means more than a 25 per cent increase in prosperity. Our basic industries have run far ahead of population growth in expansion, not only because a steadily rising percentage of our people have become buyers but because possession is a habit which grows on nearly all of us. It is true that no man may wear more than a single pair of shoes at a time, but it is also true that only about one American worker in four gets along today with one pair. And that is not because he is satisfied with his lot. Given the wherewithal, he will follow the example of his three more prosperous fellows and put in at least one pair of Sunday shoes.

Instead of fixing a limit on prosperity, therefore, the shifting of workers to points of labor shortage would tend to push the mythical saturation points even further into the future. Apart from its social consequences to the underpaid workers involved, I believe its most outstanding effect would be the stabilization of wages. It might have the effect in some cases of reducing premium rates, but the consequent savings in costs would be reflected in prices. At present there is a wide variation in wage rates which is not wholly the consequence of local variations in the cost of living. In any event the gain to the underpaid would more than offset any possible loss to the overpaid.

If there are any labor leaders or employers who believe that the scientific distribution of labor to points where it is needed is an impossibility, I would urge them to take a trip across the continent and watch the roads. I would also call their attention to the work being done by the United States Employment Bureau, which annually directs the shifting of 600,000 harvest hands. We have heard less and less in recent years of staple crops threatened with destruction by a lack of labor. Strike troubles in the great food-producing belts also are disappearing because it has become the business of certain men to find out how many hands will be needed and to get them where they are wanted on time. Yet this vast operation is conducted so smoothly and efficiently every year that most people in the cities never hear of it.

The Workers' Migration

Watching the highways from the train windows reveals an independent, individual shift which is getting large enough to be considered as a mass operation. On one Western trip last summer a diligent fellow passenger of mine counted a single cavalcade of 150 motor cars of the type generally described as a small popular make. I have talked to hundreds of these wayfarers in the camping grounds of many cities. Most of them are workmen. Not only that, they are also among the most intelligent and highly skilled of workmen. Few of them strike in the dark. They set out for a new section only after buying newspapers from the locality, looking over the want ads and making inquiries as to wage rates.

When one of these men happens to be a member of a national union, the first place he reports on reaching a town that strikes his fancy is the local union headquarters. There he files his card, showing that his dues are paid, and the union becomes his free employment agent. Its officials know to a unit how many jobs there are in the town and the contributory surrounding territory. They know not only what work is under way but where it is being planned. Frequently, when things are dull locally, these executives also know where work may be found in some near-by town. All this information is at the call of the union member.

A very simple system for the interchange of facts about employment would furnish the basis for the labor-organization activity I have in mind in the distribution of workers. As a matter of fact, most of the big unions now get these facts sooner or later, but there is so far no effort to make use of them for the purpose suggested. Men are advised against going into a section already overcrowded by the same trade. They are told of other sections where work in their line is plentiful.

But the only machinery for getting men from and to such points, apart from their own individual effort, is owned and operated either by private enterprise or by employers.

Fitting the Man With the Job

I see no reason why the unions should not take over the employment agencies at a saving to their members and to the employers—a saving to be reflected eventually in higher wages. One immediate effect of such a system would be the reduction or elimination of the economic waste and the individual losses sustained by sending the wrong men to jobs. We have the experience of the harvest fields to guide us here. A great deal of the trouble in former years was caused by men who were physically incapable of standing the hard grind under the blazing sun in the fields. Similar troubles have been experienced in all forms of construction work so distant from centers of population that it is necessary to import labor.

The reason for these difficulties is that the paid agency, like any other business enterprise, is in the field to make a profit. Its responsibility to both employer and worker is limited, not only by that fact but by the further one that its operators are not as a rule skilled in the trades to which they are catering. Executives of labor organizations, on the other hand, are drawn only from the ranks. If they were to go into the business of finding jobs as their chief occupation, they would bring to the service a definite responsibility to the employer, in addition to the one they already hold to their members.

This is so markedly in line with the modern trend of thought among labor leaders and the rank and file of organized labor that one is tempted to wonder why the idea has not already taken hold. Most Americans know that a new tolerance has grown up among the leaders of labor organizations in recent years for the problems of employers. But those who are not in daily touch with industrial relations can have no idea of how far this movement has gone in the way of constructive suggestions and detailed plans for the reduction of costs and the increase of production. Finding jobs, and finding the right man for the right job, is a logical development of this process.

I am inclined to grow enthusiastic over the prospects of what may be done in this country as we get nearer to this ideal. In looking back over the records of strikes during nearly 300 years of American history I have been impressed with the fact that the first object of a strike is always the right to work. The second is a living wage, and it is only after these are obtained that men begin to complain about conditions of their employment, hours of labor, and so on. Yet some of the more turbulent disturbances in our history have been the result of this third point—the natural desire of man to dictate the conditions of his employment.

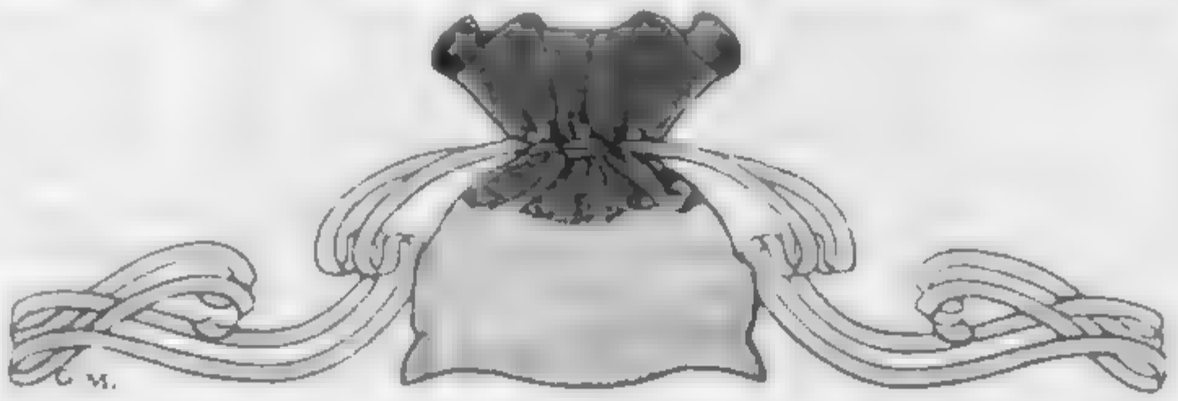
It is not very many years since organizations of labor were formed in this country to protest against the introduction of machinery. But the worker today is aware that the machine has been the social salvation of America. It has saved millions of our people from becoming a permanent peasant class. In former years we recruited our peasant labor from abroad, and everyone is familiar with the shift of menial jobs from one foreign group to another, the latest to arrive. But machinery is invading even these fields, increasing earning capacity by multiplying the labor of men. Thus even in the fields of common labor the causes that led to strikes in the past are rapidly disappearing.

In the long run we are able to get maximum production per man or per machine only where the worker is satisfied that he is making normal progress—the right man in the right job. If it were possible to place all the 10,000,000 now getting an existing wage into the saving-wage class overnight, the labor organizations would still have a tremendous task and a vital function to perform in expediting the progress of their members. This does not mean that labor turnover is to increase. I believe we shall reduce it to a constant, but below that it would be slavery. Locating this constant would be a contribution in itself of incalculable value to all industry; a stabilizing factor second in importance only to the stabilization of wages.

The Foreign Market at Home

As to the commercial and social importance of the distribution of labor, we have only to make comparisons between our own conditions and those of almost any other country. There is a disposition in some circles to believe that the people of the Old World are backward in their desires because they do not begin to match our per capita consumption of luxuries or necessities. As a matter of fact, the foreign born in our midst constitute a very large part of our market. If they seem to want more after they get to this country than they want at home, it is only because our high-wage standards have made it possible for them to entertain desires which would appear utterly beyond their reach at home.

A country has been regarded as prosperous heretofore in which one worker in every three or four could attain some measure of economic independence. It is not so many years since there were 20,000,000 workers in the United States getting along on an existing wage. When the increase in the number of all workers is taken into consideration it becomes evident that we are making rapid progress in extending the benefits of high wages. If we are to avoid strikes and other industrial disputes, however, I believe the time has come when we must make a conscious effort to reach all our people. The contrast between the lot of those with plenty and those without it is getting sharper every day.



This vast system serves the NORTHWEST

SHORTEST AND
MOST MODERN ROUTE
TO THE
PACIFIC AND FAR EAST

In the Northwest, reaching from the Great Lakes to the warm slopes of the Pacific, we have today the startling spectacle of Twentieth Century industry and civilization suddenly crowding upon virgin wilderness and raw pioneer settlement.

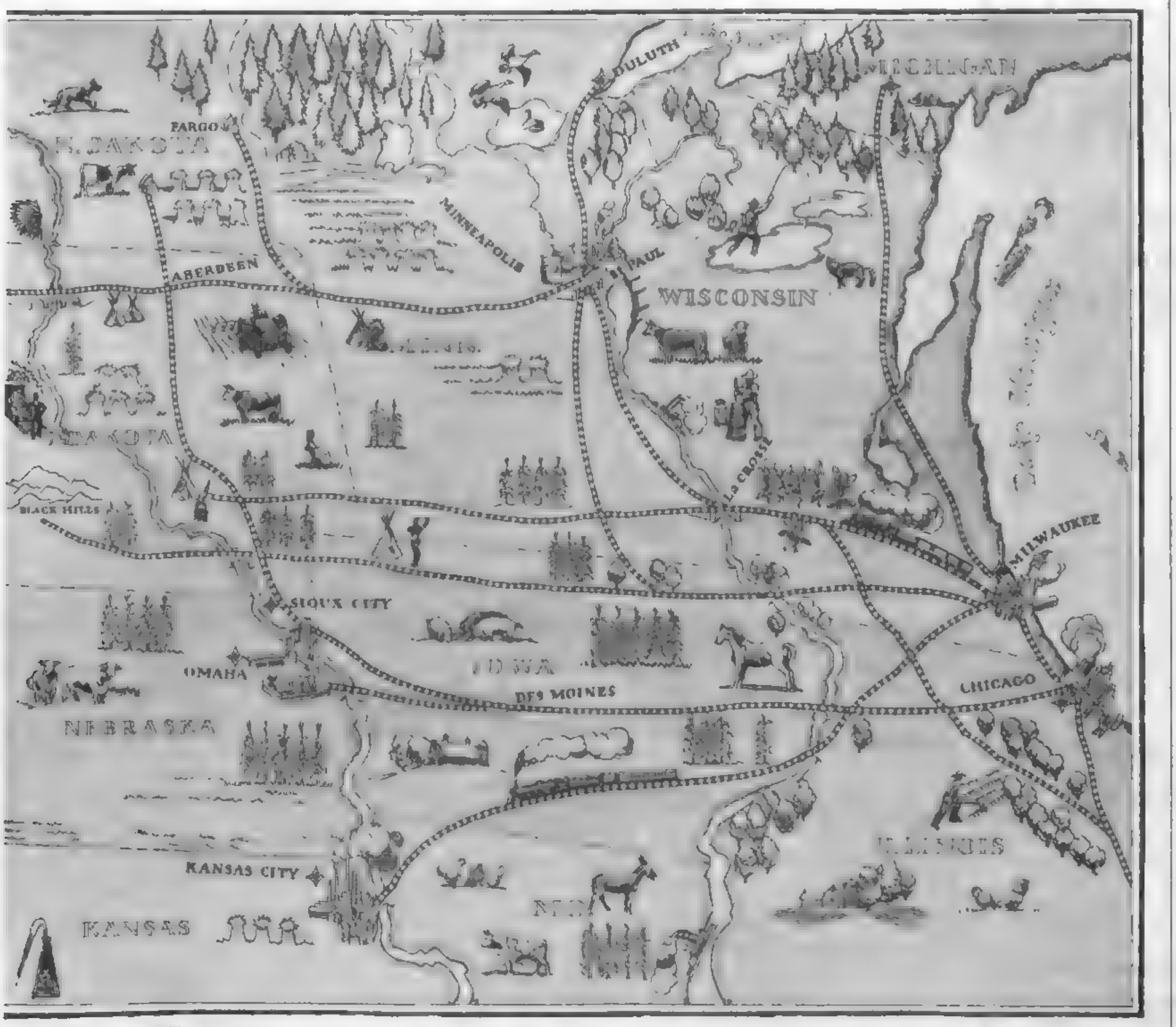
Deep ruts of wagon trains still mark the prairie-land that is being plowed and harrowed by multi-unit mechanical monsters. Enormous rivers wind for hundreds of miles through lonely reaches, though huge power plants are already harnessing their colossal might. Ghostly timber wolves drive the frenzied elk within sight of humming giant electric locomotives. Broad shining cities send the pinnacles of their skyscrapers high against mountain backgrounds of primeval forest.

The Northwest—roughly one-fourth the area of the United States!—is the roof of the continent. It is the birthplace of rivers whose waters reach

The

the Japan Current, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Hudson's Bay and the Gulf of Mexico. The Mississippi rises here amid green lush hills. The mighty Missouri is born in a broad sweet valley rimmed with mountains of jade and frosted silver. The brawling Columbia roars down from glacier-crowned mountain peaks.

Corn, the golden gauge of civilization, is sweeping far out upon the plains. Wheat is flooding the open prairie and the fertile benchland. The mountains are gorged with an inestimable wealth of minerals. Washington alone has enough coal to supply the Nation for 126 years. From one pocket in the Rockies two billion dollars' worth of copper and allied minerals have been extracted. A mine in the beautiful Black Hills of South Dakota has brought to light more gold than any other mine on earth. The vast timber resources of the Pacific Coast are practically inexhaustible. The green meadowland of Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota is one of the most favored dairy regions on earth. The Northwest is a region of bewildering diversity whose resources have only been lightly touched.



MILWAUKEE ROAD

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE NORTHWEST has depended almost entirely upon the railroads, over which a ceaseless torrent of people and raw materials and manufactured commodities pour. They are the highways of this region.

The picture map gives only a sketchy idea of the vast extent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad. This pioneer of the Northwest has a trackage today of over 11,000 miles forming a network that spreads from Chicago to Kansas City, Omaha and Sioux City; to Milwaukee, Upper Michigan Peninsula, Minneapolis-St. Paul; and to Spokane, Seattle and Tacoma, and the Olympic Peninsula.

For 660 miles across four great ranges—the Belt, the Rockies, the Bitter Root and the Cascades—*The Milwaukee Road is electrified with power drawn from swift rivers*, the most modern achievement in railroading.

Milwaukee passenger cars are now being equipped with *roller bearings*—a revolutionary improvement first adopted by this road.

In rolling equipment, too, The Milwaukee Road keeps the lead. Its great limited trains are internationally famous. Among the most notable are *The Olympian* and *The Columbian* running between Chicago and Seattle and Tacoma; *The Pioneer Limited*, between Chicago, Milwaukee and the Twin Cities; *The Arrow*, between Chicago, Omaha and Sioux City; *The Southwest Limited*, between Chicago, Milwaukee and Kansas City; *The Pacific Limited*, between Chicago and San Francisco.

An army of 60,000 trained employees operates The Milwaukee Road.

Most diversified of routes

This is the logical route for your trip to the Pacific. Most varied. Most beautiful. Most significant to travelers and business men. Here you pass the greatest rivers, the highest mountains, and the most splendid plains on the continent. And here too you see the restless genius of the American people at its best—in the last tremendous surge across the continent to the glorious cities and harbors of Puget Sound at the nearest point of contact with the teeming markets of the Orient.

Room 884, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway
Union Station, Chicago, Ill.

Make a check before the region that interests you. We have the closest co-operation with Chambers of Commerce and other business organizations who will supply you with detailed information

☐ Puget Sound	☐ Agricultural Montana	☐ Minneapolis-St. Paul
☐ Inland Empire	☐ Upper Missouri R. Valley	☐ Wisconsin
☐ Industrial Montana	☐ Eastern Dakotas	☐ Iowa
☐ Kansas City	☐ Omaha—The Western Gate	

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Play outdoors NOW in warm sunny TUCSON

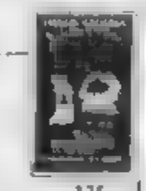
IN THIS wonderful city of perpetual warm, dry sunshine you can enjoy outdoor sports all through the cheerful winter.

Half mile high *TUCSON*, the real "sunshine city" is attracting literally thousands who come each year to enjoy our life-giving sunshine and our healthy vigorous mountain air.

TUCSON can give you that much-talked-of "complete change"—there's so much to do and see here! There's the pleasant social life of tennis, golf and country clubs (open to visitors). There's desert and mountain picnics, and hunting and fishing are al- [illegible] There are [illegible] Mexico to see an the Indian back country, and quaint Old Mexico is only 70 miles away.

Spend your vacation this year in Tucson, Arizona's sunshine city! There's more happiness and better health for all in this wonderful place. Tucson too may prove to be the ideal home place for which you have been looking for years.

Mail the coupon for illustrated booklet. Winter excursion rates now in effect on the Rock Island and Southern Pacific Lines. Stop-over privileges on all routes.



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THE HAPPY PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from Page 26)

world—because they must have good intentions, however misguided—and they are taken in by the confidences of European statesmen and by equally designing financiers. They think they are behind the scenes of the Old World's poverty-stricken civilizations, when, as a matter of fact, they are taking a course in a sort of summer school taught by the shrewdest men in Europe.

Shortly after the war the governments of all the European powers began to issue their White Books, Red Books and Blue Books to prove that each one of them was innocent of having caused the war.

Being innocent of everything but our absurd idealism, it did not occur to us to publish a red-white-and-blue-striped book with the Star-Spangled Banner engraved on the back, to record our services, charities and loans to our associates. Now these have become disgruntled debtors. That is what comes of not publishing with our left hand all the benefits our right hand was conferring upon them.

The truth is we may have interfered with the methods of Providence, and when you do that you get it in the neck, precisely as we are getting it now. I do hope we will have the piety to leave them to the will of God the next time they feel the mighty urge to destroy one another. They know what they are about, because they know one another.

Whenever I feel the lack of a personal text for a polite prayer, I recall the fact that this country did not join that League of Nations, and I just turn loose all my thanksgiving pæans. The picture of Atlas carrying the world on his shoulders shows quiet seas and continents. Imagine America carrying only the older half of it on her shoulders by underwriting the military and living expenses these people would surely indulge in under such fortunate financial circumstances.

The trouble with Americans is that we have confounded the historical Old World from which we sprang with that world of today. The people who created it are dead and gone. Their culture consists in their museums, art galleries, monuments, cathedrals, abbeys, churchyards, the great poetry, philosophies and romances of a former age. There is little doing there now worth emulating, believing or knowing. Even the nobility appears to have passed away, only a lot of ordinary men and women, grafted ineffectively on the old stock, still wearing the great names of their ancient knights and heroes, but no longer informed with the qualities that made them great.

The whole situation may be a tragedy of propinquity. For ages these nations of the Old World have lived too close together. They have been like contentious neighbors who could look over the back fence of their frontiers and spy upon one another. It is impossible to get keyhole information about the noblest man living without finding out enough to become suspicious of him. Just so, these European nations know one another so frightfully well that no bond of trust can exist between them which is not backed up by an army and navy. The League of Nations would never have secured them against war, not even if we had joined it. We would only have underwritten the expense account of their quarrels with men and money, because by long and too many disastrous experiences with one another they have destroyed the mental and moral basis of peace. They suffer from a sort of geographical intimacy which has made it impossible for them to practice any kind of Monroe Doctrine of privacy, which is really the international psychology of peace and good manners reduced to a formula.

But in the consequence that followed our entry into the war lies Europe's greatest misfortune. The average American's eyes are open at last. The glamour of romance and ideality that stretched the width of an ocean between them and us has faded. Things will never be as they were before, not if they subsidize every American tourist and busybody with their flattery and confidences to cry shame on this country. Tourists and traveling thinkers are not the vertebræ of any country. They are no more than the breath we exhale. The backbone of us stays at home and stiffens under provocation.

The hiatus between thinking and doing is really the longest length we make in living, which is a fortunate circumstance for us, and especially for other people. If we achieved anywhere near what we are capable of thinking up to do, we should pile up too many explosive deeds to make us safe members of society. This defines one of the beauties of my own life that has no biographical value, because, after all I have written to the contrary, a great deal of my time is passed in just thinking and living, but not doing anything about it. Thus, though I was passing through a mild mental frenzy brought on by reading doubtful fiction, I was actually living as innocently as a poor old flower, withered by a windy circumstance but beginning to freshen up and grow stronger on my stems. I made haste to get out in the sun, and presently was able to travel the very short distance between my cottage and the main building on the Miramar grounds.

Late one afternoon I came up through the chilly, starlit dusk to the ranch house. It was that quiet hour of the day before guests began to assemble for dinner. I picked up a copy of an afternoon paper from the news stand in the lobby and was about to enter the living room when I caught sight of a man in there. This was no unusual circumstance, but to me there was something astoundingly unusual about the man. I felt that I knew him about as well as I could know anyone. I had a curious sensation of being in the possessive case. Yet I could not place him; I had no recollection of ever having seen him before. And I was aware, by the way his glance caught me and drifted aside, that he did not recognize me; had no more than a passing sense of my presence as I crossed the room and chose a chair beneath the lamp on the opposite side of the fireplace.

He was sitting before a desk; a huge man, slumped, knees wide apart, shoulders hunched nearly to the ears of his terrific head; bristling black hair, bristling black brows divided by two perpendicular wrinkles above his nose; round, implacable eyes, luminous, eaglelike, but almost colorless; lantern jaws, a long chin, a nose like a battering ram, nostrils drawn back, making lines from the corners of them to the corners of his mouth; the lips of this mouth closed so tightly that one must infer that he had his teeth clenched inside. And over all this a dark, red-tempered skin that rolled into thick wrinkles across a high, square forehead.

I held the paper up for an excuse and went on piecing his looks together, word for word as I remembered them. But how could I remember what I was actually seeing? That question occurred to me, and also what was the rest of it. "A man astoundingly and forbiddingly ugly, not easily loved, but compelling respect by some powerful quality in his homeliness." Where on earth had I seen that quotation, which, somehow, now, I felt was not quite veracious? Still for purposes of interpretation it might have gone with the countenance of this man. All at once he began to look unreal; not the man, but the copy—very good copy of a man whom I knew to his last thought. But good heavens, I did not know any such person!

He remained unmindful of me, sitting there on the small of his back, thinking himself up. For some unintelligible reason I resented this pose, this manner, everything about him, as if he had subtly defrauded me by his manner and appearance.

Then with a sort of lazy, leopard movement he reached a hairy fist across the desk, seized a pen and bunched his stubby fingers around the staff. He watched himself do this, taking the awkward pains of a person no longer accustomed to use a pen, and then began to scratch aimlessly on a sheet of paper, practicing something, not penmanship.

I recognized that fist! I had seen it before, covered with black hairs, fingers bunched around a pen staff, arm stretched across a wider, finer desk and the hand posed lying idly upon a blank sheet of paper. My hair almost sat up in amazement; I dropped the paper and regarded him with the strangest emotions, feeling that I had been done out of something that belonged to me, fist and all. A very vague impression, but the emotion accompanying it was strong to the point of indignation.

The rustle of the falling paper may have disturbed him, or he was made suddenly aware of my interest. I am of an age and disposition which relieve me of feminine self-consciousness if an occasion arises to study a man, as you may say, in the original. I can irritate him by this stare, but I never seem to flatter him, if you know what I mean. Anyway this one pulled himself up from behind the desk and left the room without casting a glance in my direction. I was unaccountably annoyed. My mind clung to his coat tails in futile authority, as if he owed me an explanation, an apology, or some kind of conciliatory recognition.

It was on the tip of my tongue to detain him with some such exclamation as this: "Wait a moment! I have had dealings with you. You owe me something. What is it?"

But I have learned to restrain my natural impulses, no matter how brilliant they are, in case they should prove unintelligible to the other person. I am not above holding up a man if I know what I ought to do with him, as this record will show later on, but I did not know what might happen if I halted this one. I did not even know his name. The only charge I had against him was a sort of befuddled indignation which embarrassed me. I had been ill a long time. Suppose I had gone "nutty" about some fancied wrong a stranger had done me? People with addled brains were always inventing grievances. I began to be alarmed about myself.

All this wavering of thought and suspicion covered no more than a few moments. Then my attention was again arrested by the conversation going on at the clerk's desk in the lobby, plainly audible through the open door of the living room. The stranger who had gone out there was discussing the country roundabout. Yes, very beautiful, I heard him tell the clerk. Yes, he was having a good wide-open-to-the-air rest. And he needed it. Been very closely confined for a number of years, and

(Continued on Page 97)

A POLICY PLEDGED TO PROGRESS

Drawing of the figures from C. A. Meber's sculptural interpretation of "The Spirit of Industry"

Heralding a great array of new features of known value and improvements of demonstrated worth, Oldsmobile's midsummer announcement aroused sweeping and nationwide interest.

It was more than the introduction of a new and surpassing Oldsmobile value.

It was more than a matter of increased power, new factors of thrift, new sources of long life, added driving ease and security, still greater beauty and luxury.

It was more than the advent of a car, firm in public favor, made better than ever.

It was a tangible confirmation of Oldsmobile's previously published declaration of purpose . . .

> ". . . that the American family may have, at a moderate investment, a car that gratifies their finer tastes as well as satisfies their every need . . ."

This purpose commits Oldsmobile to constant progress. Such a car must measure to ever advancing standards.

The year we enter upon today will reveal how deep-rooted this purpose is in the mind of every man who plans or builds or tests Oldsmobile.

An announcement in next week's "Saturday Evening Post" will prove again how earnestly Oldsmobile keeps faith with its policy pledged to progress.

January 1st, 1927

OLDSMOBILE

Product of General Motors

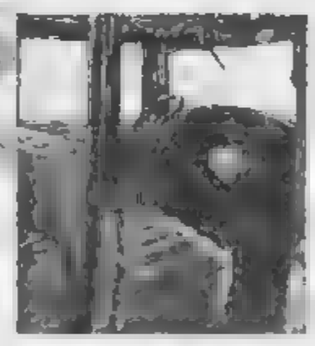
SIX

Paige-Jewett forecast the New Year's fashion!

YOU who insist upon fashion's latest in all your personal possessions should make haste to see the smart and charming new Paige and Jewett cars. For "The Most Beautiful Cars in America" now possess in addition to Paige beauty—a *smartness* and an *exclusiveness* that stamp them *style leaders* of the coming season.

You can no longer be content with mechanical excellence. At any rate, you ought not be content merely with this. Not when you can also have—at no additional cost—lines as smart as Paris gowns . . . fittings as charming as a collection of rare old silver . . . enchanting colors in two or three harmonizing tones . . . an atmosphere of custom exclusiveness that cannot fail to distinguish your car in the finest company.

That you may take deeper and more lasting pride in your motor car, Paige upholsters its deep-nested springs in choicest mohairs. Paige gives you comfortable arm-rests and silken toggle straps. Paige gives you a substantial steering wheel of solid walnut. Paige clusters its instruments in a single charming panel, that glows pleasingly in reflected light. And Paige surrounds you with such uncommon niceties as twin smoking sets, cleverly placed interior lights, skillfully inlaid walnut-finish panels. All of this style . . . this fashion . . .



An atmosphere of luxurious comfort envelops the interior of the 7-passenger sedan. The seats are as restful as they are roomy.

this custom-exclusiveness . . . is yours, you know, *in addition* to the famous Paige-built chassis which this year embody all that is new in engineering . . . more powerful motors . . . air cleaners . . . bronze-backed bearings . . . silent chain timing . . . rubber-cushioned clutch . . . and, of course, Paige-Hydraulic 4-Wheel brakes.

Your nearest Paige-Jewett dealer will be delighted to have you drive any one of the fourteen body types and color combinations that constitute this year's line of "The Most Beautiful Cars in America". List prices range from $1195 to $2245. Visit his showroom—soon.

Worldwide Dealer Organization . . . One of the Newest and Finest Plants in the entire Automobile Industry . . . 18 Years Under One Management Building Fine Cars Exclusively Never Reorganized—and Never Refinanced

PAIGE & JEWETT SIXES

(850)

(Continued from Page 94)

so on, and so forth. Then I heard him ask who such and such a guest was that was stopping at the hotel. The clerk told him, and added the names of one or two celebrities with polite pride, as much as to imply that people who stopped there were at least in the neighborhood of excellent company.

"Do you know who the woman is in there?" he added.

"No."

"That's Corra Harris," he explained, and I knew he would go on to say that she was the author of A Circuit Rider's Wife, because, if I wrote a thousand books better or just as good, I can never get beyond the fame earned by this first one.

"Author of A Circuit Rider's Wife. Have you read it, Mr. Blank?"

"Blank!" My memory shouted. "Blank; but merciful heavens, how does he come to be in the flesh?"

Followed a silence in the lobby, then I heard footsteps, very light ones, springy and quick. Caught a glimpse of Blank as he passed the door on his way out. We exchanged glances. I say nothing of mine, but if Adam looked at his Creator with such a wide-open stare of fear he need not have been at such pains to lay the blame on Eve about eating that apple. I never saw two such capital letters of guilt and fear in the human face as that man's eyes showed. I sprang to the window in time to see him turn the corner of the house, going toward the railway station. This was the last seen or heard of Blank at Miramar.

Seven years ago I wrote a book and the leading character in it was not the hero, but a rugged old lawyer named Blank who made things work together fiercely for other people's good in that story. I got the name he wore from the Agony Column of the London Morning Post, to which I subscribed for years, not so much for the classically written news it contained as for the harvest of names I reaped from its Agony Column, sometimes endearing, sometimes enhancing and sometimes humorous, but always suitable for the kind of heroes and heroines I like to create. Blank, if I remember correctly, was the name of a good old butler in a distinguished English family, and it was the fifteenth year after his death that I saw his name and virtues resurrected in the Agony Column of the London Morning Post. The sound of it tickled my imagination, and I gave it to this old bachelor lawyer who had come up like a horned bull from the lower walks of respectable society in an old-fashioned Southern city.

On the fifteenth page of that novel may be found an exact description of the man I saw that day at the Miramar, including his fist, which, if I remember, is photographed and interpreted a page or two farther on. This is all I have to say. I make no definite assertion about being the author and creator of that man. The whole thing may have been a coincidence, but if so, why did this Blank in the flesh, whom I had created out of an ink bottle and my own long-legged imagination, take to his heels when he recognized me as being the author of that book where Blank figures so admirably?

Most authors of any reputation hear of the activities of their doubles here and there. And I have had embarrassing experiences with at least four of these, but if there is any other author in this country who has ever met one of his own fictitious characters, taken so literally from one of his romances and made to live, even to the last gesture, in real life, I should like to know it. This is not a challenge. Far be it from me to give myself airs in this matter, but I am broadcasting an S O S call to members of the literary profession to proclaim similar experiences if they have had them, because, until I prudently left off telling this tale, my reputation as a simple-minded, truth-telling romanticist suffered a frightful deflation.

Weather conditions inside a room are always more or less artificial. The walls of it limit space too much, considering what long elbows the winds have. There are no clouds in the ceiling, no rains fall from it. The sun does not shine there. By turning on the heat, closing a door or opening a window, you can regulate the climate. And there is no possible way for all the weather to get in and dramatize itself. I had lain for two months in such a room at Miramar, with nothing but the furniture, my own things, my own nature, and no more than a south-and-west window view of the earth, sea and sky.

Like other invalids I assumed that the seasons were going on as usual on the outside. But when at last I was able to get out and take a look around I perceived that something was wrong, something necessary and familiar to me was not on the program.

Besides the brief journey I made to the ranch house late in the afternoon, I did most of my convalescing sitting in the lacy shadows of a palm tree just beyond the door of my cottage. Every day I saw the same tall gorgeous flowers blooming everywhere without a single rest or skip in the color scheme. The wind did not come hurrying up; it was always there, blowing just so. The sun was absolutely sure to shine. That cloud which passed over early every morning was not a cloud but fog, and never a drop of rain fell from it. Nothing happened in the heavens above me.

I was enchanted with this brisk bright weather, until I realized that it was not weather at all but mere atmosphere. Then I grew restless, as we do at a play when the same act lasts too long. The stately white lilies, the pretty boughs of languishing fuchsia bells above my cottage door, those stodgy bushes covered with a petticoat of Shasta daisies, the brilliant blue and yellow flowers all bored me. I used to come out in the morning hoping that something like a little old scrawny bachelor's button had sneaked up during the night and popped open in this affluence of splendid blooms. I wanted to rest my overcrowded eyes upon a poor little stingy stunted flower that had had a hard time surviving the heat and cold of tyrannical weather. I thought of the ragged robins at home standing up gayly like small bright faces in the summer rain. I remembered the zinnias and marigolds as one recalls the pictures in an album of old-fashioned relatives.

More than anything else, I missed the groggy thunderheads of cloud boiling up over the sky line, the little showers we have at home, the sound of the rain marching over the hill, the brisk rattle-tat-tat it made on the roof of the old cabin, the fragrance of the dampened dust after a drought. The hurry and scurry we would be making to bring in this, that and the other before anything got wet. Somebody flying around in the house pulling down windows, screaming to someone else to know if the windows upstairs were closed, and if not—good heavens!—flying feet on the stairs. Then the roar of the wind, heard a mile away, now upon us, the ragged storm sheet of cloud bellying overhead, rent while we looked at it by a blinding flash followed by a deafening crash of thunder—which always sends the dog under the bed, and maybe one of us, nameless here, into the darkest corner, with her fingers in her ears for safety against so much noise. Torrents of rain after that, roses bending like drenched ladies in a flood, vines swinging like green draperies around the cabin, trees reeling, shouting, drunken with the rhythm of terrific motion, like music in Byron's grandest poetry. In short, drama, my friends, black, bright, swift and terrifying, without the need of our paltry greatest words to interpret it.

I was not wishing for a storm like this. Any little disturbance of the elements would have satisfied me, but accustomed as I have been all my life to temperamental weather and to the practicing of my anxieties about what it might or might not do, I missed the excitement in this bland bright land, where it never changes or surprises you or does anything at all. My feeling is that it may be similar to that of paradise, which, I have always had a hunch, would pall on me after, say, the first week of eternity.

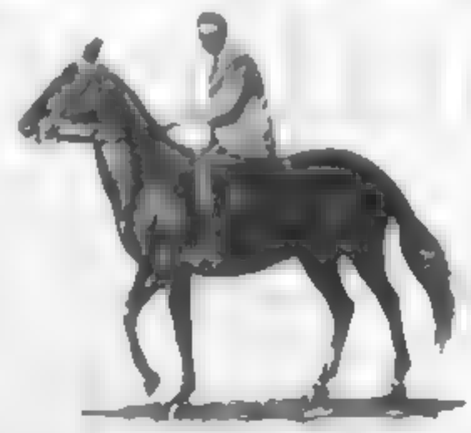
I am not complaining of the atmosphere in California, you understand, for it is perfect. But the weather is simply hog-tied. They can and do plan a picnic out there three years ahead without ever being disappointed by inclement weather when the day rolls around. I stood it as long as I could without saying anything, but when, by asking a few discreet questions, I discovered myself to be the only person who expected any change in the sky scenery for months to come, I resolved to leave quietly and unobtrusively, without saying what was the matter, go farther up or farther down, where real weather began.

My preparations were brief, and consisted only in employing a seamstress for a day to take up the hems of all my frocks an inch or two. I had left the valley almost directly for the West and had had no opportunity to observe that virtue in women had taken a turn for the better, tucked up its skirts and lengthened its stride. For in our mountains neither manners, morals nor styles change with the changing winds of fashions. So I had started on my happy pilgrimage draped to my toes as usual, according to the ideals of feminine modesty in that former generation to which I belong—you may say—now only chronologically as far as my skirts are concerned. But one of the first things I discovered in the West was that women believed publicly and pridefully in their legs; not only the young ones. All of them did—even the noblest and best!

I was not shocked. Far from it! I experienced a sort of gladness that I had not enjoyed since childhood. And I may as well confess here as later that during the nine months spent in California I shortened my skirts three times, proceeding carefully in this matter, as mother used to do when she would be taking off our winter flannels. She cut them off, say, six inches at a time, until only the breastplate, so to speak, remained to protect us from taking a chest cold in case of a late frost. So I had my skirts shortened a little at the time because I lacked the heroic courage of this modern age to bob them brief enough at one sitting. The only long stuff I cling to now, with the prim pride peculiar to my sex, in its original state is my hair, which is not very long or very thick, but of sufficient length and volume to twist up behind and make a sedate, old-fashioned declaration of my gender.

But whatever may be said of bobbed hair, short skirts are no passing fad of fashion. They are an indication of the mental and moral evolution of women into comfortable characters of their own. My secret suspicion is that it was some designing woman, no better than she should be, probably thin shanked or with elliptical instead of parallel extremities, who wore the first long skirt. Then the mischief was done. A tradition of modesty was built up about this outrageously suggestive garment on account of the simplicity of our forbears, who took up with the idea to outwit the snooping curiosity of men, only to increase it! Now, thank heaven, they are deprived of the opportunity for exercising it, by the frank and gladsome proclamation we are making of these stems of our being. The same thing is true of corsets and all the other crinoline and strait-jacket methods for imprisoning us which they imposed by suggestion; and for no better purpose than to afford a false stimulus to their masculine curiosity. We shall have more freedom, better health and a sense of decency not imposed upon us by the vulgar modesty of foolish people of either sex.

I remember distinctly when the prison house of long skirts closed upon my lanky young legs. I was a gawky girl of thirteen, gadding about the old plantation, a happy young human yearling, when suddenly, without warning, my mother ripped the hems out of all my frocks, added superfluous ruffles and let them down to my shoe tops. I remember how miserable and embarrassed I was, what a time she had teaching



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Feel how easily the razor glides when each whisker is softened scientifically at the base

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Colgate lather is different in formula, in action, in result, from anything you have used before.

This radical difference is all in the bubbles, as the lather pictures shown below prove. Colgate bubbles are far smaller and wetter. They contain an abundance of water and very little air. For this "small bubble" lather is based on a scientific fact—the fact that the water in the lather is the real beard softener.

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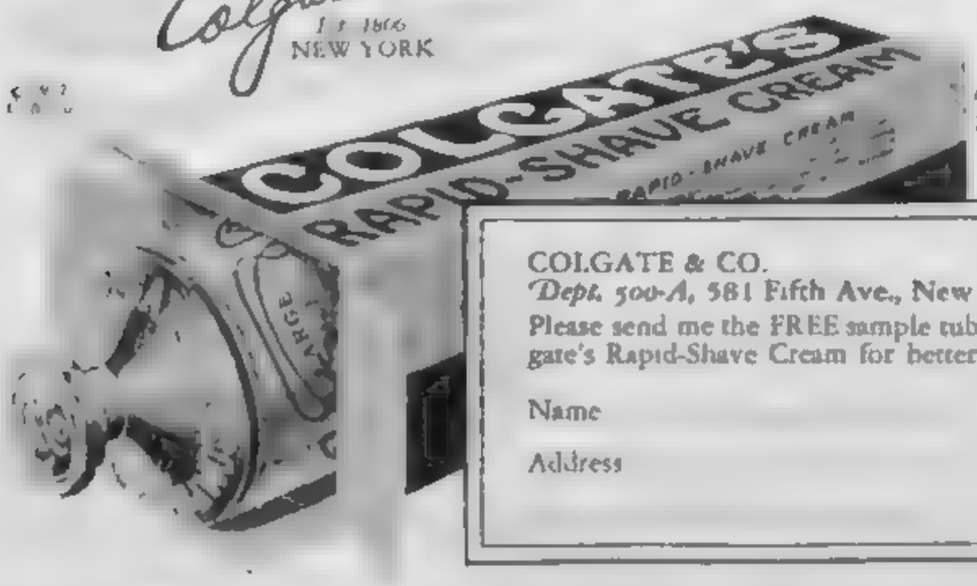

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SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

me to take short steps, and never, whatever I did, to take the least chance again of revealing my legs. I remember how these plagued garments were made longer and wider, then narrower, but never shorter, until, as a circuit rider's wife, a mother and a Christian woman without style or liberty, they trailed behind me and showed no more than the toes of my shoes in front. For more than forty years I never stepped up or down anywhere, never crossed a muddy street without exercising the absurdest care about concealing even my ankles, lest I should be guilty of the immodesty of lifting my skirts a trifle too high. It makes me furious to think what slaves we were to this false sense of propriety, when now it turns out that there is nothing more indecent about exposing our legs than showing our noses.

It seems to me that I have said earlier in this chronicle something similar to what I am now about to say again. But if by chance you have made a good point, why not repeat it from time to time? Especially if you have reached the age of vain repetitions that old people frequently do enjoy. I have known young ones, for that matter, who tell the same tale over many times, even when it was never worth telling at all. Therefore I am reminding you again that when you are traveling for pleasure never make up your mind which way you will go until you are ready to start. Then, if you are not disposed to change it at the last moment, the indications are that you are still in gear as a slavishly consistent human being and in no mood to enjoy yourself. By all means obey the impulse to go in the opposite direction, even if it overtakes you at the ticket window or as you step into your limousine, if you belong to that class and can afford to travel in your private car by any dirt-road route in creation to the very ocean's edge.

Just so, while the obliging seamstress pressed my frocks and packed my things, I went out and sat under the palm tree to make up my mind which way I should fly. The idea of returning home did not occur to me. The truth is that for nine months after I came to California I was not physically able to make the trip back home. I was very sensible about that—if I could not travel three thousand miles I was still equal to going farther in short laps of from a hundred to five hundred miles. My idea was to keep going. And I still insist that it would have been the safest way around the world home if I had not been obliged to save the seas and these farther continents until I should mend enough to become seaworthy.

By the same token I dared not accept invitations. I was not equal to the arduous pleasantness of being a guest. My temper was too uncertain and my breath too short for this laughing, vocative pastime. As it was, I finally made this mistake. I spent a happy week with friends in Berkeley just before leaving California and was rapturously entertained by them and their friends. Then I went to pieces on the morning of my departure, and I can only hope they thought the fretted fan-tailed figure I made of myself was due to fatigue. In truth, it was caused by a severe seismic disturbance morally. I had received the gift of a bottle labeled Grape Juice from a friend just before I left Santa Rosa on the previous Sabbath Day.

Now, when I was packing my trunk to leave Berkeley, it suddenly occurred to me that this bottle was too ornamentally sealed to be mere grape juice. Besides, written delicately in a pencil, I beheld this cryptic information: "Fifteen years old." Why should grape juice be so carefully aged? The conviction settled upon me that the stuff must at least be fine old port, and it might be even more valuably worse. Followed a battle royal between me and my nobler, God-fearing, law-abiding self. I was torn to shreds nervously between the purely worldly ambition to have a bottle of fine California wine, and to do right as usual, while my host and hostess waited patiently downstairs, holding the truckman at bay while I finished packing the trunk. Once in so often they called up to know if I was ready, and I would answer back more and more irritably that I should be ready in a moment. Then I would sit down, regard the bottle and go on with this struggle between the upper and nether millstone of my conscience. Finally, in desperation, when it was apparent to me that everybody downstairs, including the truckman, was coming upstairs, I thrust the bottle in a pasteboard cylinder, already occupied by an engraving of George Washington, stuffed a pair of stockings into each end of it, crammed it into the hatbox of my trunk and slammed the lid down just in time to receive them at the door, but without the look of a high-born lady and a grateful guest.

At the station I accompanied my host, who was going gallantly to attend to the checking of this trunk, and I capped the climax by telling the baggageman to be careful with that trunk. "Because it has a bottle of liquid in the hatbox," I explained.

I forgot my deed until an hour after I had reached the hotel in Los Angeles. Then the porter called up on the phone. The moment he identified himself I felt the pallor of guilt cool my face. He wanted to know if this was Mrs. Harris speaking. I admitted that it was a Mrs. Harris speaking, cautiously implying that it would not please me to take upon myself the risk of being any Tom, Dick and Harry of any other Mrs. Harris who might be stopping in this hotel. He said my trunk was there, and should he bring it up?

"Is it in good order?" I demanded, so tremblingly that my voice must have sounded raucous with authority. He assured me that it was, from which I inferred there were no darkly incriminating wine stains upon it, and I agreed to receive it.

This bottle and the picture of the glorious father of my country rested undisturbed in that cylinder in the hatbox of my trunk until a week later, when I was at last ready to start upon the long journey home. Then I took it out and placed it in my traveling bag.

I cannot tell whether it was the heat of the desert through which we were passing or if it was the debilitating sense of guilt from which I suffered, but I was near to being ill again. And I was by that bottle of wine as Eugene Aram was about the body of the man he had slain. Every night I shifted it to some other article of my hand baggage. We were approaching Yuma when I realized that I could not bear the strain any longer. As we left the place I stood on the back platform of the observation car and christened Yuma, as if it had been a battleship, by slinging that bottle of wine as far as I could send it. I saw it crash and spray bright blood red on the rails behind us, and felt much better. But to this day I cannot be certain whether I was moved to purge myself of a bootlegger's sin by the voice of conscience or the fear of detection. Anyway, I rose to my higher nature by hook or crook. One can never afford to be boastful about how he rises. The main thing is to do it.

But all this happened nearly six months later. I was telling of sitting under the palm tree outside the door of my cottage at Miramar trying to decide which way to go, when memory led me off on this tangent. The wisest thing to do was to make a short journey in search of weather, any kind of weather, just so it would not be mere atmosphere. I preferred to go where I should be completely out of drawing with the existing situation, which is as good a way to break new grounds in the mind as I have ever tried.

That same moment Hollywood rose before me like a one-word prospectus of something dangerous to know. I had a nimble ambition to go there. The next train left in forty minutes. I was aboard, bound for what I firmly believed to be the equator of folly in this country.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mrs. Harris. The next will appear in an early issue.

Calibrated in 1-lb. units—10 to 50 lbs. Made with ball foot—easy to use on any type wheel. Other types for high pressure, truck and bus tires.

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Guessing at your air pressure causes doubt and worry, and soon proves costly. Balloon tires that need 30 or 35 lbs. of air should never be run with less.

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STANDARDIZED QUALITY

1. Scientifically balanced chassis for utmost roadability and safety.
2. Chrysler hydraulic 4-wheel brakes, the simplest, most efficient and safest type known.
3. Tubular front axle, perfected for use with 4-wheel brakes.
4. Pivotal steering to make steering easier even at top speeds.
5. Exclusive spring mounting, parallel to wheels, instead of to frame.
6. Balanced and smaller road wheels.

By J. E. FIELDS

THE results of the Chrysler engineering and manufacturing plan of Standardized Quality are revealed to an amazing degree in the phenomenal chassis developments which Chrysler has inaugurated.

The Chrysler chassis was the *first* designed and built, after four years of exhaustive test and research, for utmost roadability and safety. These factors were achieved largely by a new low center of gravity, long, flat springs with mounting of exclusive Chrysler construction closer to the center of the wheels, and the development and introduction of smaller road wheels.

A new scientific distribution of chassis weight and the unusually low center of gravity make it possible to drive a Chrysler at high speeds over all sorts of roads with complete comfort.

Chrysler was the *first* to adopt and perfect for use with four-wheel brakes the new chrome-molybdenum seamless steel tubular front axle. This gives utmost safety for high speeds because of a greater rigidity at the same time that it offers much greater resistance to the horizontal stresses of front wheel braking.

So that Chrysler would be the easiest of all cars to steer, under all conditions, Chrysler engineering perfected pivotal steering. This makes it possible to drive a Chrysler even at top speeds with no greater strain than at lower speeds.

Mounting front and rear springs parallel to the wheels instead of to the frame is a design *exclusive* with Chrysler. This type of mounting eliminates side-sway and is one reason why these cars may be driven around turns at 45 and 50 miles an hour with complete safety.

To insure utmost riding comfort Chrysler springs are tested and graded for deflection by precision machines, and matched in sets for each car. Thin chrome vanadium steel leaves permit the use of a greater number of leaves than with ordinary springs of carbon steel. This practice prevents breakage and gives vastly increased riding comfort.

Chrysler was the first to perfect hydraulic four-wheel brakes. *These are today admitted to be the simplest, most efficient and safest type under all driving conditions.* Chrysler brakes are self-equalizing, and do not require adjustment. Their equal pressure on all four brake drums keeps a Chrysler under positive and certain control.

Chrysler also introduced the balanced road wheels necessitated by balloon tires. Chrysler balances wheels, rims and tires with such minute exactitude that there is no hint of unsteadiness in the car at even its highest speeds.

All these and scores of other engine and body improvements are the direct result of Chrysler Standardized Quality, just as every *worthwhile* advance in motor car design and manufacture will logically be presented *first* by this unique engineering and manufacturing plan.

It is inevitable, of course, that advantages which Chrysler owners today *exclusively* enjoy, will gradually be adopted for other motor cars, but Chrysler, in its constant effort to better its own superior products, will stride on to new heights of achievement.

* * *

Note:—This is the third of a series dealing in detail with the influence of Chrysler on the design and practice of motor cars since the introduction of the first Chrysler three years ago. Others will appear from time to time in these pages. If you will write to the Chrysler Sales Corporation, Detroit, Mich., we will be glad to send you, free of any charge to you, a booklet describing the many motor car developments pioneered and perfected by Chrysler during the past three years.

CHRYSLER

"50 – 60 – 70 – 80"

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

THE NEW EUROPEAN ECONOMIC UNITY

(Continued from Page 31)

now-familiar "American invasion," and a campaign against the American typewriter started.

A striking illustration is afforded in the effort to combat our films. What is proclaimed as the "octopus-like grip of America" has provoked an opposition movement in nearly every country. American "film imperialism" is assailed on all sides. Because everybody is interested in the movies, this matter will be dealt with in detail. Moreover, it is a clear-cut example of how opposition to our penetration works.

The American motion picture gives Europe a twofold grievance. Not only does it compete successfully with the home-produced article, but every reel is a silent but animated ambassador of trade.

It advertises American motors, furniture and clothes. Demands for these products almost invariably follow screen presentations.

For the past eight years we have been annexing the bulk of the motion-picture trade of the world, in the face of limited German, British, Italian and French competition. Just what these film exports mean to the industry is disclosed when I say that they account for 30 per cent of the revenue, or approximately $80,000,000 each year. Any curtailment therefore would be a serious matter.

The basic facts of the European film situation with reference to us were outlined to me by the representative of a group of powerful American producers in Berlin last August. He said:

"We realize that no great love exists for us on the part of European producers and distributors. I believe that, on the whole, the average theater owner in Europe would much rather run a European picture than an American film. This is largely the result of the vast amount of propaganda that our steady penetration has brought forth. By this I mean that the exhibitor in Sweden, for example, would prefer to run a French picture to an American, if his audience would permit him to do so. He has learned to his cost, however, that, except when he runs a native film, the showing of a foreign picture other than an American does not prove profitable. Our pictures are the best."

Continental Restrictions

"That American films have great popularity in Europe is an indisputable fact. That we have intrenched ourselves is also true. Now we are consolidating our position, as it were, by making international films. We have scouts all over Europe looking for the best talent to send to America to be used in the making of pictures there. Hence today we bring into Europe a product often made by European directors, artists and actors, so it may be truthfully said that we no longer make American films. Our product is now made with an eye to the international market. European audiences want our films. The antagonism rests with the producers and exhibitors, who are becoming more and more hostile to anything that bears the American brand.

"The great advantage that our films have over European producers in any country is that by reason of our world market we are able to make a product vastly superior to that which the local producer is able to put out. Being without a world market, he can spend only a limited sum of money on a production, because he must reimburse himself for his outlay from what practically amounts to local consumption. We can amortize our costs over the entire world.

"Our experience during the past few years indicates that the local producer and distributor is keenly alive to his unenviable position. Through his national government he seeks to create trade barriers, *Kontingents* and restrictions, all of which prove annoying, to say the least. The outcome, however, shows that all these handicaps prove of little or no avail so long as we make a product that the public wants to see. When the European public tells us that we are making pictures that they do not want, then and then only will we feel the pressure that is being exerted against us."

Discrimination against American films on any kind of organized scale began in Germany, where the quota system had its origin. The Germans felt that they had some degree of justification, because their film industry perhaps is more efficient and on a more pretentious scale than that in any other European country.

Shortly after the close of the war the so-called *Kontingent* was imposed in Germany. It took the form of a restriction which amounted to a rigid limitation of film imports. The method fixed the total film length that could be imported. This proved unsatisfactory and there have been modifications.

Hollywood-on-Thames

At the present time the regulations demand that for every foreign film censored for exhibition, one domestic film must be submitted at the same time. For every foreign educational film, two German films must be shown. These regulations do not include short comedies or other short films such as news reels. While I was in Germany in August the German Motion Picture Theater Owners' Association met at Düsseldorf and passed a resolution asking that the ratio on all pictures should be two German for one foreign. It is doubtful, however, if this resolution will be enacted into a law.

The German quota system, like most measures of retaliation, has worked harm instead of good. Many of the local pictures are made solely with the idea of bringing in a foreign production. Accordingly their production is on a cheap scale and has no sales value except in Germany.

Antagonism to American films in England has developed something of a national crisis. A brief explanation of it discloses another phase of British productive inadequacy.

Though agitation over the "Yankee film invasion" grows out of the predominance of our films, an underlying reason is the general business depression and widespread unemployment. Hundreds of British actors and actresses are idle. Trade is in the dumps. The Federation of British Industries naturally raised the point that Britain should have her own film industry. It was easier said than done.

At the request of the Board of Trade, which in England is a powerful government institution with a cabinet seat, a Joint Trade Committee was named, including producers and renters—that is, distributors and exhibitors. The idea was to formulate a scheme which would do three things: Increase the quantity and proportion of British films screened in the United Kingdom and elsewhere, establish a film industry under British control, and "encourage the production of such films as will directly or indirectly give employment to British labor at home, and increase the prestige of the British name, British institutions and British manufactured products at home and abroad."

After much investigation and discussion, a report was submitted to Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, president of the Board of Trade. A characteristic commentary on what the committee accomplished, or rather did not accomplish, was made editorially by The Times of London. Referring to the report, it said: "It is as abject a confession of incompetence as a minister can ever have received from a responsible group of business men."

Now old man Pipe makes a good resolution

"WATCH MY SMOKE in 1927," old Pipe proudly tells the universe. He's starting the New Year RIGHT . . . and he'll go smiling through to 1928 in a blaze of glory. For he's sworn lifetime allegiance to that grand and glorious old pipe pal . . . Granger Rough Cut!

From now on it's going to be rich, fragrant old Granger and *nothing else!* All A-1 Burley, the pride and joy of Old Kentucky. All spicy and mellow as sparkling old Burgundy —mellow and mild. Then, cut in large flakes, it burns slow and smokes cool. *Why*, old Pipe won't have a worry in the world!

It'll be a Happy New Year for the "boss", too. For Granger keeps up-keep down. This is the first time in all tobacco history that pipe tobacco of such quality has been packed without frills or costly tins. The inexpensive foil-pouch makes possible a price never before equalled on tobacco of Granger quality!

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ROUGH CUT

The half-pound vacuum tin is forty-five cents, the foil-pouch package is ten cents

Made for pipes only!

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Seeming disaster in a record crop of more than 18,000,000 bales of cotton is actually taking the old South out of economic savagery and setting it on a sound basis for future prosperity. The South is just finding itself. Read:

THE COTTON CRISIS
by Samuel Crowther
in the January issue of The Country Gentleman

In the same issue:

THE GATEWAY TO SOUTH AMERICA, by E. V. Wilcox

WHY BANKS FAIL, by R. P. Crawford

SHEEP RAISING IN NEW ZEALAND, by Zane Grey

STORIES OF PACKINGTOWN—G. F. Swift, by James E. Poole

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Fiction by Emma-Lindsay Squier, Frederic F. Van de Water, Sophie Kerr, Robert Welles Ritchie, Albert Payson Terhune, Howard Brubaker and Katharine Newlin Burt.

ALL IN THE JANUARY ISSUE OF

The Country Gentleman

OUT TODAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Scheme after scheme was taken up and dismissed. They included compulsory and voluntary quotas, the German *Kontingent* system and reciprocity with America. No clear-cut program was outlined. One proposal read: "If the government's interest in the question extended to the possibility of a remission of entertainment tax where the entire program consisted of British pictures, such action would give a great stimulus to British production."

The net result is that the British film situation remains as it was, with the sole exception that hostility to our product has possibly increased. The latest suggestion is that American film interests should agree to buy one British-produced picture and exhibit it in the United States for every twenty-five American films exhibited in the United Kingdom.

Various difficulties lie in the way of British film production on a large scale. The first is that there are no outstanding producing figures to inspire confidence and get the capital with which to expand the business. The second is that the great market for films is in the United States. There are only 3000 theaters in the United Kingdom as against seven times that number in the United States. A film, to sell for quantity production, must be disposed of over here. The third is that the British seem to lack the personnel for photography.

Making Free With the Press

The industry may fall back on the most dangerous of all first aids, which is a subsidy. But this will not create what does not exist—namely, native ability, initiative and personnel. It is not likely that the British Government will fall for such endowment. It learned a bitter lesson through the coal subsidy, which cost millions of pounds sterling and only postponed dislocation.

Out of the British film agitation developed an interesting proposal. Resentment against the influx of American-made films led six Indian princes to combine for a $10,000,000 scheme to try to break the Yankee influence. The Aga Khan and the Maharajas of Kashmir, Jeypore, Alwar, Patiala and Bikanir are in the deal.

The idea is to build a chain of supercinemas throughout the Indian Empire which will show only British films. The Aga Khan, who is a familiar sporting figure in Europe, has declared that American films "give an exaggerated idea of the West." Since India is one of the largest film markets in the British domain, he contends that India "cannot afford to have a misrepresentation of the white man's civilization."

The real significance of this scheme is that it is one proof that imperial solidarity is in the making. This was shown at the Imperial Conference which began in London last October. In some degree of imperial coördination may lie the economic salvation of the empire.

In Poland, opposition to American films is frank and unashamed. Our product is combated in two ways. One is an excessive import duty for the purpose of protecting the home industry, although careful search has never been able to disclose just what or where this home industry is. It costs us about $200 duty to bring a picture into the country over which Marshal Pilsudski broods so effectively.

The second is an organized press campaign full of bitter abuse. A choice specimen is from an editorial from the periodical Cinema for All, published at Warsaw. It is headed: The Capture of Europe. The Fight with the Imperialism of Large American Film Producers is Beginning.

Some extracts follow:

In all the countries of Europe, and in Poland also, the problem of the fight with the American film producers, who wish to have an impaired control over the European film market, is becoming a question of primary importance. The Americans establish their own offices for the distribution of their films and even open their own cinemas. This absolute imperialism is very dangerous for two reasons: (1) politically, (2) economically.

Politically, this imperialism is dangerous on account of the fact that the large American film producers, for various reasons which we do not think advisable to mention here, want their own policy internationally understood. In their films, as well as in the inscriptions, they smuggle into countries ideas serving their purposes, not always acceptable and sometimes diametrically opposed to the interests of a given country or nation.

Economically, the danger is even more evident. A branch office of a large New York or California concern is established in our poor country like a pump sucking millions of zloty, making our trade balance adverse. It would be a very bad thing if the government and the public remain passive as regards this danger in such a time of a general fight for an economic balance of the country. The public is very often at a disadvantage, not knowing the actual situation. We wish to help you, and we ask for a support for the Polish distributing firms in their fight against the American invasion.

During the spring of 1926 an episode occurred in Warsaw that revealed another aspect of the propaganda against our films. Because of the infringement by a French film upon the title of a well-known American picture, sharp controversy arose. The organization behind the French film launched the usual press attack. One of the articles, published in the leading Warsaw morning newspaper, read like this:

PUBLIC OPINION SHOULD JUDGE!

It would seem at first that a simultaneous showing of films with similar titles, but absolutely different in contents and origin, is nothing more than a competitive fight of two picture theaters or two agents. It is not so, however. It is a small portion of the fight between two worlds—Europe and America. America, choking from the enormous quantities of gold brought over from Europe, dictates her powerful orders to the still convalescent and feverish Europe. Watching the film industry, one observes how the largest European producers, with best of traditions, diminish and one after another disappear from the horizon, being overshadowed by the mighty American competition.

The Producers' Side Line

I was told in Warsaw that if the Pilsudski coup had not been effected, a rigid quota system would have been introduced. Not only are Polish exhibitors hostile to American films, but piracy of our pictures goes on unblushingly. This is possible because the United States has no copyright convention with eighteen countries, including Poland, the Balkan and Baltic States and Greece. Our phonograph records, songs and novels also are pirated.

Generally speaking, opposition to American films in France is not in proportion to the prevailing feeling against us. Our pictures are popular in the 3000 theaters in the republic. A favorable impression has been created by the plan lately set in operation by the representatives of several large American producers to carry out the so-called block system which combines French films with American on programs.

Hostility bobs up periodically. Recently a well-known Paris film writer deprecated the "imperialism" of Americans in the European motion-picture field and suggested legislation to limit the importation of American movies. He also advocated a European film league aimed directly at the United States. It is no secret that efforts are constantly under way to form a union of the film industries of France, Germany, England, Italy and Spain, with headquarters in Paris and branch offices throughout Europe. The idea is to wrest control of the European film business from the Americans.

Austria has a unique *Kontingent* law. On notice to the government of his production, the Austrian producer can claim the right to bring in twenty foreign pictures. These rights are transferable. American producers have been compelled to purchase them in order to get their films into the country. The law, instead of aiding the Austrian industry, has merely put a fresh burden upon the American.

The more you go into European antagonism to American films, the greater the variety of obstacles. In Hungary, for example, foreign films are compelled to pay an excessive tax which goes into a fund for the making of Hungarian films. Once more

(Continued on Page 105)

Health you stop to look at!

They have banished clogged intestines, skin and stomach disorders, found glorious health—by means of one simple food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active, daily releasing new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. *For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous habit-forming cathartics will gradually become unnecessary* All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast.

Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-27, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

"I SUFFERED FROM CONSTIPATION caused by the irregular habits of a life spent in travel, prospecting, trading, fighting. For years I suffered from it—until a friend advised me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. Those cakes now keep me in the pink of condition. My constipation has absolutely vanished."

THOMAS STAPLETON, San Francisco, Cal.

"I WAS TROUBLED WITH SKIN ERUPTIONS. After numerous remedies had failed I was advised to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I did so. After I had eaten Yeast for two months I was completely rid of my affliction."

MABEL C. MACKENZIE, St. Peters, Nova Scotia, Can

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

"I SUDDENLY BROKE OUT WITH SKIN ERUPTIONS while in training. My wife insisted that I try Fleischmann's Yeast. I took it daily and soon the skin trouble disappeared."

AL. BIETSCH, New York City

"I BECAME BADLY RUN DOWN. As a ballet dancer the demands on my energy were too great. Tonics afforded little relief. Then someone advised Fleischmann's Yeast. Soon I noticed a remarkable improvement. My energy is now completely restored and I feel entirely well."

HARRIETTE G. BUSDIEK, Chicago, Ill

"I HAD BEEN A VICTIM OF INDIGESTION FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS. Every time I ate rich food, such as pastry, my entire alimentary tract seemed poisoned. Then I began eating three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day. In a short time I began to improve. Now I can indulge myself with *anything* I wish to eat."

J. A. RITCHEY, Baltimore, Md

Watch for the FLYING CLOUD— *Coming Soon*

In Those Great Days

IN those great days when American clippers ruled the seven seas, and the quickest road to California was the fastest road to fortune, the *FLYING CLOUD* was the queen of open water.

Storming down the trades, chasing the horizon from Sandy Hook to Golden Gate, the *FLYING CLOUD* not only set a new record for the fastest single voyage, but for the two, three and four fastest trips.

Wherefore, because she is a symbol of speed and grace and repeated phenomenal performance, Reo has chosen her name and her image as the sign and symbol of a motor car which embodies the same qualities that made the *FLYING CLOUD* the most famous of the world's most beautiful means of travel—a car which in leadership on land matches that of the *FLYING CLOUD* at sea.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, LANSING, MICHIGAN

The finest, fastest model of America's Longest Lasting Car, the New
"REO FLYING CLOUD"

REO FLYING CLOUD

NO OTHER AMERICAN CAR LASTS AS LONG AS REO - NOT ONE

(Continued from Page 102)

the Yankee manufacturer carries an unnecessary burden. Czecho-Slovakia is formulating a similar scheme.

The latest country to enter the list is Rumania, which, at the moment, is trying to figure out some way to handicap American pictures.

There remains the all-important matter of a European economic union. Though primarily inspired by fear of America, it will be made possible by the trust spirit rampant everywhere, and the growing economic and political coördination between France and Germany. From small ententes—that is, small in the number of nations involved—may grow a larger coalition which optimists already visualize as the United States of Europe.

Fully to comprehend what is back of the European mind, you must get a bird's-eye view of the extraordinary events of the past year. I say "extraordinary" because, in the desire to check American expansion, figuratively the lion and the lamb have lain down together. The kinship born of a common anti-Americanism has made some strange bedfellows.

Undoubtedly the trustification of Germany helped to point the way. In close interpenetration at home lies the weapon for penetration abroad. During the twelve months ending October first no less than ten huge combines were created in the Reich. The most important were in the steel, dye, petroleum, hotel, coal, optical, photographic supply and linoleum industries. At the time I write a new merger is being planned for the leading electrical companies and a billion-dollar financial trust is under discussion. Furthermore, there is talk of a union of the potash syndicate and the dye trust, which would make it the most powerful in the republic.

The Contagious Trust Fever

The increase in the market value of the dye-trust stock shows the favor in which these immense combinations are held by the public. At the time of organization the stock was selling at 115. When I left Germany in the autumn it had reached 300. On the day before I wrote this paragraph the stock rose 32 points, touching 384. It is difficult to find a parallel to this rise in any country. An American statistician estimated that the increase in value of dye-trust shares during 1926 was more than the amount Germany had to pay in reparations for that period.

The Germans have introduced an aid to business which could be developed on a large scale by an economic union. It lies in export guaranties which literally guarantee the exporter against loss. The overhead is shared by the German Government, some of the provinces and the banks. There is also a separate scheme inaugurated by the city of Hamburg to protect its exporters. An illuminating commentary on the way the Germans regard Russia as a business hazard is that the soviet domain is the only one exempted. The exporter assumes all the risk there.

This cohesion and cartelization can have only one meaning. Germany is making herself economically strong so that she will be in a position later on to assert herself politically throughout the world. The lust for power is still hers.

England has caught the trust fever. A notable example is the Imperial Chemistries, Ltd., which includes the Nobel Industries, the British Dye Stuffs Corporation, the Brunner Mond Company and the United Alkali Company, lately organized with a capitalization of $250,000,000. Sir Alfred Mond is chairman of the board. The Marquis of Reading, former Viceroy of India, Lord Ashfield and other notables are members of it. The vast merger represents the new British spirit of cooperation and centralization of effort to meet intensive American and Continental competition.

These trust movements in various countries formed part of the approach to Continental solidarity. The next logical procedure was a political accord which would make international economic pacts possible. Oddly enough, they began in the sorest spot, which is, or was, the Franco-German relation. Recent happenings, however, prove that economic necessity overrides hate.

So long as the commercial terms of the Versailles Treaty, to which Germany acceded under coercion, obtained, close cooperation between France and Germany was out of the question. The Franco-German potash agreement really marked the beginning of the new deal.

ERMA Versus Uncle Sam

What is now regarded as a real economic entente did not develop until the French and the Germans signed a commercial treaty last August. It is based on the most-favored-nation principle and applies not only to trade but to domicile as well. Under it the French silk and motor-car industries receive special benefit, while the Germans get advantages for certain branches of agriculture, paper, leather, chemical and mechanical products.

The way was now open for real Franco-German understanding. Three events show that it has been reached. One was the organization of the great Continental steel trust, which comprises not only France and Germany but Belgium and Luxemburg as well. With the details of this historic deal most readers are familiar. It fixes an output quota for each country and makes for a close-knit cooperation in world trade. Rebates are paid for underproduction. The combine effects a reunion of the French and German heavy-metal industries which the return of Alsace and Lorraine to France temporarily divorced. France now gets German coke, and Germany, in turn, receives Lorraine steel on a prewar basis.

That the trust is realizing its destiny is shown by the fact that on November fourth it decided to increase the annual production quota from 29,000,000 to 31,000,000 tons as from October first.

The second is the reconstitution of the European Rail Manufacturers' Association, ordinarily referred to as ERMA. The title is made up of the first letter of each of the words. Here you have a combine aimed almost directly at the United States. It is more international in scope than the steel merger. Britain kept out of the latter by choice, but she is in this pact up to the hilt.

Before the war, European rail producers were leagued in a combine known as the International Rail Manufacturers' Association. In the very change of name from International to European you get another hint of this new business of solidarity.

The countries that make up ERMA are Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, Luxemburg and Sweden. Rail deliveries to world markets outside the participating countries are limited to a total of 1,000,000 tons annually. Each country reserves its home market, colonies and protectorates. The export tonnages allocated are based on interior consumption. The percentages allowed are: Great Britain and Sweden combined, 43 per cent; Germany, 19.50 per cent; France, 19.50 per cent; Belgium, 11 per cent; and Luxemburg, 7 per cent. This approximates the prewar quotas. ERMA is now able to undersell American rails in the markets of the world anywhere from ten to twenty dollars a ton.

The steel-and-rail merger will be followed by another line-up which may also adversely affect the United States. The Iron Cartel, in process of negotiation when I left Paris, allocates production between firms in Germany, France, Belgium and Luxemburg. The plan provides for a central fund to be made up by levies of one dollar a ton on pig iron produced within the quota, four dollars a ton on excess quota production and refunds of two dollars a ton to firms that fail to make their quota. A combine between French and German coal producers is also contemplated.

Still another straw in the wind is the contemplated combine of Czecho-Slovakian,

D'you think a new set of tires for my car would make a nice birthday present for my wife? She gave me embroidered guest towels for mine
It would take courage, but at least with Michelin Tires you'd have 84 chances out of 100 of getting more mileage from them ★
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GLUYAS WILLIAMS

84% SAY MICHELIN TIRES ARE BEST

★ THIS STATEMENT IS BASED ON FACTS. WE PICKED AT RANDOM 1500 MOTORISTS WHO WERE TESTING MICHELIN TIRES OPPOSITE OTHER MAKES. 84% SAID MICHELINS PROVED THEMSELVES BETTER.

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Drop a little "Freezone" on a touchy corn or callus for a few nights. Instantly it stops aching, then shortly you lift it right off. Doesn't hurt a bit. You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and the "hard-skin" calluses on bottom of feet. Just get a bottle of "Freezone" at any drug store, anywhere.

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Winter and Summer

A three days' personally conducted motor tour through the colorful Indian country between Las Vegas, Sante Fé and Albuquerque, New Mexico, on your Sante Fe way to or from California.

In no other way can you see so much of a vast fascinating region in so short a time and with the same economy, the same comfort. The rate includes everything, i.e., meals, lodging and motor transportation—under expert Santa Fe-Fred Harvey management.

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Would be glad to receive detailed information about the Indian-detour.

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The Tourist
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Winter weight shoes, with extra heavy soles and sturdy leathers, give your feet the protection they need in wet and stormy weather. The "Tourist" is built for endurance.

Write for Booklet "Styles of the Times" showing the right shoe for you.

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers · CHICAGO

For the Man The Florsheim Shoe *Who Cares*

Charles A. Thomas
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Connecticut

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California

Why Not Follow This Path to Profits

ARE there not places you'd visit, shows you would see, clothes you would buy, little things you would do *differently* in 1927—if you had the extra money?

With extra cash you yourself can easily earn, you can enjoy these little additional pleasures which your regular income doesn't cover.

Extra Money for You

Charles A. Thomas, C. A. Wright and J. W. Hunter probably felt about as you do before they sent us coupons similar to the one below. They felt the need of extra cash. Now they have earned it; and they are earning it. You, too, should know that, as our neighborhood subscription representative for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, you have a good paying proposition.

If you really want to make extra money, we'll show you how even one short spare hour a day—or a few minutes now and then—can give you the money with which to make your plans come true. You need no experience and no capital to begin.

JUST as these men have made a profit from spare time work, so you can increase your own income. Send the coupon for full details.

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717 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

If there's money in it, I want you to send me the full details of your cash offer. No obligation involved

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Austrian, Hungarian and Rumanian industrialists. The fact that Hungarians and Rumanians are in this project is a striking illustration of how economic need levels hate. Perhaps the bitterest antagonism in Europe exists between these nationals because of the cession of Transylvania to Rumania.

The third and most significant event was what history will record as the Thoiry agreement. It gets the name from the little French town near the Franco-Swiss border where Briand and Stresemann, German Minister of Foreign Affairs, met at luncheon one day last September and indulged in momentous conversation. Precisely what happened has never been officially revealed. There is no doubt, however, that an understanding was reached which, if carried out, will enable France and Germany to unite whole-heartedly in the future. The agreement is one of the props under the proposed European economic union. Hence it fits into this narrative.

The principal subjects upon which accord appears to have been reached are: Speedy evacuation of the Rhineland; restoration of the Saar territory to Germany and the purchase of the Saar coal mines by the Germans; withdrawal of inter-Allied military control; immediate monetary assistance to France through sale of the German railway bonds, and a readjustment of the Dawes Plan. It means the unscrambling of the Versailles omelet.

Under the Versailles Treaty, the Saar area is to be administered by a commission appointed by the League of Nations until 1935, when a plebiscite shall determine whether it becomes permanent French territory or goes back to Germany. Ownership of the rich Saar coal mines, which had formerly rested with the Prussian and Bavarian governments, was transferred to France to compensate her for the destruction of mines in her northern area during the war. The treaty stipulated that the occupation of the Rhineland territory be effective until 1935.

A Nest Egg for France

The item in the Thoiry agreement which concerns the immediate situation, and is linked with America, grows out of the suggestion for the sale of the railway bonds. In a sense, they are a key to the larger European economic union.

In order to make the Dawes Plan realize an adequate income, the German state-owned railways were incorporated and a mortgage of $2,750,000,000 placed on them. They pay interest at the rate of 5 per cent, with a 1 per cent amortization charge. Interest and amortization fund are paid to the Agent General of Reparations at Berlin and form one-quarter of the total annual reparation payments for which Germany is liable.

In exchange for the concessions that he made, Briand demanded the sale of these bonds, which would provide a fine little nest egg for France in her present fiscal plight, because she has a 52 per cent stake in reparations. He argued that if he could appear before his colleagues with the arrangement signed and sealed, it would be easy to put over the rest of the program. The Germans saw in the project relief from the Dawes Plan and the flight of the French uniform from the Rhine. This irritation would be removed and pride appeased.

Here is where Uncle Sam comes in. The sale of the railway bonds must have not only American approval but the American buyer as well. We are the only market capable of absorbing such a huge block of securities. So far there has been no gesture to indicate that we will take them, and there is small likelihood that there will be one until the French debt settlement is ratified. Once more the blame for an obstruction to European economic standardization is laid at our doors.

Whether the Thoiry agreement is translated into action or not, signs are not lacking that the great powers are getting together for economic offense and defense. I have already shown how France and Germany are working together in potash, iron and steel. A kindred effort is being made to coördinate German and British industrial interests. As a matter of fact, this really began the day after the Armistice was signed. The accord between the British and the Germans is one of the provocations for much of the friction that has existed between France and England.

A Limit to Nationalism

An illustration of what is going on was afforded by the conference held at Romsey, in England, during October between outstanding British and German industrialists. Sir Robert Horne, former Chancellor of the Exchequer, presided. Among the Germans present were Doctor Cuno, former German Chancellor and head of the Hamburg-American line; and Doctor Duisberg, who is associated with the Ruhr steel kings. The beginnings of an entente were laid. Negotiations will be resumed at a formal meeting of representatives of the Federal Association of German Industries and the Federation of British Industries to be held in England.

In commenting on the Romsey conference, a well-known member of the Federation of British Industries said:

"We stand in the midst of a gigantic transformation of interstate economic relations of which Romsey is merely a sign. Politics and economics are discovering an identity. There is a consciousness everywhere that the health of the whole industrial system of the Western world depends upon closer and more rational coöperation between the states, and that a definite limit must be placed to nationalism."

Doctor Cuno's presence at Romsey seems to confirm the strong belief held in the United States that German and British shipping companies are reaching a close understanding to combat the United States Shipping Board freight business. Shipping Board activities have always irked Britain and the growing Anglo-German economic harmony will provide an excellent chance to score.

Any doubt that the idea of a European economic union existed was dispelled by the now-famous manifesto, released October twentieth last and signed by representatives of fifteen countries. They comprised a Who's Who of European finance and industry. There were also six American signatories.

The declaration outlined the various barriers to trade set up by tariffs, special licenses, prohibitions and politics. One of the striking paragraphs was:

There can be no recovery in Europe till politicians in all territories, old and new, realize that trade is not war but a process of exchange; that, in time of peace, our neighbors are our customers; and that their prosperity is a condition of our own well-being. If we check their

(Continued on Page 110)

WOMEN WILL THANK US FOR THIS

THEY STICK TO IT!

The way we get new users for Listerine Tooth Paste is to get people to try it just once. After that they rarely switch.

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

An astringent— delightful and *so inexpensive*

So many women have written us concerning their faith in Listerine as an astringent that we feel we ought to pass the good word along.

The nice thing about Listerine used this way is that the cost compared to most astringents amounts to almost nothing. The saving is really remarkable.

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There's no question of the importance of an astringent in the care of the skin, and we'll wager that once you try Listerine you'll like it above all others.

Simply douse it on your face full strength. Results will delight you.

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BETTER LIGHT WITH SAFETY . . . . . that is what every car owner seeks. Tung-Sols light the way to safety at night. They are carefully built, have longer life and provide *correct* illumination. Instead of ordinary bulbs, use Tung-Sols and drive with confidence anywhere at any time.

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TUNG-SOL BI-FOCAL BULBS: they have two filaments, each rated at 21 C. P. Standard equipment on Buick cars. This type of double-filament bulb has likewise been adopted by the makers of 21 leading automobiles.

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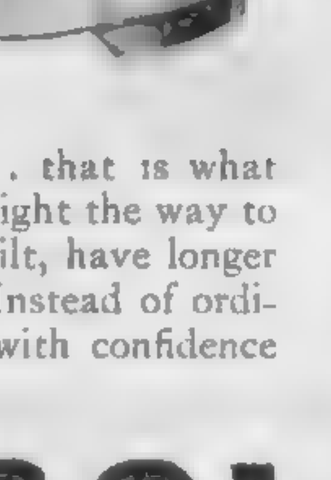

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18 or 80

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(Top) Byron West *of Michigan*
(Above) Grant DeK. Pritchard *of New Jersey*
(At Right) A.B.Arment *of Ohio*

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The Burroughs Calculator, too, is a rapid figuring machine that has greatly simplified inventory work in many large institutions.

Why dream and fret about inventory, when Burroughs will banish the nightmare forever? Put yourself at the helm of your business with Burroughs. Leave worry behind with your pad-and-pencil competitors!

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Adds up to $1,000,000.00 — standard full-visible keyboard — one-hand control—slightly larger than a letterhead—easily carried from counter to office, desk to desk, or business to home.

Price only $100—delivered in U. S. A.—easy terms if desired.

The Burroughs Calculator

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"Inventory never interrupts business in our store. With our Burroughs it is done in a day and a half instead of a week, saving time, labor and many dollars."
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This *Saturated* Lather

Makes All Razors Seem Sharper

WHEN you lather up with Williams Shaving Cream, you do two things. First, you remove the water-resisting oil film from your beard; then, you soak the beard soft with the moisture in Williams saturated lather. Williams super-moist lather soaks the beard so soft that you get a new idea of razor sharpness. Blades just glide through Williams-covered stubble.

Williams leaves the skin as smooth as a glove. The Double Size tube sells for 50c. It holds twice as much as the regular large-size tube at 35c.

Free Offer. We'll send you enough Williams Shaving Cream for a week's shaves in exchange for the coupon below—or a postcard:

Williams Shaving Cream

FREE Offer

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 41-A, Glastonbury, Conn.
Canadian Address, 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream.

Name

Address

City

Aqua Velva ... exit triumph ... of ... after ... preparation ... send a generous ... bottle free. Write Dept. 41-A.

(Continued from Page 106

dealings, their power to pay their debts diminishes and their power to purchase our goods is reduced.

Stripped down, the manifesto would seem to be a plea for free trade, for the creation of large industrial units in Europe geared to mass production on the American model, and for coöperation against an unnamed objective, which is the United States.

It was remarkable for various reasons, the principal one being that the exact source and authorship are not known. Since it enunciates the German idea of a Pan-European economic federation, there is a strong impression that Dr. H. Schacht, president of the Reichsbank, was an instigator. The purport is in accord with his oft-expressed view to merge numerous and limited small markets into one big common market.

Furthermore, it emphasizes the coalition argument of another German sponsor, Felix Deutsch, head of the great electrical concern known as the A. E. G. In an article written for the Berlin Lokal-Anzeiger published after the release of the manifesto, he stated:

"European industry will be sick as long as a commercial United States of Europe is not formed as the means of competing with the United States of America, with its vast treasures of raw materials, mass production and protective tariffs."

Another mystery is why the six Americans signed. The only explanation given is that "the document was in circulation among international bankers for some time." One American banker declared that "it is not intended to have any reference to the United States." The fact that American signatures are appended indicates that at least some of us individually approve of the much-needed coöperation, regardless of the effect on us.

In the final analysis, the manifesto shows that at last Europe has reached the realization that her economic difficulties are of her own making. The union it suggests would mean a new type of conflict between two vast entities, one composed of the principal powers of Europe and the other the United States.

But there is likely to be many a slip between the big vision and the fulfillment. For one thing, European industry is far from financially self-sufficient. Dissension, born of self-interest, is always possible. Moreover, we have fiscal claims that would make organized trade war on us embarrassing to the other side. Witness, for example, those many millions of American dollars borrowed by Germany during the past twelve months. On a show-down we can more than hold our own, because we are no longer novices in the world-selling game. Our tariff sets up adequate protection for home industries. We would welcome, rather than discourage, a competition based on honest coördinated endeavor.

Out of all the agitation that I have described may emerge the good which frequently issues from evil. Belgium has taken the lead. She has just stabilized her franc and introduced a new gold monetary unit, the belga. The latter is really a revival of the ducat of Shylockian association which medieval swashbucklers used to toss about so freely. It will be used for foreign trade only.

If the European countries adopt our production methods with men and machines, sink their nationalistic rivalries, lower their customs walls, and—what is more vital than any other consideration—combine in an effort for real peace and readjustment, the new anti-Americanism will not have been in vain.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last of a series of European articles by Mr. Marcosson.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

All homes in Coral Gables are of Mediterranean architecture or some one of its many variations, and are designed to take advantage of the delightful climatic conditions. All homes, regardless of size, must be constructed of concrete, hollow tile or coral rock, and all must have slate or tile roofs.

This is the Congregational Church of Coral Gables. Three other denominations own property in Coral Gables and are planning the erection of new buildings. Five other denominations now meet in temporary quarters and all are planning for permanent buildings.

Property owners in Coral Gables welcome the suggestions of the Architectural Board of Control in planning their homes. Advice is sought and given freely, no matter how unimportant the detail.

The gardens of Coral Gables are a perpetual delight. Hundreds of varieties of tropical flowers and shrubs grow freely with a minimum of care. Adequate moisture and year-round sunshine produce amazing results.

This is the Coco-Plum Woman's Club, a beautiful new building, the social center of the southern section of Coral Gables. A pleasant social life characterizes this city, and the Coral Gables Woman's Club, the Coral Gables Golf and Country Club, the Bit and Spur Club, the Coral Gables Cricket Boat Club and twelve other social organizations are now active.

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. . . completed, decorated, occupied now grace the avenues and plazas of Coral Gables

THE City of Coral Gables is one of the most distinguished achievements in municipal construction in any country. Its plan has been formulated and directed by artists and architects, not by politicians. Denman Fink, Member of the National Academy; Phineas E. Paist, A. I. A., Supervising Architect; F. M. Button, Landscape Architect, and numbers of other nationally known architects and artists have given their best work to this city.

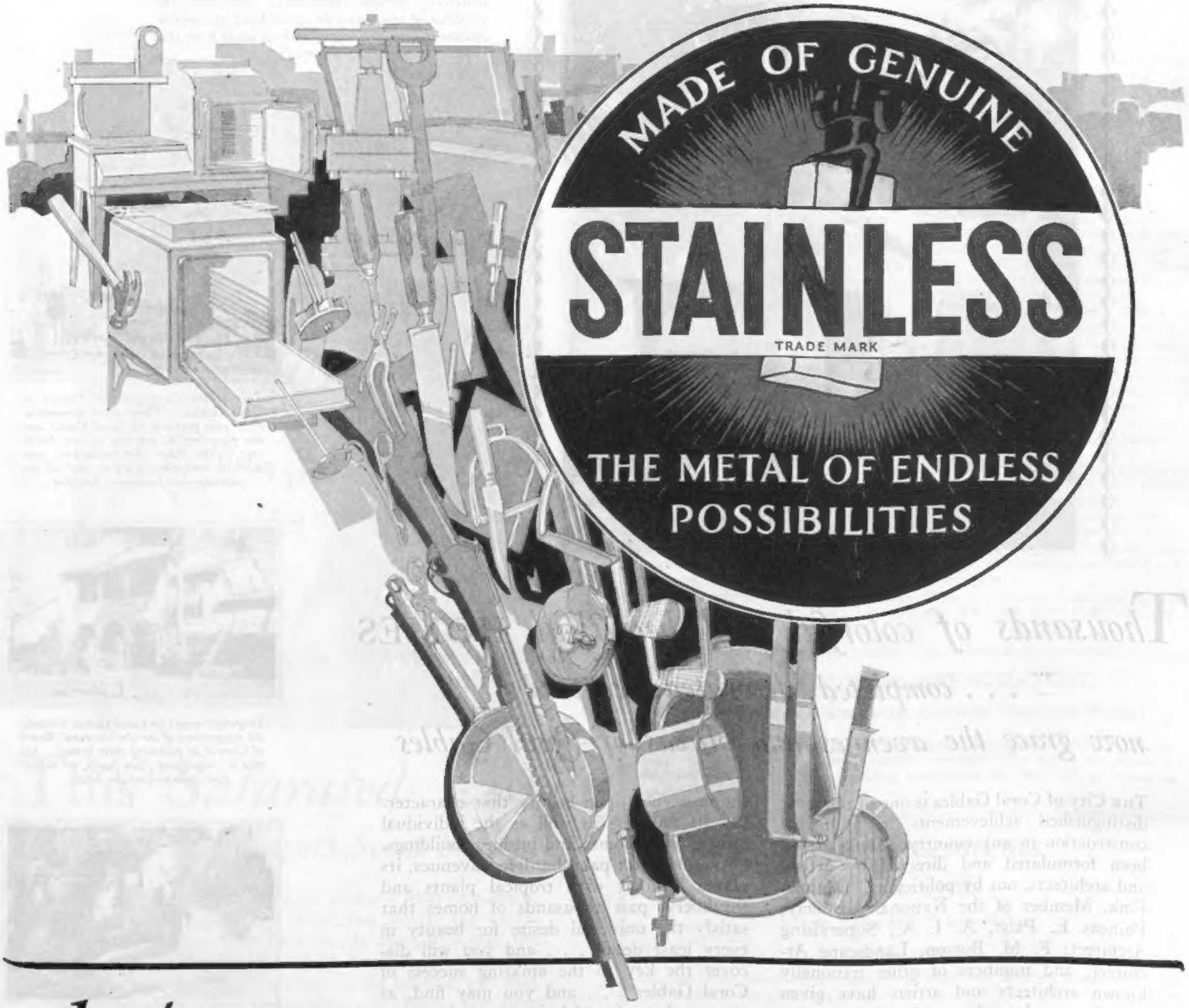
This Architectural Board has directed, from the beginning, not only the comprehensive plan of the city, but every gateway, plaza, home, business building, public building, and all roads and avenues. Even the material, the color, placement, and landscaping of every building in Coral Gables are controlled by this Architectural Board. The residential areas are permanently zoned away from the business sections. *There are no slums.* No error of taste or judgment is allowed to mar the aspect of a street or reduce the value of adjoining property. Glaring mistakes in color are never made, and unpleasant effects in landscaping or decorating do not occur.

As a result Coral Gables is an architectural unit—a tribute to good taste and to the insistence upon beauty that characterizes its founders as well as the individual owners of its homes and business buildings. Drive along its palm-bordered avenues, its plazas brilliant with tropical plants and shrubbery, past thousands of homes that satisfy the universal desire for beauty in every least detail . . . and you will discover the key to the amazing success of Coral Gables . . . and you may find, as so many have found before you, that your real home, your ultimate home, must be nowhere else in the world. . . . Let us tell you more about the homes of Coral Gables, and the advantages of living in our only American Tropics. Write to Dept. S-6 of the Chamber of Commerce of the City of Coral Gables for full information.

City of Coral Gables

A Unit of Greater Miami, Florida

What NEXT will be



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MEATS COOKED IN PET MILK—answers the ever-recurring question:

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Here are a few things you know a dentifrice will *not do*

A dentifrice will not stop an aching tooth.

A dentifrice cannot correct old abuses or long neglect of teeth.

A dentifrice will not cure a diseased condition of the teeth or gums; if you have any reason to fear real trouble, you need to see a dentist.

If you have been careless of your teeth and gums, you should have a dentist attend to them. A thorough mechanical cleaning at the hands of a dentist takes very little time, costs very little money, and involves no pain.

After that—after your dentist has dismissed you—you will want to keep your teeth in the condition he has put them in. That is a *clean* condition—white, sparkling, and healthy. *That is what you should expect your dentifrice to do.*

You have a right to expect clean teeth with safety from a dentifrice. That is what your dentist will tell you. He will tell you that the only daily treatment you can give your teeth is a good cleansing night and morning.

For this you need a dentifrice that is intended to *clean* —one that will keep your teeth so clean that no harm is likely to befall them.

If you think you need more—if you feel that for any reason you need a "patent medicine" dentifrice—better go straight to the dentist and let him do what patent medicine dentifrices won't do.

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CLEAN

. . and fear no ugly mental dental ills

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